

Smart Set

The Young Woman's Magazine

In Combination with MCCLURE'S

December
25 Cents



Untold
Tales of
Hollywood

In This
Issue

CHARM
CAREER
FASHION
BEAUTY
ROMANCE

20 Ways To Avoid Divorce

Kissproof



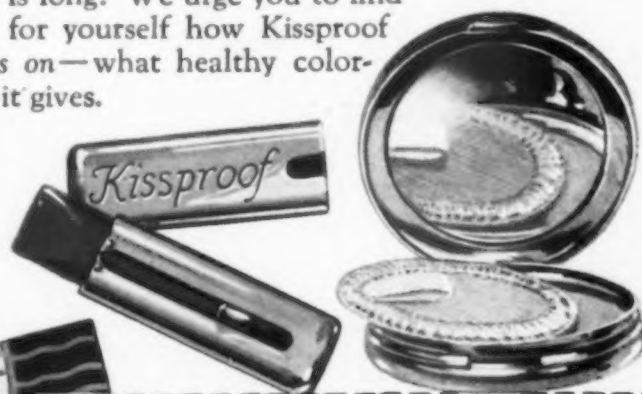
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only once a day!"**

"MY DEAR, I've discovered the most amazing new Kissproof Lipstick! I put it on once in the morning and know my lips will look their loveliest all day long, no matter what I do! You don't believe it? Here, try Kissproof, my dear—you won't need lipstick again today!"

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OCT 28 1929

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In Combination with McClure's

DECEMBER, 1929—VOLUME 85, No. 4

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *Editor*

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Associate Editor

LILLIE GAILEY
Assistant Editor



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....Home from the office Fresh and Ready for Fun

MARY'S partner smiled at her. "I have good news for you, Mary. My father says he's going to raise your pay this week. Aren't you glad?"

"Of course I am. But I didn't expect it so soon."

"Well, you deserve it. Father says you take twice as many letters as any other girl in the office, yet finish your work while they often stay overtime. I can't understand how you do it Mary. A few weeks ago you were like all the other girls, too tired and worn-out to enjoy yourself after a day's work. Now, even though you do more work, you're as fresh and full of life as though you hadn't pounded a typewriter for eight hours. You're enjoying life now—always ready to dance or play any day in the week. Do you wonder that I like you so much?"

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"I got a raise two weeks after getting the position. So you see Speedwriting is doing all for me what it has done for so many others before me."—*Jean S. Moore, Lebanon, Tennessee.*



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To give you a chance to get acquainted with SMART SET, we offer a special reduced price for a half-year subscription—six months for \$1.

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men before you have read of COYNE just as you are doing now—and are making \$50—\$75—\$150 a week as a result. This is your BIG CHANCE to get friendly help and practical training that will enable you to climb out of the rut, and EARN REAL MONEY! Don't miss it! Today may be the big turning-point in your whole life!



LEARN ELECTRICITY Without Books or Correspondence IN 12 WEEKS

By Actual Work—in the Great Shops of Coyne

SOME kinds of jobs ought to be labeled with a big sign that says "Man-killer." They are either so heavy, dirty and hard that they sap a man's strength and keep him dog-tired all the time—or else they are so disagreeable, uninteresting and poorly paid that they kill his ambition in almost no time. And AMBITION is the most valuable thing a man can have!

Fascinating Work— Real Pay!

That's why so many men are turning to ELECTRICITY, which offers unlimited rewards and opportunities—with ordinary salaries of \$50—\$75 and up a week! Right now big electrical jobs are actually going begging! Electrical experts are in demand—and the need is growing every day! The situation is one that spells O-P-P-O-R-T-U-N-I-T-Y in letters a foot high for the man who is wide-awake enough to see it!

Learn Quickly

Let me make you a master electrician—the Coyne way. I've done it for thousands of others—farmers, laborers, factory men, and hundreds who haven't had more than 8th grade education! I can do it for you—and start you off on the road to independence and big earnings in just 90 days!

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Special Offer Now

Make up your mind today to get into one of these real-pay electrical jobs. If you act now—I'll pay your railroad fare to Chicago and give you these courses free! AVIATION ELECTRICITY, RADIO and AUTOMOTIVE ELECTRICITY! And besides that, I help you to a part-time job while learning! FREE employment service for life after graduation, too. We place dozens of men in wonderful jobs every week.

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Just give me a chance to tell you about the unlimited opportunity that awaits you. Let me send you this big book free, containing over 150 photographs and listing and telling you how you can qualify for the kind of jobs that lead to \$75 to \$200 a week. If you really want more money and a wonderful future, send for this book now! No obligation. Simply mail the coupon.

Mail This
**FREE
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Coupon
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Big Pay Jobs

are common in electricity. Our free employment bureau puts you in touch with openings to choose from. The following are only a few of the kind of positions you fit yourself for in the Great Shops of Coyne:

Farm Lighting Experts \$60 to \$100 a Week
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Auto Electrician \$60 a Week and up
Inventor - Unlimited Income
Maintenance Engineer \$60 a Week and up
Service Station Owner up to \$200 a Week
Radio Expert, \$60 a Week and up
Contractor, \$3,500 to \$15,000 a Year

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COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 99-90 H. C. Lewis, Pres., Chicago



All Europe gives the little Typical American Girl

A great big hand

Le Bourget to Berlin. Edna Peters, on the steps of her aeroplane, starts on a new American invasion of Germany. Her smile says that she's not in the least air conscious!



In the salon of Louise Selby, being fitted for the season's newest frock. Madame Selby—the foremost American designer in France—says that Edna Peters was born to wear the dresses that are driving Paris mad!



Queen Wilhelmina's birthday fête in Zeeland. Edna Peters, in a Dutch peasant's gala costume—as America's gift to Holland! She was the guest of Hendrick Van Loon—author of "The History of Mankind"

At the automobile races in London, Edna—lovely in coral chiffon—presented the prize to the winner. From her expression our ambassador has done more than cement international friendship



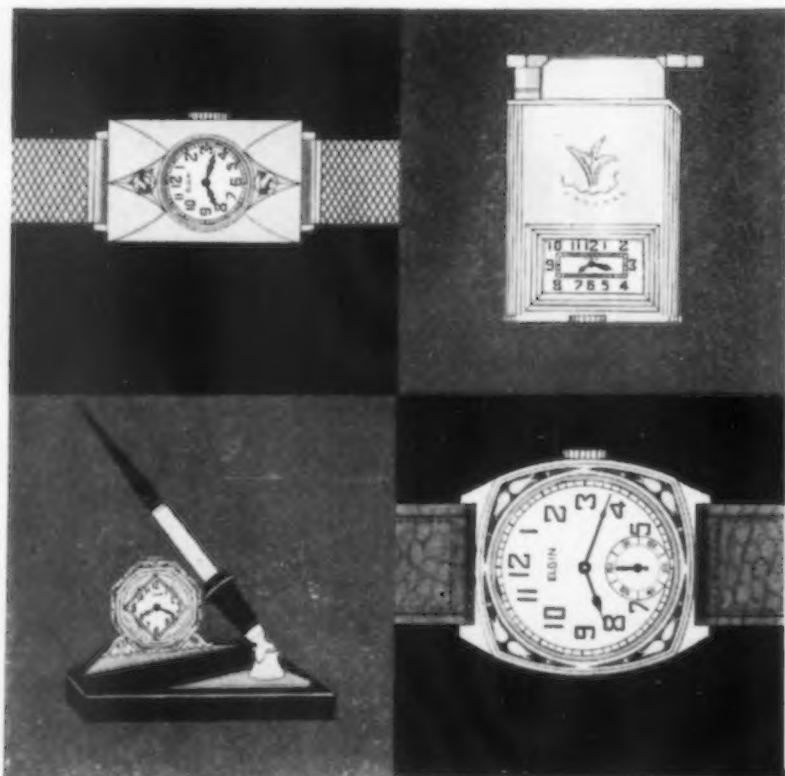


Hawkins: "My word, has one of the ladies just left?"

Meadows: "No, the new issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine just arrived."

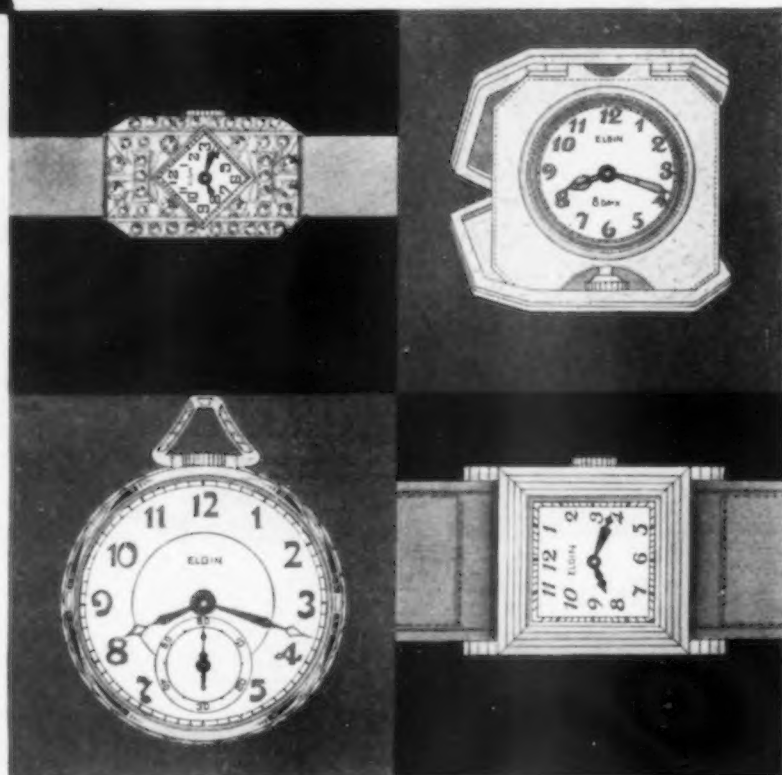


It's your Move and you can't lose if you give or get an Elgin for Christmas



Christmas came long before watches, but ever since the two have been on earth together . . . they've been together inseparably, it seems . . . For somehow a watch is the perfect way of saying to those you love, all the things that bubble up inside you when the mellow Christmas season comes along. Perhaps it's because a watch carries your present sentiments long into the future, saying with every beat "may every hour I record be happy as this Christmas day of my presentation." . . . And this is the best Christmas in sixty years for choosing an Elgin. More styles. More new shapes and sizes. Prices in a closely ascending scale, from \$14.85 to \$650. New combinations of metals and enamel. New settings of precious gems. A new Elgin watch family, the largest in the world, but still backed by the old Elgin tradition of fine timekeeping, accurate, faithful service and an unconditional guarantee.

In the four squares above . . . (Upper left) Parisienne watch designed in Paris by Callot Soeurs. Set with two selected diamonds . . . \$75.00. (Upper right) Sterling silver cigarette lighter with 15-jewel Elgin watch in the case . . . \$65.00. (Lower left) New Elgin clock, mounted in fountain pen set . . . \$37.50. (Lower right) The Elgin Legionnaire . . . a peace time strap watch of war time strength . . . \$19.00. And now in the checkerboard to your right are four more examples of Elgin's fine craftsmanship. (Upper left) Forty-two diamonds set in a platinum top case. Accurate, 17-jewel movement . . . \$500.00. (Upper right) Smart new traveling clock in blue, beige or black leather tooled with gold . . . \$25.00. (Lower left) Elgin pocket watch in ultra-modern case with green and black enamel . . . \$65.00. (Lower right) And the new Lord Elgin . . . 15-jewel movement . . . \$50.00.



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Our Hall of Feminine Fame



Wide World

THE PRIMA DONNA

IT'S news indeed when an American girl conquers the opera. Beautiful Hallie Stiles refused to be stopped by parental opposition to her singing career. By modeling she worked her way through school and vocal lessons. The night she opened at the Paris Opera, three years ago, she hadn't the price of her dinner. But one hearing of her lovely lyric soprano voice and her future was assured. This winter Hallie is singing leading roles with the famous Chicago Opera Company



D. Lee Culver

THE CHRISTMAS CARD MAKER

A LABOR of love opened the way to business success for Henrietta "Brownie" Strong. A native New Yorker, she had been teaching children's art, particularly wood block work. One Christmas she designed a series of novel print cards for her friends. Enthusiastic orders poured in for "Brownie's Block Prints." Somewhat startled but equal to the opportunity, she organized a designing and manufacturing plant for cards, seals and wrapping papers. The third year she moved three times to larger factories and cleared up one hundred thousand dollars



D. Jay Cuiver

THE COSTUMER

SOMETIMES a hated sideline leads a clever girl to success. It was so with Kiviette Pomerance. Born in Staten Island, Kiviette dreamed of becoming an artist. Throughout her teens, she labored to paint important pictures but sold dress designs to pay the rent. An important New York society dowager saw some of her work and hired Kiviette to plan a costume ball for her. That started her. A theatrical producer, at the ball, hired the girl to design his next production. She made good. Result, Kiviette now costumes most of Broadway's musical comedy hits



THE COSMETICIAN

A COMPELLING interest frequently shows the way to fame and fortune. At college Frances Patricia Gordon was most interested in two subjects—chemistry and feminine beauty. Graduating, she entered a laboratory to experiment with new complexion aids. Possessing a natural sense of fashion, she anticipated the need for new powders and rouges. Thus, though she had little capital, she soon was able to establish a new cosmetic line. Ten years work followed. Today finds her a world-known beauty authority and vice-president and advertising manager of her own firm



D. Jay Carter

THE PRODUCER

THIS time it was bookkeeping that served as the needed opening wedge. From her desk in a busy commercial firm, the theatrical world seemed a fascinating but unattainable mirage to young Albany-born Jean Barkow. Then a New York producer advertised for a bookkeeper. P. S. Jean got the job. She was so efficient the producer began trusting her with other assignments. Very soon Jean was expert in lighting, staging and casting plays. When Jed Harris started to produce, he hired her as his assistant. Result, such outstanding hits as "Broadway" and "The Front Page"



D. Jiv Carter

THE INSURANCE BROKER

CHARMING Evelyne Grieve accounts for her record-breaking rise in insurance broking through studying the mistakes of others. As a woman's club secretary, this Philadelphia girl heard hordes of misguided insurance agents in action. What they needed was more facts and tact, she decided. Three years of study and she was ready. Three more years and she had become a leader in insurance sales, writing policies running into millions. Now, able to pick and choose her customers, Evelyne avoids woman clients "because they take so long in making up their minds"



Edward Thayer Monroe

THE DECORATIVE ARTIST

WHILE still at boarding school Helen Dryden designed a set of paper dolls that won a prize offered by a Philadelphia paper. Her parents opposed her taking up art as a career so Helen launched out alone at seventeen. At the end of a year in New York she sold her first drawing, a highly imaginative cover design. The magazine ordered dozens of covers immediately and the young artist was triumphant. Followed much work. Now Miss Dryden is pre-eminent in her field. She further proves her versatility by designing modernist furniture, automobiles and textiles



D. Jay Culter

THE DOCTOR OF COURTESY

PLUGGING a switchboard at \$15 per doesn't suggest a short cut to a big income tax. Yet clever Joan Wing made her "hello girl" experience the foundation for a unique, highly paid career. As telephone operator she observed the value and rarity of politeness in business, also the wherefor of wrong numbers. Joan tried out her theories of the voice with the smile winning, while acting as chief operator. Now, as courtesy doctor, she instructs on a contract basis, the staffs of many corporations

THE Annual Billion Dollar CHRISTMAS HEADACHE



Said Savings Book
To Peter Purse,
"Migosh, I couldn't
Feel much worse!"

Said Peter Purse
To Savings Book—
"It was some wallop
That I took!"

Don't Give Until It Hurts

THE girl had been crying. I saw it, ever so plainly, as I paused beside her desk. It was written all over her face—the grief that she felt. It shadowed the violet gray of her eyes. And—though it was not my office (though it was, perhaps, not my business!) I asked a question.

"What's the matter?" I asked. And then—"Can I help?"

The girl looked up, and two great tears rose in the violet gray eyes.

"I'm afraid not," she murmured. "Only—I'm so ashamed! I can't compete with the rest! Christmas—it's gotten beyond me. I can't buy the elaborate gifts that the other girls in this office are buying—not on my salary! And I refuse to go into debt, for Christmas, as some of them do. I love the crowd I work with—but I can't give all of them costly presents. And, for that reason, I feel completely out of it!"

"But don't you think that's foolish?" I asked. "Surely being sensible doesn't—"

But the girl had interrupted me by bursting into a new flood of tears.

So this is for her—this page. And for all other girls, single or married, who have felt as she feels.

CHRISTMAS has, unfortunately, become a competitive day. A day in which families and friends and office groups are apt to strive for supremacy. A day dedicated to the sort of buying that means worry and self sacrifice. Probably a billion dollars is spent, each year, on the purchasing of gifts—gifts often unnecessarily extravagant and ill chosen.

Much more often than you realize, a girl of small salary goes into debt to make what she feels to be her part of the proper Christmas gesture. Her clothes may be shabby and her room rent unpaid—but she'll bestow Christmas presents with reckless hands. She'll be a glorious spendthrift—hold up her end with the rest. And if she can't do it—she's ashamed.

But it isn't necessary—this wild orgy of buying and giving.

Any one would rather receive a gift inspired by affection—a gift on which some thought has been expended—than an extravagant gift. Believe it or not!

This month SMART SET is giving a real service, I think, in printing a list—and photographs—of a group of moderately priced gifts. Of a group of gifts that make up, in charm, for their lack of costliness. These printed suggestions won't wreck any bank account—won't stand for any sacrifice that is too great. And yet they'll be acceptable. For they are in good taste and there's something, among them, to fit almost every individual need or desire. There's something that the most casual, or dearest, friend will enjoy!

COMPETITIVE giving—giving to make an impression, even though it hurts—is destructive. Giving with a full heart and a sense of the eternal fitness of things—and by fitness I mean the size of your pocketbook as well as the needs of the person to whom you are giving—is constructive. Giving freely, and in a sense, sensibly, is Christmas.

And Christmas—when it is free of worry and false generosity—is the top of the year!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER



A Sentimental Story? Yes. But Aren't We All? What



A man in a dark, heavy coat stands with his back to the viewer, looking out a window. The room is dimly lit, with a chair and some furniture visible in the background. The overall mood is contemplative and somewhat somber.

A STAR Rises *in the* EAST

THERE are, of course, women who never grow up—too many of them—Steve Bradford reflected. Doubtless a good half of the women right here in the stuffy subway car—the one across the aisle, for instance. Fifty or more—her red hat and redder lips would have been hateful on a flapper. Women with the eternal “little girl” complex! He sighed. His wife was one of them.

That very characteristic of “little girlness”—for all he hated it now—had drawn him to her eight years ago. She was rather pretty in an elfin, gypsy way. She was good. She loved him after her own skin deep fashion. It was a pity to hate her, but—life was going—he was thirty-eight.

He had been going on the rocks for the want of the things a man needs so—sympathy, understanding, mental companionship—*had been*—for now there was Helen.

When he married he had been a “rising young architect.” Six years later he was still that except for the “young.” Helen, working side by side with him for two years, had seen. She had helped him; there were those two big places in Connecticut she had brought his way. That was before they knew they

loved each other—before he realized it at any rate.

He wasn't blaming Marge for anything. It wasn't her fault that she was limited. He was sure she realized it herself lately. He had made very few demands on her. She had gone her own way. They didn't even spat much any more.

So it oughtn't to be so hard to tell Marge about Helen Lindon. He hated to—oh, how he hated it! But Helen urged him to get it over by the new year; it was the middle of December now.

Marge could go to Reno—Heaven send she'd suggest it herself—and then he could start life anew. No use regretting—wishing he'd waited for Helen. There had been no intrigue in their affair. He was thankful for that. Helen was too good, too fine. She hated underhandedness and deceit. She hadn't a piece of jewelry because the hate of sham was a part of her. She had nothing except the small exquisite solitaire pearl he had given her.

Marge wasn't like that. She had, literally, a barrel of colorful junk, and gloried in it. Much of it he suspected was five and ten—beads, bracelets, earrings. How he abominated those

Santa Brought This Couple Cannot Be Put in Stockings



By

M. C. HODGES

Illustrations by R. F. SCHABELITZ

dull gold hoops she'd been wearing lately! She made more fuss over the twenty dollar string of carnelian he'd given her than Helen would have made over a diamond necklace.

What would Marge do? He looked at the tired-faced straphangers around him. Would she be one of them? The thought was like a knife thrust. Yet, he reflected, she wouldn't be unhappy there. She had no luxurious tastes—he thought of her home-made dresses. She'd had plenty of money for decent clothes. What had she done with it? She was the oldest of a family of seven. Perhaps she had spent it on them. Well there'd be an end to that. Perhaps a small alimony. Oh, yes he owed her that!

BUT he was going to need money. Helen wanted to live in the country. It wasn't just sporting of them to plan, ignoring Marge's very existence.

As he walked the two blocks from the subway his troubled thoughts kept pace with him. But there was, he noticed, a strange smell in the air—yet not strange at all—

Marge was on guard. And the fear in her dark eyes sickened Steve. "Oh, but you promised!" she breathed, huskily

something familiar and pleasant. At the corner grocery he saw a pile of little cedar trees laying on the side walk, roped together as they had been thrown off the truck. A shabby little fellow of eight or nine was poking at the ropes. Bradford halted and the boy straightened up, bristling with defiance.

"Here you!" Bradford said crossly. "That's no way to get a tree." He dug into his pocket, gave the boy a dollar. "Buy it!"

Somehow he had to do it, though the next instant he was calling it a silly impulse and wishing he hadn't. Not because the boy, in sheer surprise no doubt, had snatched the dollar and made off without thanking him, but because he had the picture of a pinched little face and shivering ill clad little body—as if he hadn't enough blue devils already!

When he let himself into the apartment,

Christmas is More Than a Day—It Is a State of Mind and Heart

She could hear Marge in the kitchen, talking to Peter her gray Persian. "That cat annoyed him—great, fat, lazy animal!"

She came into the dining room, taking off her big apron. She was very small and slim. Her dress of tomato red silk, she had made herself. There was a necklace of dull gold against her brown skin; her black wavy hair stood out in a wild bob that shadowed her dark eyes, and made her face look smaller than ever.

SHE darted at him quickly and he had an uncomfortable feeling that she expected him to kiss her. He had never kissed her since that day he first kissed Helen. But Marge was only reaching for the cigarette box which she put down at his place.

"Hard day?" she asked him. He grunted some response. There was no explaining hard days to Marge.

The dinner was perfect: clam bisque, a fillet mignon, broccolini with hollandaise, a deep dish apple pie, clear strong coffee. Marge loved to cook and she had acquired a taste for good food from the Irish stews and fried pork chops of their first year. Some men, Steve thought, live for this. Too bad he didn't.

"I went to the Capitol, to-day Steve," Marge was telling him. "I saw Lon Chaney in 'West of Zanzibar.' Oh, Steve the Zanzibar dancing was wonderful! I loved it!"

"Yes, you would." He looked at her and thought of Helen: tall, fair, with smooth hands of blond hair, and her love of two things. "Is that why you're wearing that piece of junk?" Steve pointed to the gilt necklace. "I hate it!"

She fingered it lovingly. "You're doing too much hating these days, Steve, and you look seedy. I wonder if you had a decent lunch—"

"For Heaven's sake," he exploded, "put that cursed cat out! Can't we ever have a meal without his yowling?" Peter had stretched up and laid an investigating paw on the table. Steve struck at him.

"Aren't you ashamed, Steve? He only spoke one little word. Come here Peter." She took the big cat in her lap, shutting him with both arms.

"Put him out!"

"I will not. He's doing no harm." She calmly began her dessert.

Steve flung down his napkin and got up. In the doorway he turned. "You know how I hate your making a fuss over that cat!"

She looked at him steadily. "What else have I to make a fuss over, Steve?"

What did she mean by that? Nothing, of course—but an old pain stabbed him—a pain still cruel after seven years. It had been his alone, for Marge hadn't cared about the baby that had lived one little day. It had been a tragedy to him that he was untouched by the loss. He would have been a big first year, going to school. A good little pal, some one to live for.

But Marge had forgotten. There was no depth in her for grief or joy. As soon as her health came back, she had been happy and content with her household tasks. She had never even spoken of the child. Peter was as much to her. Steve heard her singing talking to the cat as she washed the dishes.

He tried to read. She went back and forth through bedroom, kitchen and living room, doing a thousand small tasks: putting up with window boxes, wrapping Christmas packages—she had a child's love of Christmas—setting the table. Restless, finding the never ending humming of a song. How had he endured it all these years?

WHEN at last she came into the living room, she had her sewing basket. She curled herself up in a big chair, drew her feet under her and the cat leaped to the chair arm.

"I've laid out your gray suit, Steve. That one's ready for the cleaners."

"Fussing, eternal fussing!"

"Marge," he said harshly, "I'm tired of living like this."

She didn't raise her eyes from the piece of amethyst satin she was quilting. "Working too hard, Steve? If you take your time, or maybe two weeks in Bermuda—"

"No! No! I'm fed up. Don't you see? I want to quit!" Her hand went to Peter's head. She hummed her careless bit of song. She was stupid! Maddening!

"I can't stand it any more!" He threw it at her brutally. "I need something you can't give me!"

She looked at him steadily, her dark eyes shadowed by that wild bob, and waited. He could have struck her.

He sprang up, stood over her, his big hand clenched. "I want a divorce! There is another woman. I'm going to marry her!"

"Yes," she said, "I—I see."

He felt a bit ashamed. "It doesn't surprise you much?"

"No, I knew it long ago. Helen Lindon, that interior decorator you work with—"

"So you've been spying!"

"Oh, no. But people told me. Several people who thought I should do something. I sort of bet on you against them!"

Steve swallowed hard; he hadn't expected this. "I'm sorry, Marge, but it's been deuced hard for me—"

HE HAD expected reproaches, hysterics, a wild scene. Was she an absolute moron? Just that steady unreadable look Peter was staring too. That cursed cat! In a sudden frenzy he struck at it but she was too quick for him and her arm caught the blow.

"Lord Marge! I didn't mean to do that but that devilish cat!" He mopped his forehead. Silly to let your nerves ride you! How little her arm was, like a child's—like that boy's he had seen tonight.

"All right Steve—didn't hurt—doesn't matter—"

"No, nothing matters. Nothing hurts you. You don't care!"

Her temper flashed then. That was the only emotion in her—temper. "Care? What will that get me?"

Was she thinking of money?

"What will you do?" he asked.

"Do? There's one sure thing, Steve—I won't die of it. You may bank on that. I'll go on I guess. Everybody has to. If you must have Helen Lindon, go to her. Go tonight if you want to!"

She must be bluffing. She wasn't clever enough to strike at his self valuation like this.

"It's not as easy as all that, Marge. Helen wouldn't want me to do that—she's too fine for that."

"Too smart, you mean. Anyway I hope she takes care of you."

"Care of me! A man needs something more than to be fed and have his clothes laid out for him."

She took up the bit of amethyst satin and went to work.

"We'll thrash this out while we're at it, Marge. What will you do? You can stay on here in the apartment until you decide—in fact until you are ready to go to Nevada—"

"To Reno? You want me to go there? But I thought it is you—"

"Yes, but it's best always for the woman to get the divorce, and the sooner the better—"

"But it's Christmas, Steve."

"You mean you want to stay here till after Christmas?"

"No—I thought we—I mean I'd go up to Pinecrest for Christmas."

"But I wanted—in fact I'd planned to go there myself, and have Hawley and Jim—"

"That isn't fair Steve. You owe this to me. For months I've planned—I will have it—I will! I don't care whether it suits you or not. The day after Christmas I'll pack my things and never go back—"

"All right! Have it your way." He went into the bedroom and began to pack, flinging his bags on the gold satin cover of his twin bed. How beautifully she kept everything, little bundle of energy that she was. That would mean a great deal to some men. They wouldn't mind if the soul had been left out of her.

He called to her from the front door. He did not want another sight of her, huddled in the big chair, intent upon her amethyst satin.

"I'm going to the Winton. I've left the phone number, and a check."



"Thank you, Steve," she said quietly. "And good night."

"Good night." He raged inwardly. She took it as lightly as that. Thought he was coming back in a day or two? He'd show her. Her attitude disturbed him beyond all reason. Didn't the woman feel anything at all?

He reported to Helen the next night at dinner but he had no sense of elation that the hardest part of the battle was won.

Helen put her slim cool hand over his, her blue eyes narrowing. "You see, darling, I was right. You were too conscientious. It is plain enough she has some one. In fact, I heard it long ago, but I couldn't say it to you."

His face flushed darkly. "What rubbish!" He was surprised at his own vehemence. "That's not true. Marge never—"

"Oh, Steve, dear, that little girl type is like that always. Sly as cats, and men adore them. Isn't it true? Isn't it?"

She was demanding an answer. "Well," he said, "you know what I adore." She tightened her fingers on his.

Let me see—three months. You think she will go at once?

Helen—the other woman—sat waiting for him, in her car, on Christmas eve. She had, Steve thought, everything that his wife lacked! She wasn't the kind of a person who waited for things to be given her. She took them

That will leave you free in April. Heavenly! If only we have a real April—not cold rain like this year. The country—"

"Country? What's on your mind, dear?"

"Steve, you know that Greenwich house—the one we did for Fawcett? You said yourself it is perfect. Fawcett is on the ragged edge and I'm sure that thirty thousand—"

"For a summer place, Helen?"

"Oh, we'd live there from April till Christmas—hardly a summer place."

He was aghast. "But getting to the office at nine-thirty?"

"I'm not worrying about offices any more. You didn't think that because I'm modern—" A faint color came into her flawless skin.

"Sweetheart!" contritely. "Of course not. I'd hate it. But I have to go to the office."

"Lazy boy! I guess it won't hurt you a bit to get up at six-thirty. It will do you good." [Continued on page 80]



HARRY CARR'S UNTOLD

PICKFORD and the Gish Sisters Appear . . . Dorothy Gish's Troubles . . . Why Pickford Left Griffith . . . What Mary was Working for and How Fairbanks was Brought in to Replace Her . . . The Flop of the Great English Actor . . . The First Screen Fight . . . The Beginnings of Mabel Normand . . . Tom Mix Rides into the Picture . . . Griffith Goes Broke . . . How the Publicity Craze Started . . . An Old Elephant's Appetite Started Animal Pictures . . . The Birth of the "My Public" Bunk . . . The Talmadge Sisters and Anita Loos Appear on the Horizon

IN THE movies, I date back to the days when we called motion picture studios "camps."

Strictly in confidence I go even further back than that. I go back to the time when old man Talley ran a little peek-for-a-nickle show in a booth under the old Ramona Hotel on the corner of Spring and Third streets, Los Angeles.

One day he rushed out in great excitement and stopped me as I was ambling along the sidewalk. "Come in here," he said. "I've got the darndest thing—they call it a moving picture."

I went in with him and saw my first movie—Mr. James J. Corbett, the champion of the world, punching the nose of one Courtney—on a screen that leaped and flickered and jumped.

Since then I have seen stars in the act of being discovered. I have seen many of them sink back into the gory sea of oblivion. Incidentally I saw Talley become one of the great figures of the "Fourth Greatest Industry"—and drop out again.

The first movie actress I ever saw was Miss Louise Glaum. She was the first great vamp of the screen. A young reporter on the newspaper I helped edit came in one day with a sensational suggestion. "I'll bet there's some news that people would like to read about out in these movie camps," he said. We didn't believe it, but we let him try. He came back towing Louise Glaum. She is not really so small, but the way she was dressed she looked like a porcelain doll. It was the day when girls wore very high boots. I remember that she had a pair that came to the tops of a very entertaining pair of calves. Our interest in news from the motion picture camps rose.

INASMUCH as there are now more than two hundred writers in Hollywood who make their living out of news from the motion picture camps, it would seem that the boy reporter had a bright idea.

Not long after that I was invited to come to the Universal camp for a literary conference. The Universal held forth at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Gower, the present site of the Fox studio.

I arrived at a time of stress and storm. Mr. Isador Bernstein, the general manager, had just received a bill for hay.

"Who eats all this hay?" he cried. "The

elephant," was the subdued reply.

"The elephant!" he thundered. "I don't care about elephants."

"That's because we can't think of one," was the meek reply. Mr. Bernstein turned to me with an intense look. "Say, can't you write a story about an elephant?"

To my intense mortification, I was unable to conjure up a drama in which the grand climax was a pachyderm eating forty-eight dollars worth of hay. And so my debut in the movies was a comparative failure.

However I redeemed myself to some extent by writing a story about a little princess who had never had a good time. An old dragoon—at the risk of forfeiting his life—permitted her



Read how casually Lovey Marsh lost fame, to be replaced by her sister, Mae, who also lost. Incidentally, Mae Marsh was the screen's first accidental star.

*The Most Intimate Record Ever Written of
the Most Romantic City in the World*

TALES of HOLLYWOOD

to go out and play in the gutter with the neighbor's children. It was called "The Princess Suzette and the Sentry." It was accepted and I went back to the office dazzled by so much wealth. I received twenty-five dollars.

At that time, the stars at Universal were Cleo Madison, Ann Little and Herbert Rawlinson. Among the directors was Miss Lois Weber, the first and, at that time, the only woman director in pictures. They gave my story to her.

I DIDN'T hear any more about it until I was invited to the first performance. I went with Miss Weber, and her husband and co-star, Mr. Phillips Smalley. I gallantly bought the tickets myself—which cost me fifteen cents—reducing my net profit to \$24.85.

Mr. Smalley was a valuable husband—especially at first performances. Every time any one in the house made a noise or whispered, Mr. Smalley leaped out into the aisle and found the offender, glowered at him (or her) and hissed, "Sh-h-shsush!" in a most terrifying manner.

When the picture came on, I was horrified to discover that my little royal princess had become a debutante in an old Southern mansion. The dragoon had become an old butler who looked like Uncle Tom.

"My public," explained Miss Weber with cold dignity, "demands that I star in the pictures I direct and I could not very well star in the part of a five-year-old child."

So I learned about pictures from her.

Having written a prize fight story called, "Kid Reagan's Hands," for Mr. Rawlinson and a newspaper story called, "The Sob Sister," for Miss Little, I was offered a guarantee to write for the company at a salary of one hundred dollars per month. My Scotch ancestry warned me that such huge sums of money couldn't be respectable. I knew there must be a catch in it. So I turned it down. Afterward, I learned that some enterprising soul drew the salary in my name for more than a year.

And I learned about pictures from him.

About this time I remember meeting two little girls named Gish and a little girl named Mary Pickford who had a brother



The first case of picture grand larceny. In "The Birth of a Nation," a three-dollar-a-day extra stole a scene from Lillian Gish

named Jack. I can't honestly say I was much impressed. Pictures didn't mean anything to us at that time—just some little folks who appeared in five-cent shows whose directors changed royal princesses into debutantes in a Southern mansion.

The Biograph company was then riding on the top of the wave and Griffith had brought a company to California to escape the winters in New York. They were whirling off pictures at a dizzy rate. Mary made "Ramona" in one reel. They were more high brow pictures than there have ever been since. They made "The Sands of Dee," Browning's "Pippa Passes" and many other great works of literature.

Jack Pickford used to tell me ruefully that picture acting would be all right if you didn't have to do so much freight carrying. He and Bobby Harron were the two youngest actors, so they had to ride to location on bicycles and carry the props for the other actors. In the mornings, they would be wild Indians marauding around on their war ponies. In the afternoon, Griffith would have them change

clothes and they would chase themselves over the hills as United States cavalymen on Uncle Sam's sturdy troop horses, which had been wild Indian bronchos in the morning.

THE girls of the company were required to be no less versatile. Dorothy Gish told me her troubles—which I thought were valid and reasonable as complaints against the "newest great art." In the morning, she had to be an innocent country girl flying from the demon Sioux. In the afternoon, she was a vicious gun man with a long beard—which tickled her neck.

Griffith has since told me that Jack Pickford had the makings of the greatest actor who had ever come into his studio. He could have been a Mansfield on the screen, but he threw his life away because he could never make himself care.

It was on one of these Western trips of Biograph that Mary Pickford left Griffith. He refused to pay the scandalous and outrageous salary she demanded. I believe it was two hundred dollars a week. After a somewhat heated discussion, he thought better of it, followed her to the train and meekly offered to



Mabel Normand, the beautiful little clown, worshipped by all the picture pioneers and particularly by Mack Sennett. Mabel originated modern comedies

The Reminiscences of

"I'm awfully sorry."

"Don't worry. Something can be done about it. Your time from now on is Bessie Love."

With Bessie came a beautiful, willowy, dark-eyed girl. She and Bessie had gone to the high school together. Her name was Carmel Myers and she was the daughter of a Jewish rabbi whom I knew and admired. I met her as she came out of the room where Griffith had been making a test. She was crying hysterically as the door closed behind her.

"Good heavens," I cried. "What has happened to you?"

"Mr. Griffith—he—he—told me all about the persecution of the Jewish race. He told me I was Hagar—or somebody—and it was so sad that I got to crying—and now—I—I can't stop."

IT WAS queer how things turned out for that company. The illustrious Beerbohm Tree made a picture that still stands as the worst flop in the history of the industry. De Wolf Hopper was a wash-out. But the little girls from high school and the actor who bounced around panned out.

I remember meeting Griffith one day in a hotel. "Say," he said. "Want to do me a favor? Kill a man for me."

"Sure," I said. "Any particular man—or just generally speaking a male human?"

"For choice—Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the world's most distinguished actor. On top of the worst flop I ever saw, I have to make two more pictures with him. Just bring me his scalp and no questions asked."

"Why don't you let him walk across the floor and call that one picture; let

him walk back again and call that the third picture?"

"You have bright ideas," said Griffith gloomily, "but they come too late. You should have thought of that before we made a contract which gives him the right to pick out the stories."

It must have been about this time that I received an invitation to go on location to see the big thrill in the first really big picture ever made. It was the first time I had ever seen a picture taken—much less a dynamite thrill.

The picture was "The Spoilers." It made motion picture history.

The studio scenes were made in a little studio on Glendale Boulevard where the Selig company held forth. It still stands there, having passed in and out of many hands since then. The picture was directed by Colin Campbell. The lead was taken by William Farnum; the heavy was Tom Santschi; the girl lead was Bessie Eyton; the bad lady who loved and lost was Kathleen Williams.

It was one of the finest pictures ever made. A few years ago I was invited by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio to see a re-make of the old one. They showed me the old one with great scorn; then the new one made by modern methods. I was impressed with the fact that the old one was in every way superior.

Colin Campbell never benefited by his work to the extent of recognition as one of the big ones. Bessie Eyton faded from the screen. Farnum became one of the highest salaried of movie actors, but a few years ago he too faded from the screen.

Kathleen Williams came the nearest to making hay out of it. It won her the long serial, "The Adventures of Kathleen," in which she was chased around jungles by lions and tigers. I think she was the first actress ever to work in animal pictures to any great extent. Of all the women on the screen she has changed the least since I first saw her that day when we went out in an automobile together to see the movie mine explosion.

meet her figure. But by that time Mary's dander was up and she sallied forth to make her own fortune.

I met Mary not very long after that. She had come back to Hollywood with another company and was working in an old house near the present site of the Christie studios. Her salary had risen by that time to some astounding and prodigious sum—three or four hundred dollars a week. As a newspaper stunt I suggested that she change a week's salary into silver dollars and let me take a photograph of her trying to lift it.

"Well I should say not," she gasped.

"Oh, you are working for art alone," I retorted sarcastically.

"No. I am working for money, but it is just as well to let the public think I am working for art," said shrewd little Mary.

I AM now trying to write a consecutive history—these are personal impressions—so I am going to jump a little period of time and come to an event that might promote discussion in the Douglas Fairbanks family—were it not such a happy family?

Doug was used as the instrument whereby the fair and businesslike Miss Pickford was to be set down in her place. After he left the company, Mr. Griffith decided to go out and find another little girl and make her into a Mary Pickford and then—by gum—Mary would be sorry!

The Triangle company had been formed to efface the earth and all other picture companies. Griffith had imported De Wolf Hopper, Sir Beerbohm Tree, the great Shakespearean actor and a young fellow who did sprightly parts on the stage. His name was Douglas Fairbank.

What Doug needed was a Mary Pickford to play the lead in his pictures. Griffith saw a little brown-eyed extra girl. She was sweet and wistful.

He took a puff at his cigarette and looked at her out of the corner of his eyes—the way he does.

"What's your name little girl?"

"Lillian Horton, sir," she said, trembling with fright.

"That's a no good name for pictures."

an Inside Worker in a World of Make-believe

About this time I met in a very casual way, two people who were—as the young ladies say in novels—to have a great part in my life.

Out in a canyon near town stood a little shanty on a vacant lot. Every time I passed the place, I wondered what was going on in that shanty. I found out. Quite a lot was going on.

Mack Sennett had come to Los Angeles with Fred Mace and Mabel Normand and they were struggling with poverty and a contract to make a series of motion picture comedies. When I met them they had made two or three and sent them east—only to be told they were rotten and “don’t do it again.”

Sennett was a young Irishman as strong as a horse but he was bashful, ill at ease and didn’t know what to say. All he could do was work; and all he had to contribute to pictures was the finest sense of bubbling humor and the finest sense of discrimination and the best knowledge of drama that has ever come to the screen.

HE AND Mabel worked—and quarreled—all day on the pictures. They shot wherever they could borrow a front lawn and persuade the lady of the house to move her best parlor furniture out in the sunshine. In the evenings, Sennett cut the film they had shot and prepared the sets they just had to have of their own making. They changed kitchens into royal palaces by putting on some more wall paper. In this, he often had the valiant assistance of Mabel. She held the paper while Mack swabbed.

There was no secret in those days that their screen careers were bound together by a love affair. It has since ended tragically; but it will always remain as one of the great romances of Hollywood

I think there never have been two more brilliant motion picture minds. Mabel was adroit, beautiful, brilliant and as vital as an electric spark. No one will ever know what she contributed to Sennett’s great screen career. Looking back, I think that these were the happiest days that either of them ever knew—days of poverty and scrapping and high adventure.

Some years later, I went to work in the Sennett studio—my first studio job. I stayed there for more than five years. Most of my picture life was lived with Mack and Mabel. When I was there was the time that the Sennett lot was the incubator of stars. I saw most of the present names-in-electric lights in the process of coming out of the egg as it were. In a later chapter I will tell all about these days.

One day I was at a baseball game with Charles E. Van Loan, who was on his way to becoming a great literary star. Van told me that he had an idea there might be good picture material in some of these motion picture camps. Anyhow he intended
[Cont. on page 118]



Mary Pickford looked like a baby when she entered pictures. She was actually a child. But her brains were always those of a superwoman. Read Mary’s perfect reason for refusing to be photographed beside her week’s salary. In the oval above, Mary Pickford as she is today. She is the Peter Pan Princess of Hollywood, the star who has never grown old

Christmas Morning

*at the Castle of
Mr. Volstead's
Ancestors*



Prithee, my cockeyed varlets come
in and knock off a bowl of mead

What Price Merry Christmas?

Santa Has Become a Captain of Industry, Modern Stockings Won't Hang Up, and the Plum Pudding's Gone Prohibition

By EDWARD LONGSTRETH

Drawings by GEORGE SHANKS



SO THIS is Christmas! Merry Christmas! Well, it may be Christmas but if it's merry, a pain in the neck is bliss. Ye olde Yuletide has become a washout.

We ought to have sense enough to stop selling ourselves so much Christmas spirit with such high pressure salesmanship, and get back to the old idea of just having a swell time with a lot of good friends.

It's time we tumbled to the fact that we'll never get a better present from Susie than the one we sent her. She's wise. There's no chance of making on the exchange. Better give up.

It's time we conquered the fear that the janitor will burn us out of house and home if we don't give him his annual bribe. We ought to, really.

But will we? We have almost killed Christmas with kindness, the cost of kindness being what it is.

Imagine the ancient Christmas in dear olde merrie Englande. All is cold but serene. They drag in the

Yule log across the virgin snow, for they had virgin snow in those days. The door of the manor is flung open. There stands milady herself; the original milady of the advertisements, her hands somewhat raw and red from the cold, her nose bearing token of a cold in the head, her lovely form coddled into half a dozen quilted petticoats.

She gives words of cheer to the varlets and they cheer back. Some carry armfuls of holly and mistletoe and branches of spruce. They barbecue all the animals they can lay hands on, eat the meat to the last scrap, and wash it down with pitchers of ale and wine until they sink into a delightful stupor which the cold, the smoke and the pangs of digestion are powerless to interrupt. That was *Christmas*.

And now what?

THE last chance for a merry Christmas passed away when the Puritans reformed and turned the old homestead into a house of correction. Away went the Christmas punch! Away went the wassail of whoopee! The family dinner in our pure, repentant land is now a rodeo. Some swell bulldozing and roping but no gayety.

Even in the days of dear Mr. Dickens, there were toasts beneath the holly and dalliance under the mistletoe, and Tiny Tim could actually say, "God Bless Us Every One," without anybody throwing a chair at his head.

Now we sit down to the family dinner, nine tenths of us cold sober, a feeling of austere dread gripping our hearts. With tense muscles we clutch our chairs and nervously sip ice water, waiting for the annual crack old Aunt Kate takes at Cousin Prue. That will start the ball of conversation bounding with large uncontrollable bounds.

Tiny Tim, now grown a bit adolescent and more knowing, struggles to his feet, throws an empty flask on the table, and as he nears the exit shouts back at the family his parting profane version of the old Dickens hokum. His sally saves the

day. Aunt Kate and Cousin Prue unite in common righteousness to lament the wicked generation—which they have raised.

The family dinner is not the only change in Christmas a la 1929. We have made Santa Claus a captain of industry. His bag of toys has been turned into carload lots. The original idea was to give presents to the kids, then our modern gold-digger saw her chance and just wouldn't grow up.

The girl friends are a bit calloused about the whole gift end of it. Would some power the giftie'd gie 'em. If it's more blessed to give than to receive, let the boy friends get the blessing. What the girls want is plenty of receiving.

About the first week in December they sit up late at night penning gay, friendly little letters to all the boys who have so much as cast them a passing glance during the past year. Christmas is just another harvest home for papa's baby girl.

But even the girls have families and girl friends and feel they must give somebody something.

At best, of course it is only a swap. Watch the face of any one who has spent \$2.50 on a present for a friend, who has not so much as sent a card in return, and see how much the spirit of giving has to do with it. It's all [Continued on page 123]



*THE Thrilling Adventure of a
Debutante Who Found That She
Needed More Than a Snappy Outfit
and a Powder Puff to Fight Lions*

By
CAPTAIN DINGLE

*Famous Author of Sea Stories,
who Has Gone to the Jungle
for This, His Greatest Yarn*

Fifty-Fifty



TOM CHESTER sat hunched up, his arms about his knees, smoking a seasoned old pipe. His eyes were steadily fixed upon the camp fire, flickering redly among the drenched foliage. Red touched the muddy waters of the Hawash river. Tom's ears received every sound of the jungle. Hippo grunted in the river reeds. Crocodiles wallowed in the mud, blinking at the firelight. Hyenas and jackals added an ugly note. A million insects droned after a day of rainy deluge that had drowned myriads of them.

Tom's eyes were on the fire. He could still regard the figure sprawled carelessly beyond. It was a small figure, slim and boyish in knickers, puttees, and open necked shirt. Brenda Nolan's bobbed head was shapely and small; her face was alight with self-reliance, love of living, wilfulness. In another setting she would pass for a beauty. One might imagine her,

in womanly dress, leader of a smart young set where intellectuality was never suffered to become offensive, and where the charm of youth was permitted to fill its rightful place. Tom Chester had heard of her, but he had never expected to meet her. Her picture had filled pages of the press in her coming-out year. She belonged to a world of which he knew but the fringe, and that only because it was men of that world who made it possible for him to earn a living as leader of safari, or plain hunting guide.

Their present situation was not of his seeking. He was leading old Mallory Dyke's hunting party in Abyssinia. Up to the time he had assembled the party in Addis Abeba, with camels, mules, and porters, he had believed it to be a man's outfit, to get black maned lions and hippos.

When Brenda Nolan appeared in her uncle's party, Tom grumbled to himself. It was no country for women. Dyke said she was remaining in Addis Abeba while the hunt was

on; but Brenda conceived a tremendous curiosity concerning the quiet, efficient, coldly civil safari leader, and when the party took the trail at Modjo she was there.

She could ride better than most men. She shouldered her rifle in the manner of a sportsman. She carried her own pack and the men enjoyed her chatter, her impudence, her boyish lack of fear. She was quite modern in her attitude towards male and female contacts. When Brenda Nolan donned man's togs and took her place in a jungle hunting train, she was

nobody should stray from sight of the tents. It was his first peremptory command.

Everybody obeyed except Brenda. She stole from camp within an hour after the order was given. He knew she had gone, but said nothing. He would explain to her quietly, when she returned, how grave the risk she ran, how vital it was that on the few occasions when he gave an order it should be obeyed. She came back, swinging a string of fish defiantly, challenging his disapproval. She was piqued because there was

Illustrations by
H. M. BONNELL



The party—a colorful, barbaric caravan—started out. And Brenda Nolan, sharing dangers and discomforts with the rest, rode at the head of it. Seeing her Tom groaned inwardly, and told himself it was no country for women

bound to match any man in the crowd. She sharply stopped Tom Chester when he started making some special arrangements for her comfort at the first camp. He saw her snapping eyes, and treated her as a man thereafter. So definite was his attitude that she was uncertain whether to be gratified or provoked.

Then the rains came. The party reached the lake on the first evening out of Modjo. In the night the camp was drowned out. Lake and forest roared with rain. Creeks grew to torrents in an hour. The jungle was a swamp. One of the native guides vowed the rains were but beginning, and would yet inundate the earth. The camp was shifted to higher ground away from the lake. Tom Chester issued strict orders that

no reproof. The only notice taken of her disobedience was when Tom Chester remarked at supper, not to her but to Mallory Dyke, that there would be little hope of recovering any member of the party who got lost in the swamped jungle.

"IMPOSSIBLE to track anybody. Ground's like a sponge," he said.

"Only a fool could get lost in sound and sight of camp!" Brenda retorted to that, and impudently handed him another fish from her string, brown toasted on a twig.

That was last night. Tonight she watched him across a campfire at which only they two sat. Much as she wanted to, she could not voice the flippant chatter that she knew would

Do You Want to Know~ THE TRUTH ABOUT PSYCHOANALYSIS?

Watch for Dr. A. A. Brill's JANUARY ISSUE of SMART SET
searching article in the

surely stir him. He was not acting as she had believed he would act, sitting there, hugging his knees, sucking at a cold pipe, staring into the black void beyond the fire-glow; staring, yet never taking his eyes from her, as she knew very well by the shiver that persisted along her spine. But she laughed.

"Give me a cigarette, and I'll lie down. No use two idiots sitting up all night just because it's likely to rain again." She reached a brown hand across the smouldering fire.

"I have no cigarettes," he said shortly. He took out his tobacco pouch. There were two sparse fills for his pipe in it, and a wisp of cigarette papers. He shook tobacco on to a paper, rolled a slim cigarette, and handed it to her. She took it without thanks, lighting it at the red end of a burning stick.

"Better than nothing," she murmured, and lay back on the moss, her hands under her touselled head, trickles of smoke rising upwards into the impenetrable foliage out of which beady monkey eyes glared down resentfully.

Tom Chester gritted his teeth as he realized the full significance of this situation which was entirely due to her second disobedience of orders. This morning—the very day after her first straying—she had taken her rifle and slipped away again. This time she stayed away too long. A herd of hippos, stampeded by flood-scared natives, charged the camp and scattered the party. Tom sent the others on to higher ground to re-make camp, took his rifle and a native guide, and plunged into the jungle to seek Brenda, quite honestly cursing her for a wilful little fool. There was nothing in his seeking her but sheer duty to his employer. He had just found her at the end of a terrific day and as he watched her take his precious tobacco, and burn it up as if the jungle were full of ripe tobacco leaves, taking no more heed of their plight than she might a blowout in her town car at a garage door, he felt like taking her across his bedford corded knee and using his broad belt on her.

"Whatever are you grinding your teeth about?" She suddenly sat up, staring at him.

"Go to sleep—if you're able to!" he growled, kicking a dry butt into the fire.

IN THE morning the native guide was missing. Tom shrugged his shoulders. The country was inundated. A guide might do better than drown or starve with a lost white hunter. Tom shot a pigeon. There was little of it left after the rifle bullet smashed it but it was all their breakfast. He tore it apart, giving the girl a fair half, no more. She accepted the meagre fare as unconcernedly as she did the fact that they were lost. Lost they were, and Tom made that clear. The rains had washed out all tracks.

"We must find the river," said Tom. She shouldered her rifle like a man, puffing another slim cigarette, grumbling a little at its slimness. If she noticed that he sucked on an empty pipe, she gave no sign; but her grumbling stopped after a very few steps. He was the guide now. It was his job. He would take her back to their party.

After an hour the silent, dreary march irked her. In mid-forenoon she flung down her rifle.

"Not another step without a rest and a smoke!" she stated. He picked up her rifle, barely pausing.

"Can't rest here," he snapped. "Listen!"

Through the vast silences of the steamy, earthy jungle thrummed a note of rushing rain. More sibilant than the swish of foliage there were sounds of panicky forest life; sounds that had not been so obvious while she swung along beside the capable, cold man who treated her like so much camp gear.

She was frightened—not greatly—for she had real courage. But when she took back her gun and followed him, she glanced often behind her. She had never done that before. And she noticed that Tom kept his pistol holster open, though he

usually regarded pistols with amusement, or at most accepted them as emergency weapons scarcely likely to be needed. And he made no attempt to keep a straight course, but kept within reach of trees, and on the fringe of bush wherever possible.

Once he stopped abruptly, pulling her down, kneeling beside her with his finger on her lips. Through a revealing screen of scrub, maddened beasts, wild and domestic, came dashing blindly across a glade, driven by the double menace of flooding rain and fleeing villagers as terrified as themselves. A trampled snake squirmed across Brenda's leg, and she gripped his arm fiercely, choking back a cry of horror. Then a mob of wild cattle, with leopards clawing their backs, broke and charged straight at their concealment. Tom leaped to his feet, tucked her under his arm, and dashed headlong from the place. She had seen men and women drop infants and go down before that savage rush. She was white to the teeth, her feet tripping, her breath sobbing. A bush had snatched away her rifle, and she was glad to feel it go.

SHEER exhaustion brought them to a halt. Brenda's clothes were ripped and all but torn from her; her shoes were scuffed open; her hat was gone and her hair full of twigs. Her heart seemed about to burst; her lungs felt as if they were filled with lead. Yet one glance at him stopped all thought of complaint. His had been the ordeal. Her own legs had never carried her to safety. Her ribs ached yet from his fierce grip. But his face and arms were bloody from jungle thorns she had escaped because of his protection.

She wanted to ask for a cigarette but his tense attitude in the first moment of the halt forced silence upon her. Then he relaxed, laid down his rifle, mutely discovered that his pistol and ammunition belt had been torn from him, and slowly took out his tobacco pouch and pipe. He shook out the last specks of tobacco dust on the last paper and made a very slender cigarette. She curiously wondered who would smoke it. Silently he passed it to her with his matches, and stuck his cold pipe between his teeth.

"Make the most of it. You look as if you needed it," he said gruffly.

She lighted and puffed it luxuriously. Her aches began to feel easy. She felt almost comfortable, lying on the warm, steamy grass beside a torrent that roared over golden sand. Things were pleasantly hazy through the tobacco smoke after that nightmare rush through the jungle. She was drowsy, secure. Almost in a doze, she suddenly sat up, her eyes wide and snapping. That quality in his voice as he gave her the cigarette! In his manner, too! It was tolerance! He was a man! She a woman! She needed a tranquilizer for the nerves, so the last cigarette must be hers. She flicked the half burned butt into the fire and sprang to her feet with a fierce energy.

"Give me that fishline and I'll get dinner," she said shortly. He solemnly gave her the line from his pocket. Only when he had stretched himself on the ground again and closed his eyes did he utter a word.

"Keep within call. We don't need fish, you know."

"Don't be an idiot!" she retorted, and strode upstream. Had she been wearing skirts, she might have indulged in mild weeping. Instead, she brought back fish, cleaned them, and cooked them on twigs. He made the fire; he made couches of river rushes, raised high on stones and saplings; but she did all the other needful jobs, and took jobs from him when he would have exceeded the fifty-fifty allotment. Once she started to ask for a cigarette, biting the words short at sight of his empty pipe, sucked uncomplainingly. Tom Chester's tobacco clouds had always been a lively camp topic.

THEY took the trail at dawn, following the torrent until it joined a subsiding river. That was seven days later. The boots of both were but shreds; their [Continued on page 88]



TOM was tortured, sick at heart. His voice was brusque and businesslike, when at last he made an answer to Brenda. "You know," he grated, "that I can't marry you—that the situation is perfectly impossible. You're you—you should try to understand! And I—what am I? I'm nothing but a hired hunter!"



Secrets of

*Yachts, Palatial Homes,
Expensive Gowns—I Quit
Them All—I Couldn't Stand
the Gaff—I Needed Sleep*

DO YOU know anything about horses?"

An impeccably dressed, rather oldish man, immensely wealthy and famed among his friends as one who tries to get all the good things out of life, was addressing me. The question was one of a series he asked in weighing my qualifications for becoming his social secretary.

"Yes," I assured him. "I know a lot about horses. I've ridden ever since I was a little girl. And I love them."

"Do you know anything about chaperoning young ladies—that is, the kind of clothes they ought to wear and the way they ought to conduct themselves?"

"Why, of course. In a way that's part of my work. A social secretary has to know such things."

He calmly looked me over from head to foot, as though I might have been a filly he was about to add to his wonderful stable of thoroughbreds. "You'll do. Ready to start when?"

"Now—but wouldn't you like to see the reference Mrs. Wayland has given me?"

"Not interested," he said, a trifle gruffly. "It doesn't make any difference to me whether some woman thinks you're a good social secretary. The work here is going to be entirely different."

And so I became social secretary to an internationally known sportsman whom we'll call Mr. Sutcliffe. Also we'll call him Uncle Jack—the name by which three beautiful young women, sisters, who were members of the household, addressed him.

They were not actually his nieces, as I quickly came to learn, but he provided for them in a style entirely commensur-

Set a pretty girl to catching a greased pig—and you've something exciting to watch! Uncle Jack got a great-kick out of this quaint form of entertainment

ate with his wealth and was paying the expenses of the two younger ones, Alice and Sylvia, at a smart finishing school.

The status of the older sister, Helen, a lovely girl of twenty-three, as exquisitely beautiful and charming as any young woman I have ever met, was different. Uncle Jack was devoted to her. If it had not been for his age I am sure he would have married her. Helen, I am also sure, would have been quite willing to become Uncle Jack's wife.

Mr. Sutcliffe lived in lavish style. A millionaire many times over, his philosophy of life seemed to be to extract every possible grain of joy out of the riches a kindly goddess of fortune had showered upon him. He maintained fine elaborate estates. At one, in the North, was his thoroughbred stock farm, where were quartered sires and dams of the most royal equine blood.

It was because of the interest he took in this costly breeding farm and racing stable that he had been so particular to learn whether I knew anything about horsemanship. One of the first duties assigned to me was to compile the breeding records and to assemble data for a souvenir booklet he wished to distribute among his friends. I was also to get together much information for sports editors and newspaper men, who were frequent guests at these sumptuous establishments.

The weanlings, from the breeding farm in the North were sent to his Southern plantation, where they were turned over to expert handlers and the best of them weeded out to wear his racing colors on

the eastern tracks.

AFTER my interview with Mr. Sutcliffe in New York, I joined him and his party at the Southern plantation. The place was twenty odd miles from the railroad and seven miles from the lodge gate to the "mansion," as the darkies called it.

When Helen met me she said sweetly, "So glad you've come. We need somebody to take charge—my sisters and I are all too inexperienced to run things properly. You're going to be one of us. Life is awfully informal here. We just do anything we can to amuse ourselves."

I found that there were eighteen servants on the place, all except two or three being darkies. They had been with the Sutcliffe family for many years, and while they lacked the finesse of the city trained servant, they were competent and easy to handle.

Aunt Mandy, a real old mammy, who had worked for Uncle Jack's parents, was the head of the dusky clan. A wizard in compounding delicious Southern food, faithful in her affection for the "master" and the young ladies, she won me over completely from the very outset. I resolved to make her my chief lieutenant and not to interfere with her in the slightest in her long established dominion. She was so able that there was little for me to do, outside of ordering the food supplies

a Social Secretary

By

MARGARETTA ROBERTS

Illustrations by

OSCAR FREDERICK HOWARD

from a nearby city and seeing that our great storehouse always contained enough.

We had to keep a huge supply of food on hand, as Uncle Jack had a habit of inviting a whole crowd of friends down to the plantation without bothering to tell anybody beforehand.

The men and women Uncle Jack invited to the plantation were principally horse lovers. In the afternoons they, as well as the servants and other workers on the plantation, would go out to the private training track and watch the workouts. In addition to the ordinary training routine, the trainer would put on two or three events in the nature of actual racing. Everybody, from the little barefooted darkies who worked in the fields up to Mr. Sutcliffe himself, would bet on the outcome.

My working hours were long, but the duties were pleasanter than a social secretary usually finds. The day started for me about eight o'clock in the morning, when I would visit Aunt Mandy for our daily council of war and then join Mr. Sutcliffe and his close friend, Dr. Barlow (to give him a fictitious name) in the regular tour of inspection.

Dr. Barlow was a permanent member of the household. He had been a celebrated physician, but had now settled down to an easy life in the Sutcliffe entourage, primarily to keep Uncle Jack in good physical trim and secondarily because Uncle Jack liked his companionship. He received \$25,000 a year.

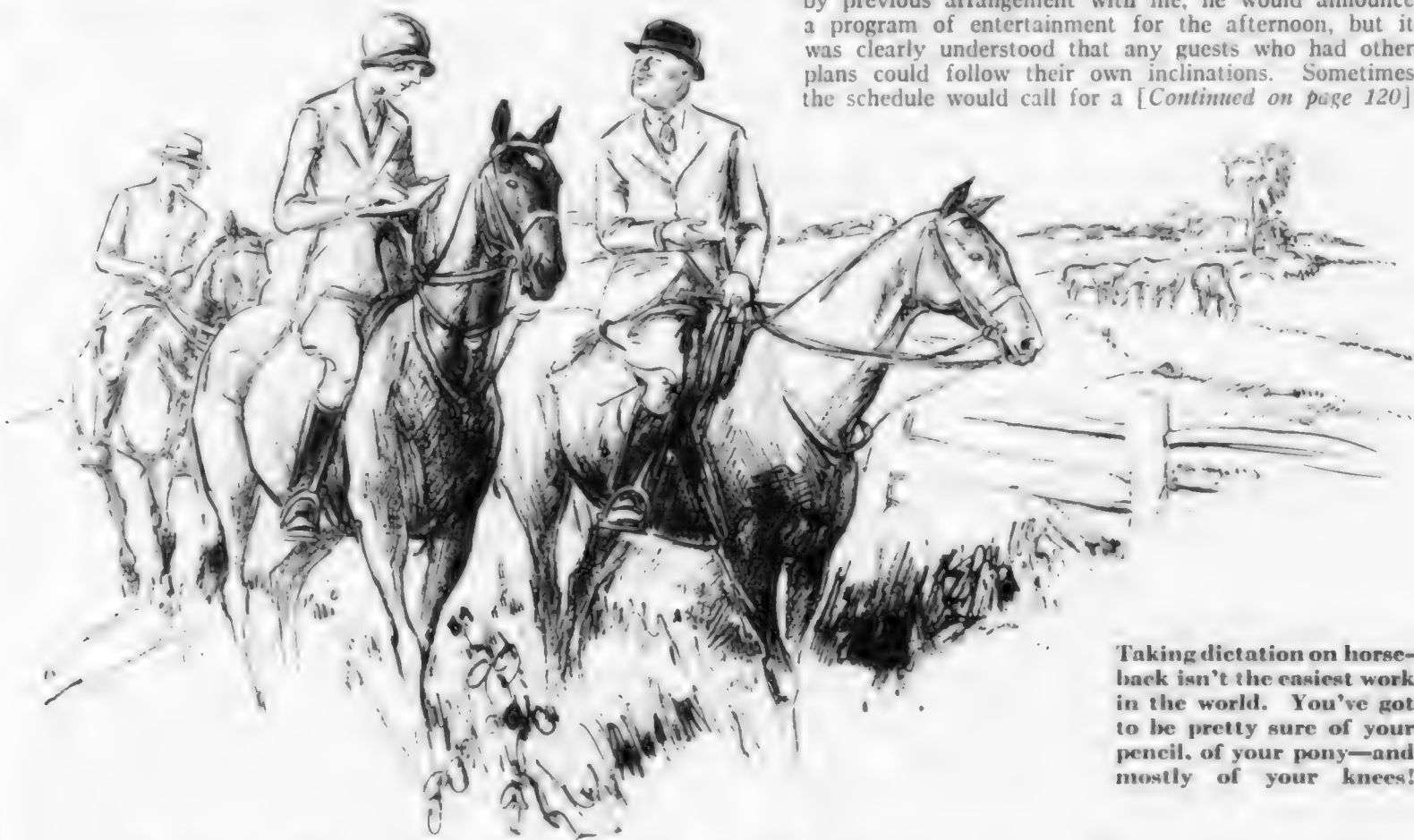
Dressed in riding togs, the three of us would gallop off to the stables before breakfast. I always had a notebook and pencil ready to make notes on the results of certain experimental injections given to horses the day before, or to jot down material for the booklet.

One of my principal duties was to take dictation from Uncle Jack. At times I would be sitting on top of a fence; at other times in the saddle. It didn't matter where I happened to be or what the difficulties were—whenever Uncle Jack wanted me to take down something he just threw it at me and I was expected to catch it on the fly.

COCKTAIL hour was another daily ritual. About half an hour before luncheon everybody would gather in the great hall. For the women members of the party this was usually the first appearance of the day. After the activities of the night before, cards, dancing or games of chance, most of them slept late, and it was only the younger and more energetic ones who got up early to go to the tennis courts or private golf links.

It must not be inferred, however, that there were many old women in the party. Uncle Jack did not like old people. He surrounded himself with youth. Many of his guests were young enough to be his grandchildren. Yet he did not seem to be so far removed from them in age.

The knack of providing diversion for guests was an art at which Uncle Jack was pastmaster. At luncheon, generally by previous arrangement with me, he would announce a program of entertainment for the afternoon, but it was clearly understood that any guests who had other plans could follow their own inclinations. Sometimes the schedule would call for a [Continued on page 120]



Taking dictation on horseback isn't the easiest work in the world. You've got to be pretty sure of your pencil, of your pony—and mostly of your knees!

If You Think Society Life Is All Champagne, Caviar and Orchids, You Will Get a Shock from This Very Human Narrative



Something *to* Fight About

By

WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

Illustrations by LEONARD DOVE

MR. JAMES FOSTER LAYDEN was a person of some consequence in New York, even if he had rowed on a winning crew at New London only four years ago. That was due, in part, to his name, but he deserved some of the credit himself. And there was no doubt that mothers with marriageable daughters looked upon him with a kindly eye; so, for that matter, did some of the daughters, although not yet the right one, as Jimmy Layden saw it. Let that pass, though, for the moment; that phase of Mr. Layden's life will be dealt with adequately when the time comes.

The point just now is that he really was somebody. His job with Layden and Company, downtown, was a real one, and even his father admitted that he earned his excellent

salary. He hadn't wasted the three years he'd spent in the Far East since he left college. Layden and Company, as you probably know, have heavier interests in that part of the world than any other New York bankers. If you ever want a couple of good bonds secured by whatever they have in Yokohama instead of a subway, or some sound preferred stock in a thriving laundry business in Peking, Jimmy's your man. And, in the course of time, he will be Layden and Company, just as his father is now.

YOU wouldn't have guessed that, though, had you seen him a little after ten, of as foul a morning as New York had produced that winter, for the edification of visitors from Los

Hath No Man Than to Take a Black Eye for His Girl



Sally watched the men in amazement. She found it hard to recognize her Jimmy in this pugnacious fellow who suddenly sprang to her defense

Angeles and Florida. He was skulking along a cross street, toward Sixth Avenue, with his coat collar turned up and the brim of his soft hat turned down, and he had the look of a man who didn't want to be seen, or who, if he must be seen, didn't want to be recognized.

He looked around furtively at the corner, and started unhappily when he saw a policeman. He promptly ducked into the cigar store that stood on the corner, and came out smoking a cigarette that tasted to him as if it were made of a poor quality of rope, flavored with alum or some other astringent that dried up the roof of one's mouth. Dragging his feet, he turned south.

He was hoping against hope that the shop he was looking

for had moved. But it hadn't. He saw its sign in the middle of the block; the name was the same as that which was written down on a slip of paper in his waistcoat pocket. As if he were likely to forget it! He was a lot more apt to forget what Tokio Electric Light sixes had sold at the day before.

He came to the door of the shop. He was under the impression that he was turning to go in, but his feet fooled him, and carried him by. He stopped and looked in the window. He saw a long double row of assorted pieces of jewelry—rings, bracelets, brooches, watches. All were attached to cards on which figures had been written in a queer purplish ink. This cheered him a little. After all, if things were sold in this shop, it was to be supposed that people must, at times, go inside to buy them. He pulled himself together, turned and went in resolutely.

HE SAW a long, depressing counter, behind which stood a young man whose nose was red and shiny and who was losing his hair. Beyond the counter was a row of small booths, and Jimmy instinctively made for one of these. The young man with the nose, looking bored, sidled along behind the counter, and looked at Jimmy inquiringly.

"Er—ah—h'mm—I mean—" said Jimmy. He thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out a package done up in white tissue paper, secured by a rubber band. This he thrust at the young man, who, quite unmoved, took it, opened it, and revealed a couple of rings, some bracelets and a pendant. "I want—I mean—I want to ho—I mean—I want to get some money on these," said Jimmy.

Still without saying a word the other reached for a jeweler's glass, which he screwed into one eye. He began a prolonged



Jimmy turned to the smiling girl, and the expression on his face was bitter. "This," he said crossly, "is a swell place to tell me you'll marry me!"

examination, and if the look in his uncovered eye was a true index of his feelings he didn't think much of what Jimmy had handed him. Jimmy didn't like this young man. He disliked him, in fact, more than any one he had ever seen.

"How much?" the young man asked, after about five minutes. Jimmy swallowed hard.

"Five hundred dollars," he said.

"How much?"

"Five hundred dollars." Jimmy began to feel truculent. "They cost about three thousand—more, I guess," he said.

The young man looked at him. His eyes started at the crown of Jimmy's hat and missed nothing, all the way down to his feet. Jimmy, by this time, was perspiring freely. The young man shook his head vaguely, screwed his glass into his eye again, and repeated his examination of the various pieces.

"Jake!" he said, raising his voice ever so slightly.

JIMMY heard shuffling footsteps. An older man, wearing a black skull cap, appeared. He too examined the jewels. Then he and the young man went into conference.

"How much did you say you want?" Jake asked.

"Five hundred dollars!" said Jimmy. The wonder was that he didn't scream the words. Jake and the young man both looked at him. It wasn't a flattering look. It did things to Jimmy's spirit. "I—you see—uh—we're waiting for a check—those things belong to my—uh—wife—."

"What name?" said Jake.

"Sally," said Jimmy idiotically, and flushed scarlet.

"Your name, I mean," said Jake patiently, and reached for a slip of paper and a pen. "And the address," he added.

Jimmy was caught with his mouth open. He stood, gaping. He ought to have been prepared for this but he wasn't. Jimmy knew all about how a trolley company or a government borrowed from two to a hundred million dollars, but he wasn't familiar with this particular branch of his own business.

"Foster," he said, finally. "James Foster."

"Address?"

Jimmy's mind had begun to function again. He gave the

street number of a club, which he happened, oddly enough, to remember. The young man was wrapping the stuff up in its tissue paper, piece by piece. Jake wrote on a card, went to a drawer, counted out five hundred dollars, and pushed money and a card over to Jimmy.

"All right," he said.

"Thanks very much," said Jimmy.

"You're welcome," said Jake, looking surprised.

JIMMY pocketed the money and went out into Sixth Avenue. He felt queer. He hailed the first cab he saw, heedless of his pet economy, which was to avoid using cabs that charged the full legal rate, and told the man to take him to an address on Park Avenue.

There he had himself announced, and went up to an apartment near the roof. The hour wasn't a conventional one for calling on a lady, but he had only to wait five minutes before Sally Devenham appeared. Jimmy gulped when he saw her, but that was more or less usual. Sally did things to him. And not to him alone. It seems unnecessary to go into details, but Sally was a personable young woman, provided that you had no particularly strong feeling about red hair, as some people do.

"Jimmy, you lamb!" she said. "Did you get it?"

"Yes," he said dully.

She crossed the room to him, reached up, and kissed him, deliberately, somewhere near his left eye. His arms acted automatically, but she slipped away laughing.

"Be your age, Jimmy," she said. "Where's the gold?"

He took out the five hundred dollars and the pawn ticket, and gave them to her.

"There you are!" he said, morosely. "And I hope it chokes you!"

"Jimmy, darling, don't be so cross!"

"Why you wouldn't let me lend you the money—"

"Jimmy! Have we got to go over all that again? Do you see me borrowing money from a man—even from you, my lamb? Why all this fuss about a perfectly simple business

transaction? Why shouldn't I hock some jewels I never wear anyway? I'm going to make a pot of money in that stock and this'll take care of the margin. You'd better call the Federal Reserve names instead of me! Making brokers call for more margins that way!"

"They ought to forbid women to play the market—"

"Oh, Jimmy, don't be Victorian! Please! I'm ever so grateful. You didn't have any trouble, did you?"

"Trouble?" said Jimmy. He smiled a bitter, twisted smile.

"Oh, no. I didn't have any trouble."

She looked at the ticket and laughed.

"Why didn't you give them my name?" she asked.

"Do I look like some one called Sally Devenham? I told them the things belonged to my wife."

"Jimmy!" Sally laughed again. "You—who're always jeering at psycho-analysis! Don't you know a wish-fulfillment when you trip over it?" Then she grew remorseful. "Sorry Jimmy. That wasn't nice. You're sweet. Want to give me tea this afternoon?"

"Yes," he said simply. "Sally—I mean—oh, the devil with all this psychology junk! I don't have to kid myself or you, either. Won't you—?"

"I might—sometime," she said. "I would hate to have you stop wanting me to, Jimmy."

He looked at her as if he meditated violence. He probably did. But that never got any one anything with Sally.

"All right," he said. "Doesn't seem to be any danger of that. I've got to beat it downtown. I wish you'd get out of the market."

"I will as soon as Ingot hits ninety," she said. "I'd have to take a five point loss if I sold now. You wouldn't want me to do that, Jimmy?"

"I wouldn't expect you to, anyway," he said. "All right. Five o'clock?"

"Five-thirty to be safe," she said.

HE WAS at his desk soon after eleven. But he wasn't much use to Layden and Company for a while. He was too busy thinking about Sally, and wondering how it was all going to come out. He managed, as a rule, to keep Sally out of his mind during business hours, but today was different.

Practically speaking, he'd only known Sally about three months—that is, since he'd come back from Japan. When he went away Sally Devenham hadn't yet broken out in Manhattan, like some particularly virulent form of influenza. He'd known there was such a person, of course, but his interest

in the Devenham family in those days had been concentrated on her older sister, Caroline. He'd thought of Sally only as a lanky, pestilential, red-headed brat with an uncanny faculty of being underfoot when she wasn't wanted.

Jimmy met Sally again—the new, grown-up Sally, the very day he got home; that night, rather. He and a gang who'd been helping him to celebrate his homecoming had barged into a party some people called Grantham were giving. After three years of good, unforbidden—and therefore uninteresting—liquor the taste of synthetic gin and cut Scotch had gone straight to his homesick heart. He'd nearly broken down and wept when the big traffic cop at Fifty-ninth and Park had bawled him and Jack Contiss out for trying to make a turn that had been legal until about an hour earlier, and would probably be restored to good standing as soon as Grover Whalen got out a new set of traffic rules for the tea hour.

JIMMY was like that: sentimental, romantic, even a bit Quixotic. He had the sort of nice, old-fashioned manners that make ladies of a certain age sigh rather complacently as they think of what they used to get away with in their youth, when men were saps and make-up was applied in private. He was susceptible to romance exactly as some people are to hay fever.

At the Grantham show he found all sorts of chances to indulge his sentimental proclivities. The place was full of girls he'd made love to once upon a time. They were happily married now, to be sure, but that didn't keep them from giving him faintly reproachful looks. And then, on top of everything, Sally came along late, and revived a stag line that had been dying on its feet.

"Bill!" said Jimmy, snatching at Bill Truman's arm as that friend of his youth hurried past. "Bill!"

"What? Some one's starting a bridge game—I don't want to lose my seat—"

"Bill, who's that girl?"

"What girl? There seem to be several girls—"

"Half wit! The one in yellow—the one—"

"Oh!" Bill laughed, tolerantly. "You mean my red-headed sister-in-law? You poor prune—that's Sally Devenham. You've only known her since she was five."

"Oh!" said Jimmy flatly, and let him go. But this couldn't be the brat he vaguely remembered as Sally Devenham! Red headed? Well, her hair might be auburn; that was as far as he was ready to go. And she— He tried to pull himself together and make some plans. [Continued on page 108]



A Confidential Service for Every Girl

HOW would you like to spend a half hour with a famous and brilliant society woman? How would you like to have her frankly analyze your personality, . . . your looks, . . . your way of dressing? How would you like to have her tell you what is wrong—or right—with you?

"See Yourself As Others See You," SMART SET'S extraordinary new service department will do just this. It offers you a young society matron, Elinor Bailey Ward, as a confidant and friend. To this department—which starts in the January SMART SET—you may send your full length photograph for inspection, knowing that Mrs. Ward will keep it strictly *entre nous*!

Incidentally, don't bother her with self praise. Tell her your personality and problems. That is what Mrs. Ward is concerned with—*personality analysis*.



Romance!

By
CHARLES J.
McGUIRK



The court house in Reno—alias "The Woman's Exchange." This is the clinic where people are cured of matrimony by the application of divorce. Here old loves are tossed aside—and old vows are broken

*Who Spent Three Months
in Reno Studying Divorce.
He Interviewed Scores of
Judges and Lawyers, and
One Thousand Divorcees
Who Told Him More Than
They Told the Judges*

20 Ways To Avoid Divorce

IN 1929, the courts of the several states, especially that of Nevada, and those of Mexico, France and Switzerland granted 203,628 divorces to citizens of the United States and Canada.

These divorces broke up 203,628 more or less happy homes, separated 407,256 men and women and deprived 305,442 children of the association, the guidance, the interest and, oftentimes, the love of one of their parents.

And the stark tragedy of it all is that at least one half of these divorces, as well as the million and a half divorces granted since 1910, could have been avoided.

This is an unqualified statement made after an intensive five-month study of divorce and its causes. It is based on information given me by more than a thousand men and women who were either petitioning for a divorce or were already divorced.

Most of them were in Reno, where I spent ten weeks in the course of my investigation. They were living there to complete the three-month residence required by the state of Nevada before a divorce petition can be filed. But a great many were interviewed in different parts of this country from coast to coast, Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles and even Mexico.

Taken altogether, these men and women, my informants, represent a most comprehensive cross section of the United States. My notes yield interesting data as to their occupations and consequent standing in their communities. I set them down here.

MEN: Artists, sculptors, writers, publishers, editors, newspapermen, actors, judges, lawyers, doctors, salesmen, capitalists, aviators, automobile racing drivers, bank clerks, bookkeepers, store

clerks, bell boys, barbers, chauffeurs, bootleggers, garage mechanics, gamblers, racketeers, policemen.

WOMEN: Artists, writers, actresses, society women, lawyers, doctors, nurses, stenographers, secretaries, hair dressers, manicurists, assistant professors, housewives, newspaper women, evangelists

None of these people were looking at divorce as a social problem to be solved by the production of tamer and more reasonable wives and bigger and better husbands, or by a constitutional amendment outlawing the institution of marriage. They were confronting it as a crisis in their individual lives.

To all of them, it was a bitter experience—an official notice to the world that that particular firm of Husband, Wife & Co. had failed. And no one is proud of a failure.

DIVORCE really isn't a social problem at all despite the volumes written upon it as such by clergymen, sociologists and other self-constituted authorities. It concerns society only when the machinery of the law is called upon to enforce the payment of alimony, or to see that the children of divorced parents are protected. And the courts are comparatively seldom called upon to perform these offices.

To society at large it is not especially vital whether a man or a woman is divorced. But to the individual, especially to the woman, it is tremendously important.

Divorced persons are sensitive about the perennial unasked question, "Why?" that they feel in the eyes of strangers. A New York lawyer who was divorced from his wife some years ago, after a particularly lurid trial, only to marry her again explained the reason for the feeling of discomfort which is one of the inevitable

"DIVORCE is a synonym for marital failure, the headstone over a dead married life which started out with brave dreams and gallant hopes of a man and his wife. It is disillusionment carried to its ultimate end, and is always accompanied by heartache, tears, regrets and cynicism, which last is nothing but scar tissue grown over maimed ideals. It is humiliating because it tells the world that a man could not make his woman's dreams come true or that a woman was not able to hold her man's interest, affection or esteem"

Twenty Proven Truths Based on An Extensive Study of the Causes of Divorce

consequences of a separation.

"Divorce, after all," he said, "is a synonym for marital failure, the disillusion over a dead married life which started out with brave dreams and gallant hopes of a man and his wife. It is disillusion carried to its ultimate conclusion is always accompanied by heartache, tears, regrets and cynicism, which last is nothing but scar tissue grown over maimed ideals. It is humiliating because it tells the world that a man could not make his woman's dreams come true or that a woman could not hold her man's interest, affection or esteem."

DIVORCE," once pronounced Judge George A. Bartlett of Reno, who has granted more than 10,000 divorces during his occupancy of the bench, "is a cure for otherwise incurable marital ills." Whereupon Reno's divorce colony joyously substituted the word "cure" for "divorce" and kept it even to this day.

Judge Bartlett's statement summed up intelligent people's conception of the institution. A sad little divorcee gave me another from a personal viewpoint, as she stood on the Bridge of Sighs on Virginia Avenue, Reno, and tossed her wedding ring into the Truckee River. Her divorce decree—which had just been presented to her—all tied up with a baby blue ribbon—was in her other hand.

"Divorce," she said, "is a cure for matrimony which is much worse than the disease itself. Now I shall have to spend a large part of my time explaining to the many men I meet socially and in business that I am still a moral woman even though I am divorced. That is one of the things divorce does to women. I have seen it happen to others. It

We are all as emotionally primitive today as were our cave man ancestors. There is no such thing as a "civilized" married couple.

There are no "new" ideas on marriage. It is an institution frozen solid among the oldest traditions. Every one of its rules has been proven.

Marriage is a domestic partnership between men and women. It should not be entered more lightly than a business partnership.

There are no "reasonable" or "trial" marriages.

The introduction of any foreign factor tending to disturb the highly sensitized status quo between a husband and a wife, threatens the very existence of their marriage.

Don't marry in haste.

Don't marry out of your class.

Don't marry out of your age.

Don't imagine yourself and your partner so intellectual or "advanced" that you can with impunity do things which have wrecked billions of marriages in the past. "Intellect" is only superficial culture—Marriage strikes deeper.

Don't farm your partner's friendship out among friends of your own sex.

Don't drag your best friend (of your own sex) into your marital difficulties. Best friends called in for consultation in such cases often end by stealing the mate away.

Don't cheat.

Don't forget that your best manners are twice as necessary after marriage as before.

Don't nag.

Don't fail to respect your partner's privacy.

Don't allow individual outside interests to crowd out the common interest in your home.

Don't foist your family on your partner, or allow them to invade your home. Mothers-in-law cause a large percentage of divorces.

Don't wait to have children till you "can afford them."

Don't get bored with each other by living together, or apart, too long.

Don't ever forget that the partnership of marriage demands the utmost co-operation on a fifty-fifty basis. This last is the most important of all, for if you obey it to the very letter you will find it impossible to break the other rules.

(Signed) CHARLES J. MCGUIRK.

makes one realize that this is still a man's world. I don't understand the psychology of it but men seem to consider a divorced woman fair game for amorous adventures."

Perhaps that is one of the reasons why women never lose faith in marriage as an institution. Of the hundreds of women candidates for divorce I talked to in Reno, there was not one who did not expect to marry again. Some were already engaged to their impending husbands. Others had them already picked. Still others had no particular man in view but expected to marry again "in a year or so."

Women suffer more than men in the aftermath of divorce. Socially, they are regarded with suspicion and must walk circumspectly because an innocent gesture may be considered a sign that they are inclined to begin a love affair.

In business they confront in men an understanding big brother attitude which will merge swiftly into a more intimate one at the slightest let-down of her reserve. To avoid this many divorced women resume the prefix "Miss" and pose as spinsters in taking a position or conducting a business.

If a divorced woman has any money, she is beset by a thousand offers and opportunities to put it into worthless schemes and businesses on the theory that she is a widow, and widows are notoriously credulous investors.

ALTOGETHER divorce is a sorry business, one not readily delved into by the normal man or woman who seeks to enjoy the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is so liable to shorten life, [Continued on page 96]



Next Month

A Remarkable Short Story—The Author Saw It Happen

Charles J. McGuirk, famous journalist and writer of realistic fiction, has completed five stories based on episodes he actually saw happen at Reno while he was there collecting the data he presents to you in this article.

We regard these stories as the finest product which ever came out of Mr. McGuirk's experiences, brain and typewriter. The first one will appear in the January issue of SMART SET, on the newsstands about December third.



Drawing by John Held, Jr.

SHE RINSED OUT A FEW THINGS ON CHRISTMAS EVE

Santa pauses, for his head is reeling
And he has a morning after feeling;
"Ah," he murmurs, "this is more than shocking.
I have come prepared for just *one* stocking!"

Poor old Saint! What does he know of undies?
Where he comes from, washing's done on Mondays.
Little does he guess Miss Modern's habits
(Shades of Lux, and Ivory Flakes and Babbitts!)

You Can Get Away With Anything

One Flirting Wife Thought She Could.

Did She? Find Out for Yourself

WHEN Ann Cosway and Greville Chard were married it looked to most people like a perfect match. Young—attractive—wealthy—socially in great demand—what more could any young couple want?

And yet Peggy Dangerfield, Ann's bridesmaid cousin—and Bertie Carslake—Greville's best man, both prophesied failure.

Peggy—because she believed that Greville—Vice Chairman of Greyhound Cars, Ltd., and himself a crack racing driver—was far too clever to be only the social play boy Ann wanted him to be.

Bertie—because he sensed in Ann all the potentialities of a well bred gold-digger—and disliked her accordingly.

Both of them were partially right—but it was Ann's inability to content herself with the adoration of one man that caused trouble.

Before she had been married a year she was so constantly in the company of Sir Julius Bruce, elderly bachelor and brilliant barrister—that even her father and mother protested.

When Greville objected she told him brutally that he was a bore, and went blithely on her brilliant social way.

OVER breakfast Greville was displaying the gloomy politeness and Arctic chill of the justly annoyed husband.

"By the way," he announced at last, "I happen to be lunching and dining out. I hope it won't interfere with your plans in any way."

"Not at all, dear, as long as you're sure of getting proper food. I can't have you reduced to skin and bone. People will think I'm being cruel to you."

"I shouldn't imagine you'd care a hoot what people think."

"Even if I don't the prospect of being married to a skeleton would be rather appalling. I hope you've got a girl guest at both meals. You'd have to feed her and few men will refuse tasty dishes they can actually see and smell."

"I don't suppose it's of any consequence whom I'm lunching and dining with."

"No, as long as she isn't common. I should hate you to go farther and fare worse."

Greville swallowed violently and continued:

"Also I shall be leaving home tomorrow for a couple of weeks. I'm staying with a man down in Devonshire. He's got a boat and a bit of rough shooting. I'm fed up with all this poodle-faking in London."

"Well, dear, the bull-dog breed will out periodically, or are you about to try the absence-makes-the-heart-grow-fonder method? Whichever it is I hope you'll have a good time. Better take your woollies with you; sometimes it's cold on the sea."

"Snell will do my packing, thank you."

"Go along, Greville. Return to the customs of the unfettered male. Do you good. Too much of this wife business gives a fella the hump, hang me if it doesn't."

By

F. E. BAILY

Illustrations by AUSTIN

JEWELL

"May I remind you I never said I was bored?"

"Surely," Ann inquired patiently, "any unprejudiced person would admit that it's much easier for me to get bored with you than it is for you to get bored with me?"

Greville got up from the table and went out, shutting the door very carefully behind him. His wife smiled joyfully at his departing back.

"Oh, Ann," she said to herself, "I'm afraid you're going to be a very bad girl during the next fortnight, and if you find it pleasant, and difficult to give up, I'm afraid you may go on indefinitely being a very bad girl."

No sooner had Greville's sports Greyhound, laden with his suitcases, his gun, and his golf clubs bumbled angrily down Curzon Street than Ann flew to the telephone and rang up Sir Julius Bruce.

"Julius, do you hear? I'm a grass widow for a fortnight. You may come and take me out to dinner tonight. Somewhere not too garish please. Kettner's, or some place like that. Eight o'clock? Right! G'bye!"

IN THAT ensuing fortnight the situation between Ann and Julius Bruce began to create a definite amount of interest. Night after night they could be seen dining and dancing, absorbed in one another at some one's party. Friends of Ann ringing up to convey invitations would be told, "Yes, my dear, I'd love to come but do ask Julius Bruce for me. He's an ideal dinner partner and he dances divinely. He's the only man who attracts me just now."

As his interest in her increased, so hers for him diminished. In a week she was tired of being kissed. She preferred to lie on the grass in the shade of a tree and make him talk. His mind attracted her far more than his kisses. He was a sort of intellectual pioneer who had traveled nearly twenty years ahead of her through a world she found very perplexing and mysterious.

"What's it all about, Julius?" she demanded over and over again. "Here I am and what am I to make of myself? Surely brains and beauty bring one something more than a husband and babies? My maid can have a husband and babies any day. I've got a husband and if I have babies I shall inevitably hire a nurse or nurses to look after them. How does that help me?"

Even if Sir Julius knew the answer to the riddle he did not greatly care. For him she represented beauty, charm, a cat-like grace, an unstable brilliance very attractive for a time; she was in short the idle singer of an empty day. He did not propose to rack his brains too drastically for a solution of the universal mystery. He took one of her hands in his and began gently to stroke it. She did not withdraw it and after a moment he murmured,

"Ann darling, you can be a paragon of all the virtues or



Peggy listened quietly to Greville's story. And then she delivered her verdict. "You don't have to trot after Ann like a puppy dog," she said. "You managed to live before you were married to her—you can go right on living even if she runs after somebody else"

distractingly iniquitous. You can stand for parliament and perhaps be elected. You might even be called to the Bar, though I'm afraid you'd feel the process rather a strain. I don't think you'd find either very amusing because you're too essentially feminine and not a prig. If on the other hand you turn to iniquity you'll discover it to be very dull after a time and it'll ruin your character and intelligence. Iniquity is very easy for men because they don't take it seriously; it does something to women because they do take it seriously. Women take almost everything seriously, God help them!"

"I didn't say 'What shall I *don't*?' Julius; I said what shall I do?"

"Go on playing at love. No one man will ever satisfy you, so you may as well stay married. Men are your medium in this life. To an extent you can make them or break them. Some you'll make and some you'll break, but the occupation will suit your many gifts and keep you from that distressingly masculine pose so common, alas, among modern women."

"You're a philosopher, aren't you, Julius?"

"I have reason to hope so."

When a GIRL MARRIES

Ann sat up and looked at him. There was that in her eyes which blasted philosophy higher than a kite. The philosopher in Sir Julius disappeared and he took her in his arms. Suddenly, for the first time in her life Ann was afraid, not of him, but of herself.

She sprang to her feet and stood laughing at him in light-hearted triumph.

"Oh, most detached philosopher, I think we'd better go home, before you lose your reputation for Stoicism."

WHEN Greville returned from Devonshire she greeted him listlessly. No girl can be supremely interested in more than one man at a time. Comparing the two in her own mind she wondered a little at her complete absorption in Julius Bruce when all the advantage seemed to be with Greville.

Queer fish, women! Here I have belonging to me an extremely good-looking young man, as fit as a fiddle, full of vitality and with a coat of sunburn on his face that's enough to make him a flapper's idol. He can play or work all day and dance all night and be absolutely tireless, he's really fond of me in spite of being very cross at the moment. I could still do anything I liked with him if I wanted to.

Julius, on the other hand, hasn't half Greville's vitality, and I don't suppose for a moment I could hold him everlastingly. But he never makes a mistake. He uses his attractions to such perfect advantage, and I suppose if I'm really honest he keeps me guessing. He knows far more than I do about everything, and I know far more than Greville does about everything. Julius is too much for me and I'm too much for Greville. Therefore my attraction for Greville is just the same as Julius's attraction for me. Isn't life wonderful!

At first Greville seemed inclined merely to sulk, and go about the world with a brooding cloud on his brow. Then, after a couple of days, further illumination was shed on him. Men at his club, he observed, began to regard him with melancholy interest, and pretty ladies whom he met at various houses to treat him with almost maternal solicitude. The men at the clubs remained silent as the grave in his presence, but the pretty ladies were not above dropping various hints because pretty ladies love the spectacle of a row, riot, or conflagration. Finally Greville went home in a great rage determined to have an explanation from Ann.

She came in at one A. M. looking amazingly beautiful and found him smoking a cigar over a book which he put down instantly.

"You look like shepherds watching their flocks by night," she told him. "Be an angel and get me some Perrier and lemon."

He fixed it and handed her the glass in silence. Ann sipped thoughtfully.

"Tastes all right; apparently you haven't poisoned it but you act as if you'd like to. Evening not a success?"

She seated herself gracefully while Greville stood by scowling.

"I want to know the truth about all this talk of you and Julius Bruce," he said at last.

"I don't hear any talk, Greville."

"Well I do, and there's no talk without reason. Exactly what is your relationship with him?"

"I don't quite know. Lady and gentleman in waiting is probably the most accurate description."

"What does that mean?"

"Well, each waiting for the other to amuse the one, you know; a kind of co-operative society to enjoy ourselves."

"Has he kissed you?"

"My dear Greville, don't be so crude. As if I'd admit he hadn't or confess that he had. Where do you get your ideas from?"

"Have you been fooling about with him all the time I was away?"

"I never fool about. I try to be efficient in everything."

"What you need," said Greville, "is a good thrashing."

Ann looked up at him mildly.

"There are various whips about the place. By all means beat me if you choose; I can't stop you. It will be the first and last time you'll ever do it, because I haven't a cave man



Doris and Greville plunged into the gay life with what is known as reckless abandon. What did love matter? Or the conventions? Or ideals? Or marriage vows? Or—anything?

Her TROUBLES BEGIN



complex. In the morning I shall depart, and a little later, in an interview, shall tell the truth to the press."

"Do you want a divorce or what?"

"Darling, you have no evidence for divorcing me and I trust nothing that took place in Devonshire gives me grounds for divorcing you. Is all this emotion a sign that you're about to confess? Much as it will pain me I'm prepared to listen."

"Ann, this sort of thing can't be allowed to go on. I don't propose to provide a topic of conversation for all the half-wits in London, or be a complacent husband and shut my eyes. Either you can behave yourself or take the consequences."

"What consequences, Greville?"

"I can deal with Bruce if I can't deal with you. I shall tell him plainly I don't choose to have him associate with my wife."

"You will look an ass!" Ann said. "Still, I don't mind if you get yourself laughed at. I shall have plenty of sympathy; a girl always does."

She got up and left the room.

"Of course she knows quite well I can't attack Bruce," he muttered. "I haven't anything definite to go on, and to accuse him would simply be chucking mud at Ann. They'll never give me any chance for action unless they decide to go away together and that's most unlikely. Both would stand to lose too much. I merely suffer from the decay of modern manners. Well, my manners may as well decay in sympathy. Two can play at the same game if it comes to that."

He reached this conclusion sadly, being still in love with Ann, but one couldn't sit still and be flouted without hitting back. After all one had one's pride.

HENCE the next evening Miss Doris Loveday found herself rung up on the telephone by Mr. Greville Chard. They had met, if she remembered, on the occasion of Mr. Bondy's supper party at the White Parrot. Mr. Chard, apologizing for the intervening lapse of time, explained that he had been out of town. Would Miss Loveday honor Mr. Chard by having supper with him that very night?"

How true that it is an ill wind which blows nobody good. In all the choruses of London no bleaker outlook prevailed than that of Doris Loveday. The notices were up and young George Glomondeley had sailed only the day before to Shanghai with the Cornish Guards.

Instantly Doris accepted. The crisp, attractive voice at the other end of the wire said:

"Splendid. I'll be at the stage door at a quarter past eleven. Hope you feel inclined for the gay life. It seems years since I danced with a really pretty girl. Oh, rot! Of course you are. Haven't I seen you with my own eyes? 'Bye."

At the close of the evening performance Doris found a very beautifully dressed young man waiting for her at the stage door. At the White Parrot, to her great joy, she found her escort received with even more respect than Lord Glomondeley had been wont to encounter. Thereafter Doris and Greville plunged into the gay life with what is known as reckless abandon.

Alas that mirth and oblivion will not arise at call. [Continued on page 100]

A Gay Little Story

*That — If You're
a Smart Girl —
Will Make You
Buy a Cook Book*



The Competent Cook

"MR. LEONARD?" gasped Mariana. She had not dreamed that the great man himself would open the door. And, though they had warned her Leonard hated strangers, she was not prepared for a look quite so thunderous. Her heart beat quick as a bird's. If she got through this adventure successfully, she would have earned her pay. And then, as if to complete her confusion, there suddenly dawned in the troubled, scornful eyes—gray eyes with black lashes—the light of a friendly welcome.

"Won't you come in?" he invited.

She found herself in the high-panelled hall of an old house—so quiet, so empty of life, that the gentle sunshine outside seemed noisy and riotous.

"I'm assuming, of course," he cautioned, "that you're the young woman I—"

He broke off; but his puzzled look asked twenty questions. With what composure she could muster, she waited for the situation to clear. The placating little speech she had rehearsed must not be wasted. Perhaps she would not need it. She hoped he would notice she was carrying a copy of his latest book.

"Do you honestly believe you're what I want?" sighed the

famous novelist, to the visitor's vast astonishment. He had an engaging, whimsical cock of his head; he stood with his hands lightly clasped behind him; the smile which played about his nervous, well-cut lips was an anxious one.

"I shouldn't wonder," she returned serenely.

"What I'm expecting," said Leonard, "is a thoroughly competent cook."

Mariana took a quick breath; she counted up to six slowly.

"You've got one," she informed the celebrity.

"But—but you don't look it, somehow."

Swiftly she recalled how a good cook looks whenever her ability is questioned. Registering superb disdain and blank indifference, she turned her dark eyes toward the door.

"I mean," the famous author hastened to explain, "you're almost too ideal. I don't care about references and all that rot," he hurried on. "And I'll pay any ridiculous amount you ask. Three good meals a day, some sketchy dusting, waiting on table, and—so on. Beginning now."

"All the work of the house?" She thanked her stars she remembered to give that ritual question its proper ring of threat and protest.

"Yes. But, for the love of Mike, don't start hemming and hawing. Look. I've had a man and his wife to do my work



By EMERSON TAYLOR

Illustrations by CHARLES DE FEO

for years. Wife was the cook. Yesterday, without a word of warning, they decided to leave. I simply told them I was having a guest for luncheon today—a rather special guest—and out they went. So, you see, this is an emergency. I telephoned the agency and they promised to send me somebody today. They call you a 'supply,' don't they? Yes. Well, start supplying without any bother, and I'll make it worth your while. Stop today anyhow—will you?"

"That's what I came for," she answered, hoping he could not guess how high her spirits had soared. "I guess we'll suit each other."

"What? Ahem—er—yes! I'm very gratified."

"Just show me the job," she directed, "and then don't pester me."

He laughed outright. Here was the cook of romance—a real Yankee, by her accent. Bade him not to pester her.

"All right," he chuckled. "Luncheon for two at one-thirty. You'll find any amount of china and glass and so on in the closets. And the ice-box is crammed, I know. Just go ahead and—and do things," he urged with a wave of his hand. "Everything nice and dainty and attractive and—"

"Luncheon's for a lady?"

"Er—yes."

the man's charm was legendary; a tremendous public was interested in his every doing. But, whether for rest and change, or just to be contrary, Leonard lived in Barksdale like a hermit. They had warned Mariana at the office that she had not one chance in a thousand of getting so much as a glimpse of Leonard from the other side of the road.

Yet here she was, in his house. She was going to spend the day. By a perfectly hilarious chance, he had engaged her to cook luncheon. She had material under her hand for which any newspaper man would give his shirt. And she had fumbled her luck like a child. Resigned, she waited for Leonard to storm into the kitchen and cast her into outer darkness.

But presently he passed the window, on his way to the close-walled, secret garden. He was whistling, much out of tune. Apparently he had not given his new cook another thought. She sighed her relief. And then—

"I'm a beast," mused Mariana, considering her unconscious victim's back. It was a nice back. The shoulders were broad, the flanks narrow. And the mind and heart of Harrison Leonard, if one could judge by the books which had made Mariana and a million others shiver and laugh and weep and think, were those of a man indeed. He was thirty-six years old. She remembered to have heard it whispered that he was

"You needn't apologize, Mariana," announced Leonard, suddenly. "It's quite all right. Evelyn and I are engaged. It was only decided this minute. We're very happy about it!"

"Young or old?" asked Mariana.

"Young," he exploded. "But what earthly—"

"I cook according," she informed him, with a fine lift of her chin. "What door goes from here to the kitchen?"

"There. Just there at the end of the hall." He almost cooed his delight as he shepherded her along with solicitous care. "And I'm sure you'll find everything convenient—and comfortable—and—" She gave him no help at all. "By the way," he said, "will you tell me your name?"

"Mariana Sedley."

"What? Look here. I've heard that name somewhere?"

But she slipped through the door and slammed it. She could have flayed herself. What possessed her to make that inexcusable blunder? Of course he had heard of Mariana Sedley. Her name appeared every week in the by-line of a feature page in the Sunday edition of the Clarion.

AND now what? She was in his kitchen, but if Harrison Leonard found out that his new cook was actually a newspaper writer, he would be extremely troublesome. His house was barred to all but a very few special friends. It was Barksdale's proud boast that Leonard returned to spend each summer where his people had lived for generations; collectors felt they had a right to inspect his treasures of old furniture;

adventurous in love. He was adorable, and—she was picking him. She was a sneak, an intruder, a commonplace little spy.

But discipline conquered. The Clarion paid her—didn't it?—to ferret out news. And the crowd had laughed at her—hadn't they?—when she announced she intended to write up Harrison Leonard from life. Leonard, the Hermit. Lord, what a scoop for the Clarion.

SWIFTLY she laid her plans. In twenty minutes she could get the whole story. Leonard's library, his work shop, was what the public would most like to hear about; though she mustn't forget his old furniture—that fabled highboy for which he had outbid the great Philadelphia collector, nor the authentic original Sheraton chairs and sideboard which were said to beautify his dining-room. She must hurry, before he came away from the garden. She would take one good look, get the whole house pictured in her mind, and make a quiet exit.

Across the hall from the living-room was a tight-closed door. Perhaps this was the study. A little frightened, but still resolute, she tried the latch. She hesitated, looked about her like any burglar. Was he coming? Nonsense.

Above crowded bookshelves, round the walls, hung half a dozen modern paintings. A great bowl of lavender and white sweet peas filled the air with delicate fragrance. Leonard had many pipes; he kept his tobacco in its native tin. The floor of wide pine planks was unsoftened by any rug. Two Windsor chairs, and a writing-table, made up the furniture. A bare room it was, yet full of character. The impression she got was vivid and delightful.

She listened again, then tiptoed in and crossed swiftly to the disordered table. Here lay a confusion of yellow, pencilled sheets of paper and she swept up a handful of Leonard's manuscript.

The nervous, crabbed writing fascinated her. The impatient erasures, the scribbled marginal corrections, told her lots. This was how Leonard worked. No fluent dictation, no swift rattling on a typewriter, for this man. Every sentence, every exchange of dialogue, each turn of phrase, had been labored over, wrought with real agony toward perfection. The hours he must take to complete a thousand words. The sweat and pain he endured before he brought to light another of his crisply jewelled pages. And here, by Heaven, was the title, "Juggernaut." Ugly sound to that, somehow. But a year from now that title would be flaming from every book stand in the country—and she was the first to know it, the first to read the new book's opening pages. Quick now—maybe she could get an idea of the new novel's theme, or setting, or method of handling.

THERE sounded on the street door the clatter of the knocker. She looked up with a gasp, wide-eyed. She stood frozen. What if Leonard heard it, came to answer? Or the visitor might be an intimate friend with the right, after knocking once, to walk right in. One second, and she had made her decision. Another, and she opened the front door.

A woman of middle age, lean, Irish, withered with work, stood on the porch.

"This where Leonard lives?" she demanded acidly.

"Yes."

"I'm after comin' down from Bascom's."

"From where?"

"Bascom's agency. They said the folks here wanted a cook by the day."

"Oh!" She summoned all her courage and made the plunge. If Leonard should happen to hear even the beginning of this hag's story, what would become of her own? "Mr. Leonard got a cook this morning," said Mariana.

"Well, ain't that the nice way to treat—"

"Listen," implored Mariana. The stranger's voice had carrying powers. "There's been a mistake. It's too bad you came; but there's ten dollars in it, and your fare back to town. To make up. See?"

"Ten dollars is it?" The woman looked a little less belligerent.

"Wait." Mariana ran to the kitchen like a deer, fished the money out of her shopping bag, and was back in a flash. The woman had not stirred. "There."

"All right." She crumpled the money in her stringy fist. "But 'tis meself will be afther sayin' a word to thim dhirty blaggards at Bascom's the day," she promised shrilly. "Theatin' a workin' woman the way they do—"

"Yes, yes, it's terrible."

"When a good cook ain't to be had no more for love nor money. I'll talk to them."

"Do. And hurry. Before you get over being mad."



Mariana slammed the door. Now, for a fact, she would have to cook luncheon. It would be only decent, after robbing Leonard of his promised handmaid. Just for a second she stood rather dismayed; then she began to laugh. Gorgeous. She'd cook him the luncheon of his dreams, and, before he knew it, she'd make him laugh at her duplicity. They'd sit down together, late in the afternoon, excellent friends, and he'd give Mariana Sedley the first interview Harrison Leonard had granted any one since his name had become a household word.

It was a splendid plan. It made her original intention of spying and escaping look dreadfully mean. And so she took command of his kitchen and store room.

Fun? It happened, you see, that Mariana Sedley, the brilliant young feature writer, might have done even better for herself had she given rein to her really important talents. She cooked amazingly; to compose and execute a perfect dish gave her a curious joy. And the contents of Leonard's larder gave

her talents the chance for which too many artists long in vain.

"How are things going?" grinned Leonard from the doorway. She eyed him severely. Across the big blue bowl in which she was whipping a concoction which creamed and bubbled intriguingly, she let him see that an artist dislikes being interrupted. Flushed, bare armed, all in white, bright-eyed, deft, she made a bit of a picture herself.

"THE stove damper ought to be fixed," said Leonard's Yankee cook. "But I guess I got the hang of it." "Sorry there was any trouble." He edged into the kitchen as if it belonged to somebody else. "You know, I've been

him, "I'm goin' to have one of them awful nervous spells."

"No, no, no." The great man's tone was sharp with terror. "Don't let me interrupt a second. Nervous?" He forced a jarring laugh. "I think it's remarkable, wonderful, the way you've taken hold. I appreciate it. I—"

"Mister Leonard—" As if resigned to an unkind fate, she picked up her tools again—"do authors get paid so much a word?"

"Some of them."

"Some of them must get rich," observed Mariana.

Leonard told his guest that the new cook was the quaintest little piece imaginable. He related with gusto how she forbade him to pester. He urged Mrs. Corcoran to get Mariana talking—she was truly a quaint little piece, he repeated, running out of adjectives.

"She's a marvelous cook," conceded Mrs. Corcoran. "Where on earth did you find her?"

"She descended out of heaven."

"This is certainly angelic food, you know."

They were such good friends that even so bad a joke as that could make them laugh together. Mrs. Corcoran was a sleek blonde beauty, with that touch of commonness which lends to beauty its vitality; her eyes were violet; soft hair capped her with pale gold. And round her hovered that air of love one senses sometimes like a young tree's perfume, at twilight. Her voice, the rare movements of her hands, had been well schooled. Controlled she was, yet with something of the primitive about her, one would guess.

"Tell me," said Leonard, lowering his voice. "Did you get away all right?"

Her smile was disdainful.

"They think I'm in town for a day's shopping. But must we dwell on disagreeable subjects?"

"Hardly." The smile he sent her was gay and tender. "Let's talk about yourself."

"No. You."

"Ourselves then—the two of us."

"Ah, we mustn't," she sighed.

"But that's all I think about, you exquisite—"

"Romantic boy."

"I love you."

"D'you know that sometimes I hope, when you say that, you're not lying." Her eyes darkened with feeling. "I—I think it would be sweet, sometimes."

"Mean that?"

"And when do you go back to London?" inquired Mrs. Corcoran with a guest's polite interest, as Mariana returned, at that moment, to offer the cold *mousse* of salmon a second time. "No thanks."

"Just a little," urged the host.

"I'm a weak character," confessed Mrs. Corcoran, yielding. "Did you make this?" she asked of Leonard's new handmaid.

"I do all the work of the house."

"It's delicious."

"Humph! I was hopin' God'd prosper the work of my hands today," sighed Mariana in her richest New England twang. She presented the dish to her employer. "Oh, prosper Thou our handiwork,"

she petitioned.

"Mariana. Is it necessary to pray quite so publicly?"

"It never hurt cookin' yet to ask a blessing on it," she returned unruffled. "There's only one creature in natur' past prayin' for," she added. Her eyes dwelt on the beautiful lady, then fixed themselves stonily on the wall.

"What is that, Mariana?" asked Mrs. Corcoran.

"Woman," said the handmaid, [Continued on page 124]



Harrison Leonard looked at Mariana, and his face was haggard. "You can go now," he said. "I'll give you your wages. You've done enough," his mouth was set in a grim line. "for one day." Mariana answered promptly: "I'm mighty glad I did it!" she said

wondering," said Leonard, "how a girl like you ever happened to become a cook."

"I guess some folks are cooks the same's others learn to be authors," suggested Mariana. "We all got to make a living some way. I ain't got any husband to look out the rent's paid."

"I say, that is too bad."

"Well," returned the artist, "you don't appear to have no wife. Or have you?"

"Unfortunately not—just at present."

"There's a lady coming to luncheon though."

"Yes. And—you're quite sure everything'll be all right?"

"This," sighed the cook, "is certainly pesterin'." She set down her mixing bowl with dangerous deliberation, to face her employer, hands on hips. "I'm kinda 'fraid," she informed

The Christmas Spirit

By
MILT GROSS

(Drawing by the author)

When the Local Wise
Men Started To Do
Their Stocking Act
There Was Trouble

WILLOUGHBY GARRUMP raised a well groomed but conservative fore-finger, and in a neat but not gaudy manner pressed the well-worn but highly polished buzzer in his palatial, but strictly private office. Miss Twerk appeared.

"Good morning, Miss Twerk," ahemed Willoughby, in a voice that always seemed to have just come back from the laundry. "You may orally peruse the morning mail."

"Honorable Willoughby Garrump," began Miss Twerk. "Security Building, Elmsbranch. Dear Friend, Many many thanks for your contribution of one hundred dollars to help build a new wing on the Home for Wayward Girls. The unlooked for overcrowding of this Institution in recent times, brings your generous gift in good season. Happy Yuletide Greetings. With many thanks again, The Board of Governors."

With a scarcely perceptible pause she continued: "Hon. W. Garrump, Your inspired address on patriotism at the Thanksgiving Dinner to the Inmates of the County Jail marks a shining milestone in our crusade for a cleaner America. Especially did the reminiscent portions of your address, dealing with how you chopped a Daschhund's tail off during the War, awaken in your listeners a long dormant consciousness of loyalty, devotion, valor and sacrifice. We are indebted to you sir! The Warden."

"Willoughby Garrump, Esq., Accept our felicitations on your daughter's forthcoming marriage to squire Higglewitch's son. All Elmsbranch is proud of you and of the unity of two such fine and leading families—which leads it to look forward to many many more fine and noble Garrumps and Higglewitches to carry on your great work. Members of the Jumping Frog Country Club."

"BRO. and fellow worker Willoughby Garrump, Many happy returns of the day on this, the anniversary of your birth. May you live on to shed glory and light for many years more to come—and be in the future as in the past, always Elmsbranch's friend and guide—a shining light—a noble example of—courage, integrity, goodness and right. The Committee of Five on Public Welfare."

"Mister W. Garrump, Ellemssfod. Darling, Hear I am honey-settin on the bed,

thinking of you, darling, and of you only. Being it's Christmas time, darling. I wonder if you have forgot me, sweetheart. I am—"

"Oww!!! Wow!!!

Wow!!! Be nonchal-

ant," thought Mr.

Garrump to himself.

"Light a bomb—or something!"—

Then he got his breath back.

"Ahem! That will do Miss Twerk. Just mark it, 'Opened

by mistake and send it back to'—er—perhaps on second

thought let me see it. A prank no doubt. Some of my Frater-

ternity brothers joshing me.

Heh, heh!! Why of course!!

To be sure!! Just as I

thought. Jed Pettifogg's

handwriting. Old rascal!!!

Heh! Heh! You may go

now Miss Twerk."

As the lady left Willoughby

looked up to see a strange

figure blustering in the door-

way.

"Who are you?" he shrieked

"What brings you here? What

do you want?"

"The building supe sent

me up. Didn't ya just phone

before dat dere wasn't enough

heat? Merry Xmas!!"

"Well, there's plenty now

—decidedly so. We'll send

for you when we need you.

Good-by."

THE Hon. Garrump's next step was to buy a wreath marked "Grandpa," with which he reverently hied his person toward the family mausoleum in the Elmsbranch Cemetery. Not till he was safely within its walls did he fish out the letter and with his cane jammed against the iron door, proceed to read it.

"Only darling, it gives me pleasure in writing you these few lines, dear, to let you hear from me at this time. Have you forgotten me, darling, by now? I am going to send you my picture, and I know you can remember me by this picture. I am the one that was one of the waitresses when the Elmsbranch Committee of Public Welfare had its stag dinner at the Mansion House. I am the one that you told me to call [Continued on page 84]



"Five little Santa Clauses,
Full of joy and cheeriness—
When the lid began to pop,
Hm! Was there a leerness?"



The Stock Booster

WHEN you see Mary Lewis, you don't think of her as a staid business woman. It's almost too much of a pull on the imagination—just to picture her seated among the seasoned members of a hard working board of directors! A department store—with its varied interests—seems too gigantic a proposition for such a slim, pretty girl to handle. And yet Mary Lewis does just that! Her two pretty hands—and her eager brain—have in the past few years re-shaped the destinies of Best & Company.

A good many people have wondered at the suddenly increased smartness of this shop—which has for years been a New York landmark (and which was fast becoming as dull and changeless as a landmark)! All at once, Best's has become the synonym of youth. The ultra in modernism. The step ahead! A good many people have asked pointed questions. And the answer to every question has been—Mary Lewis! Mary Lewis, with bobbed blonde hair, and wide, friendly eyes! Mary Lewis who is only a girl, herself!

SEATED at her modernistic desk, with—yes—a Chinese red typewriter on that desk, you see her against a background of pearl-gray walls, a large green and yellow post-impressionistic painting of Summer, a full-length mirror, and a yellow wicker settee covered with glazed chintz cushions of a beige color. These things surround her and declare her uniqueness. Yet—she is telling you, as you struggle to take in a number of impressions at once—that like thousands of other girls who graduate from public high school, she at first had not the slightest idea what she wanted to do with her young life.

In fact it was not until she had been out of school several years, and had tried her hand at running a neighborhood kindergarten, playing in stock-companies, and serving as apprentice without pay for an interior decorator, that she settled down to a regular job. And that, she insists, was only because she was shamed into it by her younger sister's enterprise.

The job she found was an ordinary job, in an ordinary kind of an office. But with the trick of supremacy which has since proved to be a habit of hers, she was soon turning out

*She's On The Board of
Directors of a Company
She Helped to Build*

By

DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

more work than any other girl in the organization. Looking for larger fields to conquer, she wrote letters, offering her services to three New York department stores. Even in those days she must have had an unusual flare for expressing herself, for one of the larger stores answered her promptly and offered her a job in the drapery department, where she was to sell goods and advise the customers—all for twelve dollars a week.

Awakening now to a latent interest in things artistic, she studiously attended art school in the evenings, took in the various museum lectures at the Metropolitan Museum, and wrote such a striking report of one lecture that it came to the attention of the president of the store.

THE Fates were now beginning to unravel Mary Lewis' destiny. It was plain to all who came in contact with her that she had a marked artistic sense and that she was quick and clever to boot. So it was not surprising that she should have caught the attention of the advertising manager, who needed—as so many advertising managers do—a fresher inspiration than his own. He offered her a job in his department, and before he could say Jack Robinson she had written an ad which was causing more than a little stir.

Given a motley array of house-furnishings to put into one lay-out, she had wracked her brains for a popular appeal, and had finally hit on the caption, "American-made Accessories for the Summer Home—an American Institution." Just at that time—it was the year 1917—manufacturers the country over were stressing the desirability of American-made products, and so it happened that Mary Lewis' ad was reproduced and praised in a number of trade journals.

That caption was only a beginning. The more ads she wrote, the more ideas she developed. And the more attention she was attracting. Other stores noticed her work, and in a year and a half, Best and Company sent for her. It was a smaller store, and yet, with the canny business foresight that has always been hers, Mary Lewis saw opportunities to do new things at Best's.

New things she has done aplenty [Continued on page 87]

MURDER Yet

WHO KILLED MALACHI TRENT?

*Start This Thrilling
Mystery Story Now.
Try to Solve It Your-
self. The Next Is-
sue of SMART SET
Will Give the Answer*

WE WERE not looking for excitement the Sunday night Ryker stepped out of a telephone booth in the restaurant where we were dining—but we found it. Ryker, presuming on a very slight acquaintance with Jerningham, the playwright, begged his immediate assistance on a most unusual mission—I, as Jerningham's secretary, went where Jerningham went. To the third member of our party, Nilsson, crack man of the Philadelphia homicide squad, danger was the very breath of life.

Ryker's story was that his fiancée, Linda Marshall of Cairnstone House was being held prisoner there by her uncle, Malachi Trent. Ryker had been in Malachi's employ for years and knew him for a fanatic, with an insane desire to dominate every one with whom he came in contact. As an instance of his reaction to opposition Ryker told us how Malachi had caused a famous ruby, "The Wrath of Kali," to be stolen from the Temple of Kali in Assam—merely to prove that he could do it. A threat which Malachi had just made over the telephone gave Ryker reason to believe that the sooner he married Linda by the special license he had in his pocket the better.

Cairnstone house was dark when we reached it. No one answered our ring—but while we debated our next move a woman's terrified scream sent us crashing through the front



door and into the dim library where we found Linda Marshall and David Trent. Malachi's grandson—standing above a grotesquely sprawled body.

Apparently Malachi had fallen from the ladder which stood against the bookshelves. A physician, hastily summoned, issued a certificate of accidental death—but after his departure Jerningham insisted that Malachi had been murdered. Nilsson, acting unofficially, began an investigation, the results of which terrified us.

BY TUESDAY night Jerningham's hunches and Nilsson's expert deductions had resulted in two confessions of murder—one from David Trent—the other from Linda herself.

David's ignorance of the contents of Malachi's will—which Jerningham deciphered from a blotting pad—the will having

to COME ~ By ISABEL BRIGGS MYERS

Illustrations by DELOS PALMER



The blankness had gone from Linda's face. She was staring at us, wide-eyed. "What have I been doing?" she asked, urgently. "Tell me—quickly. What have I done—this time? I must know, at once!"

disappeared—led us to believe that he was lying to shield Linda. We might have believed Linda's confession, which proved that she knew Malachi had left all his money to an insane asylum on condition that they keep her in custody for the rest of her life, were it not for some strange facts about "The Wrath of Kali."

Linda had taken it before Malachi's death to get money to run away—yet a poisoned arrow had subsequently been placed in the safe to protect—what? And by whom? The arrow

stuck in my hand when I went to the safe to get the ruby and found it missing. Linda confessed the theft and returned the ruby. Jerningham put it in the safe which he closed with a new combination.

That night at midnight Nilsson had come into the room where Jerningham and I were sleeping—demanded the key to the library and the new combination. He got both—but his manner had been so strange that Jerningham hurried down to the library which he entered with a skeleton key. He hid behind a curtain and fifteen minutes later Ram Singh, Malachi's Hindu servant had entered the library, opened the safe and stolen the ruby.

In the morning Nilsson remembered nothing of what he had done the night before and when we realized that he had been hypnotized by Ram Singh, a new and sinister element was injected into the atmosphere. It appeared more than likely that Linda had killed Malachi under hypnosis rather than in a fit of insanity, as we had feared.

After a talk with Ram Singh in which Jerningham discovered that he was a Brahman of the priestly caste—we concluded that he had entered Malachi's service to avenge the theft of "The Wrath of Kali." That explained why he had asked for the statue of Kali after Malachi's death—why he had stolen the ruby, but it did not account for the poisoned arrow. Had not Malachi's death been sufficient vengeance?

NILSSON jerked his head toward the corner where the statue of Kali had stood.

"Did you take a good look at her?" he asked us dryly. "She's got a necklace of human skulls around her throat, and a sword in one hand and a human head in another. Her tastes apparently run to violence. Suppose she doesn't consider the death of Malachi alone sufficient vengeance?"

"What more would you say she wanted?" Jerningham asked.

Nilsson shrugged.

"If I were Ram Singh," he said slowly, "and believed in Kali, and had the job of satisfying her, I'd make a clean sweep of the house of Trent."

Jerningham whistled.

"No piker, are you?" he said, but his eyes were very grave.

"Neither is Ram Singh," Nilsson returned grimly.

The two men regarded each other for a silent minute.

"Ryker was along on that expedition," Jerningham said presently.

"That's right," Nilsson acknowledged. "Ryker too!"

Jerningham drew a long breath.

"Linda and David and Ryker!" he said. "Then the placing of the poisoned arrow wasn't so reckless after all. He had three chances of getting a victim he wanted. And even if he missed them all, he'd get one of the interlopers who were meddling with his affairs."

Nilsson grunted.

"Under the circumstances," he said. "I wonder the man doesn't poison the soup and dispose of us all at once!"

Jerningham shook his head.

"He won't do anything so obvious," he said.

"He won't do anything more at all, if you'll listen to reason," Nilsson said sharply. "Knowing what we know now, it's perfect folly not to lock him up."

"Is it?" Jerningham said dryly. "What a fool I must be."

"You're worse than that!" Nilsson retorted in despair. "All right," Jerningham answered stubbornly. "Call me what you like, but I stick by my guns. The supremely important thing is to find out the truth about Malachi's murder—and prove it. That can't be done by ordinary methods. We haven't any case at all—unless we lead Ram Singh somehow to betray himself. And we can never do that if we arrest him now."

"Very nice and logical," Nilsson said doggedly. "Only while you're proving the original murder, you give him the chance to commit three new ones."

"I'm not so sure we can prevent him from committing the new ones," Jerningham answered with deadly seriousness. "Certainly not by an arrest. He could appeal to the British embassy, invoke the wealth and influence of his temple, and prove that he was simply retrieving stolen goods, recovering Kali's property for her. And the minute he was free, he'd go on about his business—and hers—and carry out the rest of the program. There's no use blinking the facts. The people for whom that poisoned arrow was intended, will meet death in some form sooner or later—arrest or no arrest—unless we can make Ram Singh hang himself eventually with the rope that we give him."

Nilsson looked a bit stunned by the overthrow of his plan of action. But he knew logic when he met it.

"You may be right," he admitted, reluctantly, "but I draw the line at sitting around waiting for the next murder. It's too ghastly. We've got to do something to stop this fanatic."

Jerningham's mouth twisted.

"Well," he said, "there are two ways to stop him—and only two. Take your choice. We can catch him in the act. Or we can prove he murdered Malachi—if he did!"

Nilsson stared at the last words.

"You don't doubt it, do you?" he demanded.

"No, I don't doubt it," Jerningham said wearily. "But you may remember that twice before—"

There was a slow, even knock on the door. Jerningham stopped short. I went to open the door.

Outside stood the tall, turbaned figure of Ram Singh, his dark face impassive, his eyes inscrutable. He looked us up and down before he spoke.

"Luncheon is served," he said at last with elaborate dignity, and turned away.

Jerningham watched him out of sight with an odd expression.

"I don't doubt he killed Malachi," he repeated mechanically.

But you may remember going to bed Sunday night with the comfortable conviction that David was the murderer. And Monday night we sent for Esdaile, the psychiatrist, because we believed that Linda killed Malachi in a fit of insanity. And what theory we'll sleep on tonight, after Esdaile's call, the devil only knows!

I REMEMBER almost nothing of luncheon that day, nor of the conversation that accompanied the meal. I was watching Linda's face, and marveling at the change wrought in her by Jerningham's assurance of her sanity. She said very little, but there was a clear bright flame of happiness shining through every look and word.

The memory of it stayed with me as Jerningham and I drove off to find the minister who, according to Mrs. Ketcham, the housekeeper, had quarreled with Malachi. I was not so interested in this mission as I had been earlier. I could see no way in which a quarrel between Malachi and his spiritual adviser might bear upon the problem of convicting Ram Singh.

We found the parsonage without difficulty, but Dr. Dinwiddie was not at home. Jerningham, however, was stubbornly determined on the interview. We waited for nearly two hours, before we saw the tall, awkward figure of the minister coming up the walk.

Jerningham introduced himself and me to the middle-aged Scotchman as friends of Linda Marshall of Cairnstone House. Dr. Dinwiddie weighed the introduction before he answered.

"She has friends, then," he said finally, with the slightest trace of a burr in his voice.

"She has friends now," Jerningham said gravely. "But I'm afraid it's rather a new experience for her. Have you known her long?"

"I met her only once," Dr. Dinwiddie answered.

"That was on Saturday?" Jerningham hazarded.

"On Saturday last."

"Would you mind telling us the circumstances of your visit that day?" Jerningham asked, most persuasively.

"I was sent for," the minister answered.

"By Mr. Trent?"

"Aye."

"Did Mr. Trent give his reason for wanting you?"

"Aye," Dr. Dinwiddie hesitated. "He said there was to be a wedding."

I DID my utmost to imitate Jerningham's composure, as he put the next question.

"And was there a wedding?"

"I would not say so," Dr. Dinwiddie answered.

"Why not?"

Dr. Dinwiddie seemed to ponder his reply.

"As to the basic cause, I cannot say," he answered at last judicially. "The immediate cause was that Miss Marshall responded by saying 'No!' at a point in the ceremony where it is customary to say 'I do!' With that irregularity, the ceremony could proceed no further."

Jerningham sent me a look that demanded silence.

"And then what happened?" he asked.

"There followed," Dr. Dinwiddie admitted, "certain protests and recriminations of a more or less violent nature."

"From the bridegroom?"

"No. Mr.—ah—Ryker, as I believe he was called, seemed to exercise great restraint. His conduct exhibited a marked contrast to that of Mr. Trent."

Jerningham nodded.

"I shouldn't wonder. What explanation did Miss Marshall offer?"

"She seemed, if I may presume to say it, too absent-minded, too—ah—preoccupied with her thoughts, to discuss the matter."

"What was the nature of Mr. Trent's remarks?" Jerningham asked.

Dr. Dinwiddie frowned.

"I would say that his discourse was apportioned with approximate impartiality between announcements that Miss Marshall's conduct was displeasing to him, and reminders of past warnings as to the consequences of causing him displeasure."

"And Miss Marshall merely listened without reply?"

"I could not say she listened. She remained in a passive attitude until Mr. Trent noted that she was fingering some trinket that hung about her neck. He snatched it from her and flung it in the fire. Whereupon she roused from her abstraction sufficiently to walk from the room."

"What happened after she left?"

"Mr. Ryker and the servant who was the second witness to the ceremony both attempted to mitigate Mr. Trent's displeasure."

"The servant was a woman?"

"No, a man. A native of India, or some such place, I believe."

Jerningham's look grew more intent.

"And was it Mr. Ryker or the servant," he asked slowly, "who seemed to have the greater influence on Mr. Trent?"

"I should say the servant."

"Do you remember anything that was said?"

Dr. Dinwiddie paused to reflect.

"I remember one speech with, I think, approximate accuracy," he answered at last, "because it struck me oddly at the moment of utterance."

[Continued on page 126]

MURDER was the UNINVITED GUEST

at the intimate little house party. Who was the mysterious murderer? The whole village of Glenhaven wanted to know. So did two girls whom circumstances threw into the shadow of suspicion....

Begin "The House Party Murder," Shirley Seifert's baffling mystery story, in the January SMART SET.

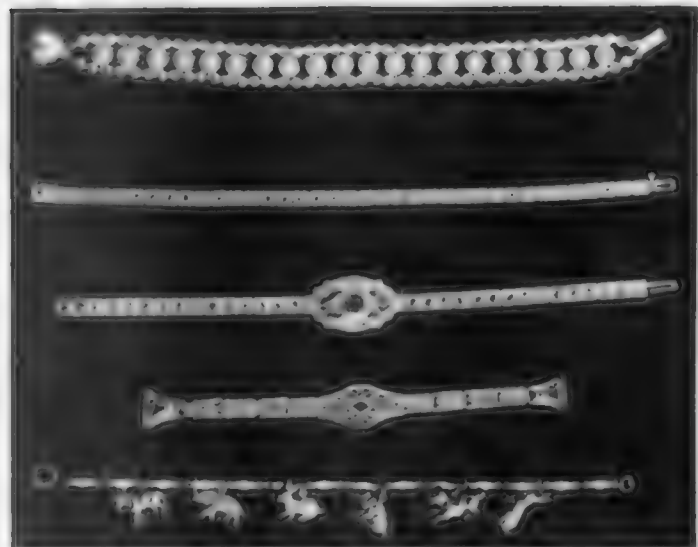
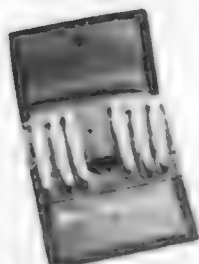
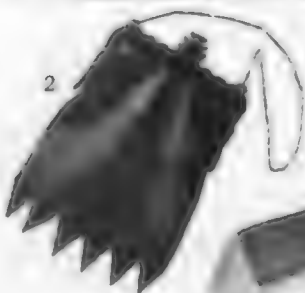


JERNINGHAM and I followed Linda to the foot of the wide staircase. It was only when she paused that he spoke. "You surprised us very much," he remarked cheerfully to her unhearing ears, and I noticed that his tone was unnecessarily loud. "We'd have come back earlier if we'd known"

50 Christmas Gifts



SMART SET sought through the New York shops to find Christmas novelties that would make your gift shopping easier. You can probably buy many of them in your own local shops but if you want the names and addresses of the New York stores in which these first aids to Santa Claus were discovered, address Miss Mary Lee, **SMART SET**, 221 West 57th St., N. Y. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, please.



1. First comes a group of perfumes—a spendthrift suggestion but sure route to all feminine hearts. Top, *Essence Rare*, \$25.00. Next, *Duo D'Orsay*, \$10.00. Large bottle *Eau de Cologne*, \$3.75. Beside it, pocket size of same, \$3.30. The larger jar of *Lalique* glass holds excellent face powder, \$5.00. The smaller matching jar is a new *brillantine*, \$1.00. The modernist bottle, center, holds *Les Bourgeois*, \$7.00. In front is *Au Matin*, \$10.00. All simply slick.

2. A very chic mesh bag in pastel colors comes for \$19.50.

3. A sewing set that a child will adore, \$1.45.

4. A sewing machine, a toy in size but a wizard in action, \$5.00.

5. A leather-cased set for the busy girl's washing consisting of ivory pins, thumb tacks and line, \$1.75.

6. A wooden step stool for reaching high closet shelves, \$5.00 and three gay silk hangers for a little child's clothes, \$1.95, the set.

7. Girls like jewelry, to give and to receive. The charming pearl bracelet is \$2.95. The imitation diamond circle is \$2.95. That below, \$2.75. The watch bracelet, \$7.50. The imitation gold with dangling animal pendants is only \$3.75.

8. A particularly fine eight-day clock bound in Florentine leather, \$9.94. A man will like it.

9. Two pairs of book-ends. One pair in orange and beige striped leather for the male desk, \$7.94. The other pair in carved soapstone, an exceptional value, at \$4.50.

10. Here's one to make them remember you for twelve months. A year's subscription to **SMART SET**, \$3.00. We will send a special Christmas gift card is your name.

11. This tiny object in a money clip, appropriately ornamented with a crystal racing scene, \$5.00.

12. Three silver gift suggestions. Top, a salted nut tray, \$3.75. Right, a bon-bon dish, \$4.00. Below, a pierced server, \$3.50. Silver's always welcome everywhere.



for Under \$5⁰⁰

Plus a Few Suggestions
for Spendthrifts.



13

13. Things for smokers of both sexes. The deceitful books bound in green and gold leather conceal a cedar cigarette box, \$5.00. Next is a very ultra mirrored box in two shades, likewise for smokes, \$3.50. The pottery cat is yellow striped and bridges an ash tray, \$1.74. Below him is the new ejector case, \$1.50 and next a duck of a pewter ash tray, \$3.50. An onyx base supports four separate nickel ash holders, \$3.75 the set. The two new lighters, \$7.50 and \$6.00 are backed by a funny peasant with a pottery ash cart, \$2.74.

14. Two most modern watches, left, an Elgin, \$35.00; right, an Elaine Goering, \$17.50.

15. At right, a waste basket for the college room with correct insignia, \$4.95. A pair of pillows in pastel shades, \$5.00 or a single pink and green checkered satin one for \$2.95.

16. A colorful Italian bottle for perfume or lotions, \$2.50.

17. Two atomizers, the tall glass one very new and smart for the dressing table, \$6.50. The little one looks and works like a lighter, \$5.00 and is slick for the girl friend's handbag. The little animal figures are pewter candle snuffers, \$1.50.

18. A bridge set for traveling containing table cover, two decks of cards, pads and pencils, \$3.75. Plus Mr. Works' new book of advice, \$2.00.

19. Glittering evening jewelry is very correct. Really smart buys are the two long necklaces with rhinestone pendants, \$4.95 each. Below, a rhinestone clip, as effective as a pin but leaving no ugly holes on hat or dress, \$4.94. Crystal necklace, strung on gold metallic thread, \$12.00. Matching ear rings, \$4.00 the pair.

20. The young lady who knows fashion will appreciate brown wooden beads entwining smart silver ones, \$3.69.

21. It can be either a vase or a candelabra and would be welcome in any house. Of beautifully modeled pottery, \$4.95.

22. Center, left, an organdy rose holding individual powder puffs, \$1.50, or a small bright colored tissue package of puffs, \$5.50. A box of individual guest soaps in six colors and scents, \$1.00.

22. The newest cigarette compartment box called the Preference chest holds four brands in their original packages, \$4.65. Right, a delightful make-up box with mirror-lined cover and divided inner sections for cosmetics \$2.75. Left, a real novelty, an individual serving tray for buffet suppers, all colors, \$1.50.



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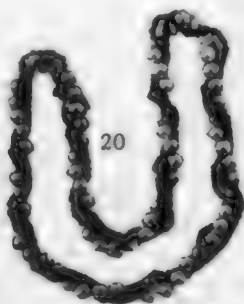
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18



22



20



21



57



HELEN was experiencing that sense of freedom that comes to a young matron who goes stepping for the first time with a man who is not her husband. She danced with every man who asked her. She was to hear a lot about that party later

*There are Some Things about Marriage That Do
Not Change, Even When the Whole World Goes*

Modernistic

A Story of Today

By SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL

Illustrations by FREDERICK CHAPMAN

HELEN McMILLAN had set the boxlike table the night before, after Mac had gone to bed. She shoved it closer to the fireplace, and placed a low seat beside it. Orange juice in triangular crystal glasses. Reheated rolls on ultramarine plates. The coffee poured. She uncovered the curious porcelain now doing duty as a jam jar, calling blithely, "Step on it, Mac!"

A clear whistling blurred into, "Coffee made yet?"

"My lord's breakfast waits." It had been Mac, she remembered without sense of guilt, who had made the fire while she was still in bed insisting that there was no hurry. This made her add, "I'll go drag out the chariot. Quit fussing with your bag. Everything's in it."

As she went out, she heard something involving the gray shirt. Mac had taken a contrary liking to that one merely, he'd said, to show his independence. He wore it steadily; that was why it had ripped again. She rather wished that she had either mended it (had it been any other, she would) or thrown it away as worn out.

The garage door was open; they had come home late, and forgotten to close it. The leather seat was slippery-wet, the wheel covered with moisture. If the old car wouldn't—ah! it started!—then an instant's horrible silence (she'd persuaded Mac last night that there was plenty of gas!) . . . roar. As she thankfully adjusted the throttle, the engine hummed.

Her eyes were bright, her face flushed with cold as she went inside. If she'd had the sort of husband who'd say, "You shouldn't go out without a sweater," she would willingly let him miss all the trains in the world. What Jim McMillan did say was entirely satisfactory: "You're a pretty good looking honey. Even before breakfast. Don't you be heaving out any new lines while I'm away apple-polishing. We'll both be riding the gravy train yet."

She wrinkled her nose at him. "Polishing the apple? That's new, Mac. Does it mean fixing things so you can ride the gravy train? As to heaving out lines, am I supposed to go into weeds just because you're to be gone a week?"

McMillan laughed, shaking his head. He was sitting directly before the fire, and since the modernistic seat was very low his legs were extended almost to the hearth. His glass was empty; cup in hand, he reached for a cigarette.

"And one for me," Helen said, sitting beside him.

"Not before breakfast. You—"

As bad as asking about sweaters! "If you'd come to breakfast on time—"

"If you'd get me up on time—"

"I wouldn't be forced to wait for my own food until after I've driven you to the station. I'll drink my coffee—satisfied now? Then light it for me."

"Drive a fellow down to the ferry? You can make it fast."

She could! Nevertheless something made her say, "It's a cold morning."

McMillan ignored that, saying only, "Will you miss your favorite and exclusive collector of sugar while he's gone?"

"I thought you said 'glue' was the new word for money?"

"And tell him that you still—"

"Be your age, old man!"

"That," said McMillan critically, "is neither smart nor new."

Warmth and silence crept close. The yellow fire, the Japanese print of the old priest in his temple, and the early freesias in an octagonal violet bowl all made the hard grayness of the outside day the more remote.

McMillan's arm lay across her shoulder; it was almost like the last delicious moments before awaking. What the woman thought she said, "I hate to have you go. Have as good a time as you can."

"Mostly work." Lest this sound as if asking for sympathy he went on lightly, "I won't get hymer any more than necessary. Passing the horn among friends and relatives, including wives who giggle when they get too much, is one thing, but I get no kick from inhaling ammonia out of gin bottles." In the same tone, "Still like your old man?"

HER eyes laughed up at him. Just about right, her Jim. Taller, but not too big; playing a driving game, faster but less accurate than her own chops and lobs, and not able to get a love set if she kept working his backhand; liking the same books, the same people, the same things—the *new* things. Their confidences were as complete as their confidence. Both hated two things: dullness and affectation. She leaned back, still smiling, the fire brightening her profile until it shone like a copper coin, and lifted her lips to be kissed.

"So he wants to hang a goober on me, does he?" she said softly.

McMillan's head, half lowered, stopped. "I wish you wouldn't call it that!"

"Call what which, Jimmy?"

"Hanging a goober."

"A kiss by any other name—"

She didn't add that she had learned the phrase from him, nor remind him of her earlier distaste for it. She said only, "Are you going through with the threat, or are we to have a lot of repression?"

"I wish you wouldn't—"

"Want me in lavender and old lace? You're pretty slangy yourself—"

"Honestly, Helen, do you get all of your slang from me? I—"

As she glanced automatically at her watch she said, "He's either curious or jealous . . . but the goober thing's all yours,"

Jim. I wondered myself where you picked it up." She tried suddenly to explain what she was thinking. "Neither of us are especially dumb—at least not so dumb that we don't know how much fun it is to be married. Fred Jamison's taking his vacation alone again, up in the Sierras, but when the McMillans do things, they do 'em together—"

"That's the way to keep a wife," Jim agreed placidly. "Stay right with her." He grinned, adding, "Boy, we're getting into deep waters for so early in the day—"

THERE was a complete assurance, a masculine competence, in the way she drove. McMillan, sitting close, with one arm about her, watched the way she swung the car ahead of slower traffic; she took advantage of every straight stretch in the road, as she glanced at a town clock and measured her time to the ferry.

An oleander, blossoms browned with frost, swung into view at a turn in the road; blossoms, fallen, bunched drearily under the bush. It would, both knew, soon be winter. The air was cold. Fog hung in the westward hills. Cloud-shadows raced, in a high wind, over the flanks of the hills, vanishing when they reached the fog bank.

McMillan bent and lit a cigarette. In answer to Helen's, "Please!" he put it between her lips and lighted a second for himself. "You want everything I want," he said. "Why? Because I want it? Or because you think you ought to have it too?"

"Hard to explain. Don't know. Bein' modern, p'raps." Clipped words as she drove capably. She rebelled as he tried to come closer. "Had your daily lovin' already, Mr. McMillan. Peck on the cheek, at th' ferry, is all you get. No; take it here; I'm ag'in kissin' in public. Careful, there, old Jim. I'll have the car in th' ditch—" Returning to McMillan's earlier question, she went on, "It is lucky we like the same things. Me, you. You, me." She swerved the car around a truck, and suddenly giggled. "Most husbands'd yell, 'Hey, tryin' to wreck th' machine?' Good for you, Jimmy, for sittin' tight. Keep that way while you're gone."

"Tight?"

"No. Behaving."

"Same to you, sweetness—"

"I'm the stay-at-home," Helen said. "Want me to wear armor while you're away?" For all her lightness, for all that she herself had told him to behave she felt unaccountable anger.

"Wish you were going with me," McMillan said. "Well—boat's in. I know the traffic cop; run right up to the gate."

"You're going on business." She didn't add, "That's why I can't go."

"Reconcile that with the 'wither thou goest' speech."

"Good six-bit word, James. I meant that I want to do what you do. Put it down to a funny sort of jealousy; that's what you've been driving at." She slipped the clutch, stopped the car, leaving the engine running. "Can't explain what I mean. A lot of love for you, perhaps. Something else. What's the difference? Now go dash for your boat, and—"

Her position behind the wheel did not save her. Since the men standing at the cigar-store had seen, the swift, partial embrace made her feel as if they'd all kissed her too.

"I wish he hadn't done it," she thought with hot cheeks. "Told him not to. That's the husband in him. It's taken a long time to make husbands, but wives who are people have just had a few years to learn. Darn him! 'See m'wife, gents; see me kiss her any time I feel like it! She's taken me to th' boat, and now I'm off to strut my stuff alone.' That's what he might just as well have said!"

McMillan, at the gate, turned and waved; she saw that he was grinning broadly.

"He did it to provoke me," Helen thought. "And I fell for it." She waved back. "Just the same, he shouldn't have done it. If I had turned away, he'd have been angry, like I am now." There were things which four years of marriage left unclear. She wished that she were going with him, not that she was afraid of anything he might do, for, "He likes the girls, but I like men myself. Only we tell each other about it, and laugh."

The fog hung over the hills like a mist, hills burned down to the bone. Heavy masses of eucalyptus showed lifeless and gray; the swoon of summer was over.

The fireplace, at home, was black and cold; one cigarette

had burned out bleakly on the hearth; the room still had the pungent odor of orange. She opened the window wide, hurrying about until everything was in order.

As she went to the telephone she saw two baby carriages outside in the sun. "Like a hallmark of marriage," she thought. "If I were Lucy Craig, a graduate nurse, I wouldn't stay home twiddling my thumbs and playing with Craig Junior while Dave's foolin' with pretty women patients." As she gave central the number, Helen wondered automatically if she wanted Dave brought to time, or Lucy to advance in her own profession.

"Jim's gone," she informed Betty Gilmore. "Some tennis tomorrow?" A pause, while she listened. "A shout? You're as bad as Jim with your slang. Oh, dancin' party? Am I in sackcloth and ashes, my dear? Naturally I'll come. Mac? What's he got to do with it? If I know my Jimmy Mac—" calmly and casually—"he'll be offerin' some babe a magazine, and later take her into the diner. Who? He is?" The motion of hand to rumpled hair was instinctive. "I haven't seen Bliss for ages. Still boomin' around, is he? He said that? Well, I never believed the things he told me, so why should I believe what he says about me.—What?—Sure I'll bring it with me."

And why, she thought, shouldn't she go? Betty and Pete had been over to dinner a few nights ago; it was fine of them to have her now, and, with Jim gone, to have a man for her. Her eyes shone as she told the mirror in her room, "Wait until old Jim starts boastin'. I'll give him one that'll turn his hair gray!" She mustn't, she decided, take more than two cocktails—not the sort Pete mixed.

WITHOUT real reason, Helen felt that it would have been a little more satisfactory if she'd gone to Bet's without knowing that Bliss Porter would be there. When Jim phoned her from the city, some of the noise about him came to her:

"Where are you phoning from?" she'd demanded.

Some of the fellows, Jim explained blithely, were giving him a send-off. "Two of 'em are down already," he said. "Down, but not yet out. If the party gets any rougher, I'm going to slip it."

Since he hadn't answered her question, she didn't tell him about Bliss. "Why should I?" she pondered as she hung up.



Helen peered up furtively from across her book, at Mac. She wondered when he would ask for an explanation. She almost hoped that it would be soon.

the receiver. "Only make Jim think I attached importance to it. I'll just have a good time, just as Jim's doing. Heaven knows, from the racket he must be."

She decided with logic which was satisfactory to her, that if Jim mentioned any attractive women he met, this time she'd have a happy answer. Even at that moment, however, the old-goose-and-gander saying seemed inapt. Things were so darn muddled! If Jim liked the girls, once, had he entirely changed? Was she jealous? No. "I'm the same as I was, too," she thought. But that didn't satisfy her either.

IT HAD been, the two families agreed, a fine thing when Helen and James were married. The two had met, found one another out, and, as Helen had told her mother that night, "That was that."

They were married within the year.

If Helen's affection had been instinctive, McMillan's was clear-sighted. Since it was unusual, her reticence had attracted him from the first, as well as her beauty, which was real, although not of that compelling sort which any one might see. Since it had been (four years ago) a time of lipstick, her lips had been crimson; she had had the flippancy and insolence of the other girls he knew; she went where she would, and yet it would have been inconceivable to connect her with anything improper. Now that she was his by legal

act (necessary), by Church sanction (insisted upon by both families); by her given word and his eager acceptance, he thought of the tie, when he thought of it at all, calmly. They were married. The End.

When McMillan saw her talking to other men, or dancing with them, he could not keep his eyes off her. At such a time, he hoped for a miracle which would let him tell her how much he loved her. When they would return home and he felt the touch of her arm, or the wooing of her affectionate hand, he knew how unnecessary words were.

There had been serious talks before they were married. They were going to continue to be themselves—two people, but doing the same things. It worked out so. There were camping-trips, where the bacon turned cold and greasy on one's tin plate, where the condensed-milk can's punched opening had to be freed from ants before its contents might be poured into smoky coffee. Helen had learned to pitch camp like a man. When the mother protested (seeing Helen's hands), the wife said, "If Jim likes it, little Helen says she does too." This her mother insisted was entirely Biblical, and hardly modern. "Entirely modern," Helen had said. "Jim doesn't have the fun camping, with other men, that he does with me."

Her mother did not remind her, later, that the last trip had been only for a week instead of the usual three.

Object lessons, the first few years. The Dutton divorce: "And if I wanted to go steppin' every night, Mr. McMillan, you'd howl yourself." The Davis' separation. "Georgianna's listenin' to lectures on scientific child-raisin' while she leaves the baby home to be cared for by a hired girl." Helen had said vehemently. The Grays. The Wilmoths.

"You're a lucky woman," Helen was told. "Jim trusts you."

"Why shouldn't he?" she had demanded. "But sometimes he talks too much about it."

IN OBEDIENCE to additional phoned instructions, Helen took with her a dozen dessert plates, the amber-glass ones with crimson and maroon triangles painted on them, and the little heavy glasses she'd bought at the five-and-ten. If Betty thought she'd bring those new delightful modern ones she'd be disappointed. Helen knew what happened to glasses at parties.

An argument was going on in the Gilmore kitchen, with Pete insisting that a mixture of gin, bitters, lemon-peel and apple-cider was drinkable:

"I lost my husband the moment we came." Elizabeth Winters said, moving over to let Helen sit. "He brought along one single bottle of horrible claret, and on the strength—or weakness—of that he's helping consume the Gilmore cellar. Go out and stir 'em up, Helen. If you go, they can't make wise cracks about our being afraid to let 'em out of our sight."

Helen knew them all, but she said, "They won't come for me until they're ready."

"Ready?" another wife moaned. "They're ripe right now!"

The Gilmores' long narrow dining room was, Helen saw as she passed through, all ready for dinner. Salad, on the table, let warming mayonnaise dribble over pineapple and tomato. Betty probably realized that by the time any one would be allowed to eat they wouldn't care how things tasted. Helen pushed upon the door to the kitchen.

"Here's to Porter, he's true blue—"

Bliss Porter, back to her, had a tremendous glass of beer in hand, and was bowing and grinning as the other men sang. The same glance showed Helen pots on the stove waiting for heating, or, more probably, reheating.

"He's a drunkard through and through—" the chorus went on.

Was he? Helen wondered if there were any truth to the idiotic song.

They wouldn't come, Helen realized; but to Bliss she said, "These men are only husbands. Come along in the other room so your hostess can get dinner ready."

"You might show a fellow a little affection after all these years," Bliss said, trying to pull her toward him. "I'm a rejected suitor," he said to the crowd. "I have rights."

He thrust his arm through hers, and Helen instantly began to draw him toward the living room; the other men followed, not entirely agreeably.

As they came in Porter whispered something Helen did not catch. She glanced around the room. Betty was fussing with ash-trays; men and women were talking without interest. She felt Bliss' arm slide down the back [Continued on page 112]



"I never could have made a go of this business unless I'd been a private secretary"



All You Need Is An

Oyster Opener

TWENTY years ago a sturdy little fourteen-year-old miss, her flaxen hair neatly braided into pigtails and tied with a huge plaid ribbon bow over each ear, queried the head of the secretarial school where she had just enrolled.

"Do you teach shorthand in German, too?" she inquired.

He shook his head. Whereupon the child, her blue eyes wide with responsibility, replied, "Well, when I learn it in English, I'll translate it into German for you."

Had that teacher been gifted with reading the future and seen the little girl mastering German shorthand, then Spanish, then other foreign languages, until within seven years she was teaching night classes in foreign language shorthand, he might not have had such a wide grin to cover with his hand.

Could he see her today, he probably would try to forget that he had ever smiled.

For the serious little girl of twenty years ago is the Lena Hauser of today, outstanding self-made success, owner, manager and motivating spirit of the Ace Press. She has built her \$100,000 printing business out of the three characteristics displayed by that little girl: A desire to serve, a keen eye for what is needed, unbounded energy to get it done.

Today Lena Hauser's name is the password for efficient job printing and mailing service among corporations, banks, stores, colleges and private enterprises that use direct mail advertising. For the Ace Press prints, proofs, addresses and mails for clients anything from a tiny fly-leaf cartoon, advertising a weekly periodical, to a weighty, bound college bulletin printed in thirteen different languages.

Her plant has two huge floors of roaring presses, humming multigraphing and mimeographing machines, throbbing paper cutters—machines for punching holes, rounding corners, stamping, addressing and doing all the other intricate things

By

JULIA BLANSHARD

concerned with the production of printed word.

"The whole world is our oyster but we've got to learn how to open it," is the optimistic way Miss Hauser explained the ever increasing horizon of her work.

I asked her how she opened her oyster in the first place.

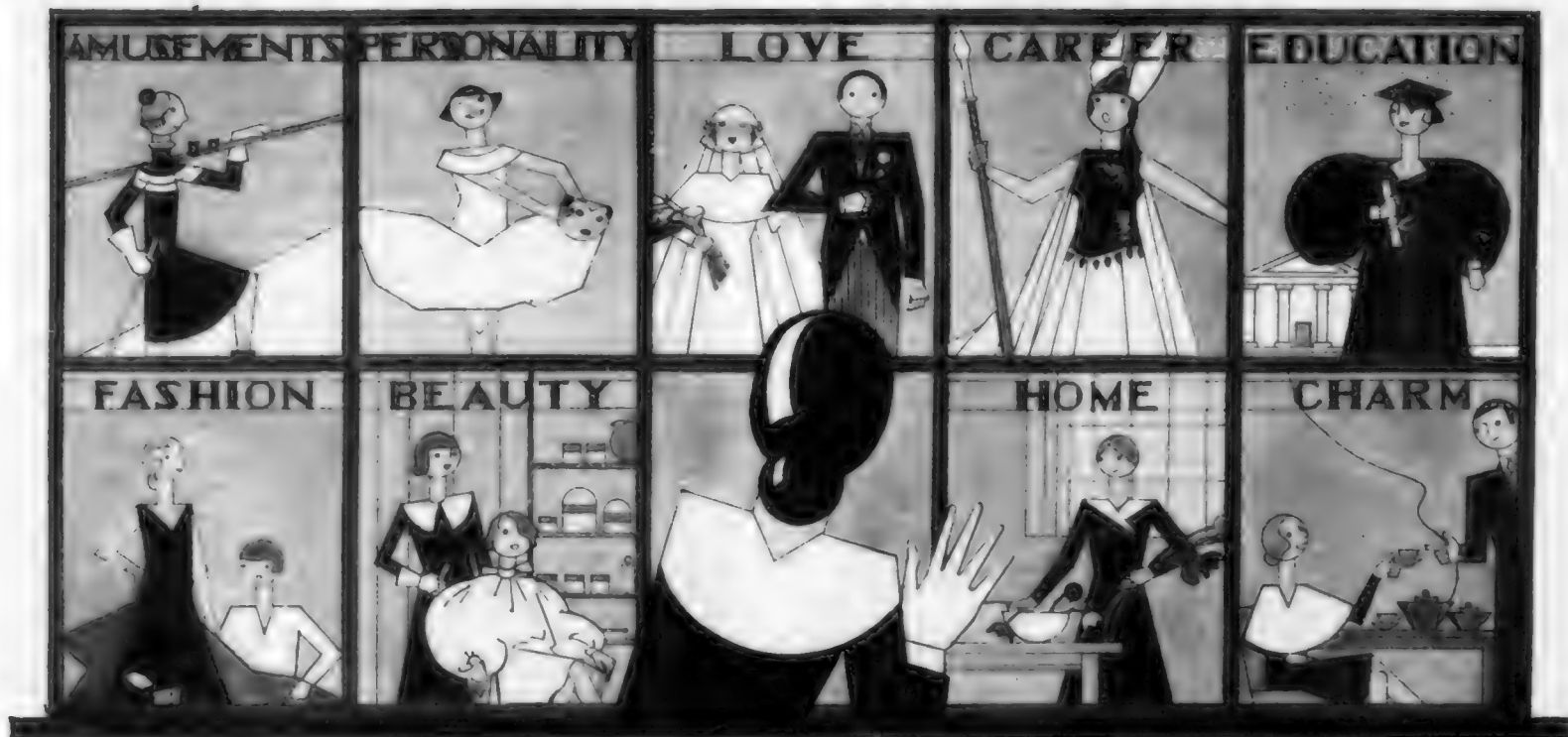
"With stenography," she answered, cryptically, as she led me into her office—a very feminine room with its caintz-curtained windows looking out over the historic old Battery to the harbor where big ships go down to the sea.

"You may think there is no connection between owning a printing concern and being a private secretary but I could never have made a go of this business if I hadn't been a secretary," she asserted. "You see a secretary really has to learn the things that are essential to running a business. Because she must get things done, she develops a technique of efficiency. She has to stay pleasant so she learns to work with others. She develops the habits of accuracy and punctuality. And last, and almost the most important, if she works up to be the secretary to some big person, she makes invaluable business contacts that she could not possibly make otherwise."

"DON'T think I started right in as a private secretary," Miss Hauser interrupted her story, laughing. "My first job was in a real estate office as the least of stenographers. But if I had been secretary to the President of the United States I could not have been more thrilled than I was over my first week's wages—five dollars! I was practical enough to spend it for two waists because I wanted to look neat. And I used my Christmas bonus from my boss to start an endowment policy!"

Miss Hauser had a succession of positions after that, always bettering herself because, each time she changed, it was after she had improved herself in some [Continued on page 135]

Smart Set's Service Section



On the Make

by

Ruth Waterbury

THE other day in New York Professor Walter B. Pitkin of Columbia University gave out some statements about happiness. He said many people, and New Yorkers in particular, couldn't be happy because they were always "on the make." No sooner did they get what they wanted than they wanted something else—and started out being unhappy all over again.

Now I am really a peaceful girl and I hate starting arguments with professors, but my personal belief is that as far as the modern girl is concerned, it is this very quality of being "on the make" that brings happiness to her and so much new zest into current life.

It is because the modern girl believes—and proves—that she can make her face prettier that she spends eight billion dollars on cosmetics yearly. That's certainly being on the make. But it's a "make" that gives work to thousands to say nothing of eye-ease to millions.

It is because she believes—and proves—that new styles make her freshly interesting, that she has trappers in the Far North, designers in Paris, lace makers in Belgium, garment makers in Seventh Avenue and jewel hunters in Africa working day and night to supply her whims.

It is her very restlessness, her unceasing search for perfection, that is making the new world such a slick place to live.

SHE gets lots of blame, of course. Older people blame divorce on her. They blame her for the break-up of the home and the stuffy moralities. The modern girl accepts the blame with an amused grin and a shrug of her shoulders.

She believes in marriages of love and adventure. She believes in the morality of courage and truth and if she spends less time in prayer and more at golf, check up on her health and happiness and draw your own conclusions.

The wise and bitter D. H. Lawrence wrote a piece about

our sex not long ago. He pulled several cracks, among which was his statement that no man had ever met a real woman or talked to one. His belief was that men only talked to their own mental pictures of women and we, being what we are, acted like young boys, dear old

mothers, clinging vines or seductive orchids, depending upon the type the particular man wanted at that moment. The clever girl, he said, was all women to all men.

Once more I quarrel with my betters. A lot of this subtle acting of women goes on because it is one of the smartest games a girl can play. Every girl likes being an actress. But the young woman of 1929 has discovered her right to womanliness. She acts when she wants to—when the man is interesting enough—but if she doesn't want to, she stays herself. When she is in that rôle she makes men take her on her own valuation—or let her alone. She would rather be taken than not—but if she isn't, it won't ruin her life.

LOVE? Of course she believes in love! She believes in it ten times as ardently as her mother ever did. But she isn't stupid. Mother used to dream that marriage would be a sea of bliss, a sort of fifty-year necking party. Her daughter isn't as naive as that. She knows love isn't self-sustaining and by no means a whole existence for man or woman. So she wants the right, as much as man has it, to have an intelligent balance to her days.

Age tells the modern girl to settle down, to stop being on the make. Age doesn't realize that its attitude is less wisdom and more hardening of the arteries.

The modern girl by her very vitality expresses her philosophy—to live life to the limit of beauty, enthusiasm and joy. Personally I think the modern girl is simply swell.

And incidentally, isn't it funny that until SMART SET came along, nobody ever thought of editing a magazine for her?



Evening wraps are expensive, but a girl can't resist buying them. This transparent aquamarine velvet is collared in white Belgian rabbit and its body fulness is draped into a tight girdle at the hips. Price about \$95.00

Courtesy Marcus Klepper & Co.



The smart winter evening gown ought to cover a lot of ground. Still, a dancing frock must be short. Here, then, is a distinguished compromise of rust-colored taffeta, with trailing cascades at the sides and curtailed line in front. Price about \$49.50

Courtesy Polonaise Dress Co.

Here, in six models, is a wardrobe charming as a perfect gift. Start with this delightful frock of black Canton crepe. The egg-shell crepe collar and cuffs achieve flattering contrast. Its circular skirt features the new lengthened line. Price about \$34.50

Courtesy Robert Turk, Inc.

Winter Finds and Cautious

SWEET and low is the song of the Pre-Christmas fashions, but how sweet and how low is the question.

A girl doesn't know which way to turn. Late in the summer, when Paris was getting her new ideas across, she was very dogmatic. Said Paris, "Longer hemlines—much, much longer for evening; three to five inches for daytime wear. Natural waistlines, tucks, frills and ruffles. Femininity all over the place. This winter you will be a lady, madame, and like it."

That is what Paris said last summer. That is what New York obediently repeated in the earliest days of autumn. But now it is all a vague, jumbled rumor. At the moment Paris is in the act of discovering just what she was forced to discover about three years ago—that the American woman no longer arbitrarily follows her lead.

It was really a swell idea that Paris had. If she could make women, all over the world, scrap every dress, coat and hat they had it meant many more yards of material used, thousands more models bought. It was an elegant idea. Only it doesn't seem to have worked.

Going about through the New York shops this month I find the situation positively amusing. A few radical stores are



You can't be really smart this winter without a tweed ensemble. Developed in an imported brown mixed tweed, with tuck-in blouse of brown wool jersey, this model is inexpensive, warm and practical. Price \$39.50

Courtesy Robert Turk, Inc.

Fashion Clever

By GEORGIA MASON

encouraging wasp waists and skirts trailing the ground from morn to midnight. A few more are compromising, showing day time gowns an inch or so longer than last year and mildly indicated waistlines. But the greater portion of the shops are doing exactly nothing at all. They are waiting for you, the American girl, to do it. They don't dare do a thing until they find out which way you are going to jump, and at the present writing you don't seem to be jumping. You seem to be going on pretty much as you always have, buying youthful, simple clothes but not rushing about madly with any terrible drive to be different.

THIS ought really to make those of us who are just everyday girls feel pretty cocky. It proves us to be the people who make the mode. If we won't take our waistlines tight, Paris and the American manufacturer will have to make them comfortable.

This goes for everything. The newest winter hats were designed with the idea of their being smart complements for longer skirts.

Gloves were longer to denote more formality. Fabrics, in the August showings, went back to broadcloths and such things



A dress superior to every occasion. Of black chiffon with a cape-collar of ecru batiste delicately embroidered, it solves the long hemline problem. To be purchased by the girl who needs to look a bit more slender. Price about \$35.00

Courtesy Lucerne Frocks



If you're well coated, your frocks will take care of themselves. This wrap of elk myra cloth has a gathered front tunic bordered with mink-dyed muskrat to match its collar and cuffs. Excellent for tall girls. Price about \$95.00

Courtesy Marcus Klepper & Co.



Natural cashmere fashions this serviceable dress, correct for sports or business wear. It features the normal waistline, accented by a brown kid belt, brown bone buttons and a collar of white piqué. Price \$35.00

Courtesy Robert Turk, Inc.

as mother used to wear. Now none of that seems positive. What with this and with that, it's all very difficult.

My personal feeling is that skirts, before the winter's over, will be a bit longer for daytime, but only a bit. Knees will probably just become part of the body and not be exhibition points. Waistlines will be featured by younger girls, I fancy, because they are so darned becoming. But on the whole it all boils down to the fact that the very extreme has never been the truly smart and that this year Paris, in her haste to prove herself the great big fashion influence she used to be, overstepped herself and went too extreme.

AS I wrote you last month, I have changed my shopping tactics for you and am now going after the best looking clothes I can find for the most moderate prices—clothes, beautifully ready-made, which can be retailed to you through the better shops of your own hometown.

It was pretty new to me last month, invading the wholesalers' showrooms and seeking models long before the finest stores in the country had made their choices among them. But this month it was all much simpler, and if you only like the models I found as much as I do, I'll be very happy.

SMART
SET'S
SERVICE
SECTION

SMART SET'S Smart Fashions for Girls Who Love Beauty and Thrift.

Each one of them, from winter coat models to evening frocks, illustrates some of the better and permanent points of the new mode, and I think each of them is a simply grand buy from the point of practicality and chic.

Let me tell you a little about the potentialities of the winter fashions, first, so that if you don't get enough leads from the modes illustrated, you will at least have some general style information.

Paris has developed a positive mania for tweeds and jersey and this mania seems to be shared by America. From the practical point of view, nothing could be sweeter, and you really ought to have a dress or ensemble in one of these materials for your strenuous daytime activities. The smartest tweeds and jerseys are in shades of brown and yellow. You can combine jersey and tweed or you can take them separately. Blue and green in "off" shades are equally accepted in the tweed family but the brownish shades, being a sort of summer hangover, are choicest.

Black, which was very retiring during the first Autumn weeks, has now come back with its customary bang. Black satin dresses for wear under fur coats will be particularly good. Black hats you have simply got to have, particularly those ducky little affairs of black velvet cut in all sorts of swoops, curves or what-you-will about your ears. The black coat is always good and beautifully practical and if you want a black suit of silk or jersey, go to it and my blessing



The brim of this soft black felt hat turns up in front, down in back and out at the sides. It can be adjusted to your own features. Price \$12.50

Courtesy Hunken,
Neale & Forbes

Jacket ensemble for wear under your winter topcoat. It has a coat and skirt of black flat crepe plus a long-sleeved blouse of bright yellow. Price about \$45

Courtesy Robert Turk,
Inc.



Selected from New York's Leading Wholesalers as a Shopping Guide in Home Town Stores

upon you. With black you simply can't go wrong

Next to black and brown, the best tips are green in the darker tints particularly, and following this comes a new reddish tint, called black-berry for no good reason

However, no matter which colors you favor, remember that this is no season for weak or dubious colors, even in the evening. Every shade of the new winter colors must be strong and outstanding and you should avoid any costume developed in weak or doubtful shades. Try to find beige in the better shops and you meet only an icy stare.

Of materials, next to tweed, velvet is best. Every kind of variety of velvet is being used from transparent to panne, from printed to plain. My own vote goes to the plain panne group, but if you don't feel that way about it, buy what you like. You're safe!

No matter how long and lean your dresses may be—and I think they will evolve to just that—it looks as though our coats were going to be definitely full skirted. Some coats have fur-edged, low-placed flares, some have front panels



Very new and dashing is this two-piece frock with Spanish girdle and tuck-in blouse. The skirt is of black Canton crepe, the blouse of airway blue crepe. Price \$39.50

Courtesy Yacht Club Frocks



All velvets are being worn this season but none are smarter than black transparent velvet, particularly when it is as effective as this one-piece frock with its deeply collared dotted net vest and bolero bodice. Price about \$29.50

Courtesy Leading Dress and Costume Co.

so generous they wrap well around the hips. But either way, there is some sort of elaboration of design in the winter coats. The melon cuff of fur is back. The capelet collar and the scarf collar will both be worn by the smart and that Elizabethan collar, high up in the back of the neck and down at the sides, such as the glamorous Miss Garbo of the movies wears, is not to be laughed at.

Some sleeves are those familiar standbys, the kimono and the raglan; others and newer ones are set in seamless armholes. This is a good trick, achieved through cutting the sleeve in one with the back. Coats, so treated, are more formal in design than the raglan type.

If you can afford it, you might indulge in a lapin coat. They are, for fur coats, grandly inexpensive. Full length models, tailored in a very swagger manner, retail for about \$195. Short models—and lots and lots of them will be worn—sell for about \$125 to \$180. A tailored tweed dress, a short lapin coat—lapin, incidentally being nothing but our old friend, rabbit fur, gone French—and a little beret of velvet or tweed and a girl would be well dressed for months.

Evening coats will be worn both long and short, the short ones being a shade smarter. These are made very full, with or without sleeves, and collared and cuffed in fur. They just reach the hips. The better ones have heavy fur hems, and should be worn wrapped around to give [Continued on page 86]

SMART
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SECTION



Smart Accessories of Loveliness

By
Mary Lee

Don't trim yourself like a Christmas tree. Jewelry is to be seen and not heard. It should complement your beauty, not blanket it

THE month before Christmas is a splendid time to think of the little things of loveliness—the accessories of beauty. The counters everywhere are stacked high with a tempting array of beautiful things, especially little personal extras. When you buy gifts you want them to express your own good taste and speak for your intelligence by their appropriateness to the person for whom they are intended.

And if you have the chance to select some of your own gifts, either by a good honest hint or by helping to shop, it is well to give the subject a little quiet thought. Surprise packages are thrilling, I know, but they can be awfully embarrassing.

Last Christmas I remember watching an elderly friend of mine, who is tall, angular and inclined to be just a bit sharp-featured, open a romantic looking little box.

When the lid sprang up she shrieked with delight, "Just what I wanted!"

I peeked into the box, and my spirits fell. It contained a pair of lovely, drooping earrings in the modern manner, but just the thing that a sharp-featured girl should avoid.

"Natalie," I said, "they're not for your type."

She protested that they were very smart and that she intended to wear them. But she had to give in. They emphasized all her worst features—her narrow face, her sharp chin, too-thin neck. Finally she managed to exchange them for a less spiky pair and I hope that the next person to get them was a slender, exotic girl with more delicate features.

There are now such fascinating earrings that even the

few of us who never have worn earrings are persuaded to try them. The tailored type of girl these days may find button earrings of pearl, jet or jade very becoming.

Very short girls, especially those who are just a little stout,—or maybe even stouter than that—should never wear long earrings, either broad

or pointed. They should keep close to the medium length, worn near the lobe, in squares or circles of filigree, or various carved gold and silver patterns. If the chains are too long on the design you like, the shop will shorten them.

Tall, large girls look better with the broad rectangular or oval drop.

Finger rings also have a set of rules.

For short, stubby fingers the stone should not be too small, nor too high, and a rectangular or oval shape is best, so that it covers the breadth of the finger.

On the other hand, unusually thin fingers seem more graceful if the stone is cut high. A round, high stone, like a pearl, is well adapted to the medium slender finger.

The girl who has lovely diamond or pearl rings should take extra pains to keep her hands white and exquisite, for by contrast with the precious jewels her hands will seem clumsy and rough if they are not perfectly cleansed and cared for, with the nails beautifully manicured.

GIRLS who are well tanned by the sun should choose the large colored semi-precious stones. Onyx, jade, topaz, carnelian, matrix and the like are more suitable than diamonds for the athletic girl's hand. Well-kept brown hands are becoming to the sports type. The engagement diamond for this sort of girl, I think, is always better when it is simply cut and set off by tiny facets of colored stones, like sapphires or emeralds.

I don't care much for earrings in the country for sports wear. Nor do I like to see a sports girl with more than one or two rings. Jewelry becomes too commonplace if it is worn all the time. Sentimental things, if they are really becoming, seem in time to fade into personality. But the more faddish things don't. Jewelry is but one of the many little things that go toward making beauty complete.

Flowers can be worn so badly that they make a graceful girl look clumsy.

Fashions Shift But the Habits of Beauty Remain Forever. So Why not Give Yourself the Gift of Charm for Christmas?

The short, stout girl has to be particularly careful not to wear her corsage too high, or it will give a thick effect to the neck and shoulders.

On a tailored suit, the flower should be neat and flat and not worn too high up on the lapel.

For evening, or on frocks, drooping floral arrangements, low on the hips are better for the well-built girl.

The tall, angular girl can wear round bunches of blossoms to best advantage, and if she is very thin, she may place them nearer her shoulder.

The big-boned girl can wear a larger corsage, but she should keep it low. She has to keep her neckline softly becoming, and she can not do it with flowers, as the thin girl can.

Chokers and necklaces, too, come within the scope of fashion and are important in their effect on the features and appearance of poise. In general, if you have a very short neck, a little thicker than it should be, don't hide it too much. Wear longer chains that make a deep V in the bodice. If you have a long thin neck you can wear a choker of round heavy beads to disguise the appearance of thinness and height of the neck. Chokers are very smart this winter.

THE way a girl collects her little things of loveliness is significant, especially since the day of the ensemble. Not many years ago the only complete outfit from head to foot was the riding habit.

Then other carefully planned costumes—with color, line and material harmonious—were adopted by smart women. An outfit really became an outfit. Finally, realizing that lovely clothes could be entirely overshadowed by the wrong kind of hat, shoes or gloves, the ensemble idea included these important things.

It is only recently that the ensemble has included such significant things as perfume, make-up, style of dressing the hair, and jewelry. But you won't find most shops selling the proper cosmetics with frocks and suits—these you have to select for yourself.

For that reason, I think, the things a girl finds necessary for her dressing table are most important. Travel, home, business, sports—all demand slightly different types of grooming. And, of course, special occasions such as very dressy parties must have their special and elaborate preparations.

Many girls have an overbalanced cosmetic supply. Some girls go in heavily for perfume and neglect other exquisite touches to the ensemble. They may, for instance, spend a day shopping for the right perfumes and snatch the first lipstick they come across. Others are fussy about rouge, for example, and use *any* perfume at *any* time.

Some girls spend most of their money and time on their faces and let a fortnightly visit to the hairdresser suffice for their hair. Haven't we all noticed girls with petal-smooth complexions, sparkling eyes and pearly teeth who don't *ever* seem to get around to caring for their hands?

Carelessness is a kind of bad taste. One of the most common faults in planning a costume ensemble is to spend time on the clothes and hat, and buy your shoes and gloves casually. Often, too, after shoes are bought some girls fail to

pay the slightest attention to keeping them polished and clean. Or to keeping gloves as spotless and dainty as the hands inside them.

Many smart women who can afford only a small wardrobe—a few dresses and one suit a year—and who wear a hat several seasons, make gloves and shoes their one extravagance. Curiously enough they always seem to look beautifully turned out.

BUT to go back to the dressing table! Let's take stock of the things that should be there, minimum requirements for a perfect appearance at all times. The list of things that the young girl needs is not so large; and it is not so unbearably expensive if the stock is kept constantly replenished.

She needs face powder, cream rouge, compact rouge, powder and lipstick. I'm taking for granted that she chooses the right rouge for her type of coloring, for it is very easy to find most rouge in many variations, or made to blend so that it but heightens the natural glow.

She needs perfume—purse vial and dressing table size. Most girls will want more than one perfume. One's favorite scent will grow tiresome if used all the time.

Every girl should have a complete manicuring set for her dressing table, and really should have a smaller set for traveling. Cleansing or cold cream is necessary, and, if the skin is oily, a mild astringent—if the skin is dry, a richer nourishing cream. A freshening lotion is essential for removing the traces of cream that the cleansing tissues may have missed. Cleansing tissues are practically indispensable nowadays and certainly an improvement on cloths or towels for removing cream.

A liquid powder is useful, particularly for evening and for hiding occasional blemishes. The very young girl should use vanishing or foundation cream only if it is needed—and then be sure to use the right type for her particular skin. Eye make-up is optional, but awfully nice to have for special occasions. Many

clever girls, however, use it regularly for day and evening.

A good hair brush—not harshly stiff, but with long firm bristles—is absolutely required. A comb should have fairly long, rather widely-spaced teeth that don't pull the hair. These should be washed frequently.

Speaking of brushes, we may as well talk about the things that should be in the bathroom. A hand brush or two, and two or three tooth brushes should be there. Tooth paste or tooth powder and mouth wash go without saying. A toilet soap that is pure and mild and agrees with skin. Some lovely bath preparations, too. If necessary there should be a good superfluous hair remover. Girls with little superfluous hair find a razor satisfactory for this purpose.

In making a Christmas list it is a very good thing to keep the empty spots on the dressing table—and in the bathroom—in mind.

[Continued on page 111]





What Our Girl

MART
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ECTION

*The Typical American Girl
the French Designers and*

Two heady ideas, both right. The hat on the left is of green felt, long in back and short in front. The beige felt, right, is just the opposite. Either's a good buy



Black lace for delicacy, velvet ribbons for contrast, princess lines for flattery, and a little bolero to make it practical for afternoon or evening. This is the gown designed by Louise Selby for the Typical American Girl

EDNA PETERS, the Typical American Girl, came to Paris and we bought that evening gown. In fact it was especially created for Miss Peters because she is the Typical American Girl, and symbolized, in the minds of the designers, each one of you. And she wore it last night at a gala dinner given in her honor at the Hotel Carlton at Vichy, that oldest and most conservative—and in consequence—smartest of the “cures” of France.

I wish you might have been with me as I sat there, for the honors which Miss Peters accepted were given to you all, she was the person who typified the hundreds of thousands of American girls, not only to her host, but also to the city and to France.

But I want to tell you about Miss Peter's first Paris frock. Of all the Maisons de Haute Couture, we selected the one which has as its director, an American woman. Louise Selby has lived for years in Paris, she has been connected with Paris dressmaking houses for years, that she might learn all that the French have to teach us in design, creation and execution of typical Paris clothes. And at heart she remains American. Who could better typify Parisian chic for Americans?

The black lace frock, which had its debut at



A gay deceiver is this suit that doubles in skirts. When its brown broadcloth skirt is worn to match the brown broadcloth coat, beige-fox trimmed, it is a day time suit. But substitute a velvet skirt, and with the velvet blouse the suit becomes the dressiest of formal ensembles

Bought in Paris

*Aroused the Enthusiasm of
Gave Them a New Line*

the Carlton, is called "Princesse"—for Louise Selby feels that every American girl is a princess. Miss Fitzwater has drawn it for us so you can picture it clearly. The skirt is long, very close to the ankles in front and quite full at the sides and back. It is trimmed with four rows of the narrowest of velvet ribbon.

The ends of the four velvet bows at the waistline extend to the back of the hips where they stream to the bottom of the frock.

The décolleté is rather a deep U, but because this is the frock for the Typical American Girl, Miss Selby made with it a tiny jacket with long sleeves, bolero length all around and fastened with the same velvet that trims the dress and finishes the neck of the coat, so that it makes just as smart an afternoon or dinner dress.

The Carlton has a great open air dancing floor, surrounded on four sides by the hotel itself. Each window has flower boxes brimming with rose colored geraniums. Then add fairy lights, shrubbery, trees and flowers, and you can picture the setting in which I saw the other party clothes which I want to describe to you—for who does not need and want to think of "good time" dresses and accessories when December and the Christmas [Continued on page 117]

By
**DORA
LOUES
MILLER**

Sketches by
FANNY FERN
FITZWATER



A girl simply must have a matching hat and scarf this winter. Here scarf and hat band are exactly the same, of black and yellow crepe de Chine, similarly tied



Worth's white panne velvet party gown, a perfect frock for the girl who must make one dress serve many dates. Its princess lines and "V" shaped bodies make it very chic and becoming to most young figures



"Little Lord Fauntleroy" a purple velvet dress with a tight basque demurely buttoned, an ecru lace collar, full skirt and tiny belt. It has a demure sauciness ideal for afternoon wear. Louise Selby designed it



Nicole Groult made this black taffeta with flounces, neck and armholes edged with black crepe and a huge beige flower as its only color note. A gown simply slick for several seasons to come!

HELEN HATHAWAY Says

*You're in a Goldfish Bowl When You Dine
in a Public Place . . . So Mind Your*

Restaurant Manners



WHAT girl is not thrilled in spite of herself on entering a fashionable restaurant with its general air of luxury and gaiety—the soft lights, the music, the flowers, the perfect appointments, the people so well dressed, so attractive, dining at the various tables with an air of luxurious elegance!

Yes, she is thrilled but she may be frightened, too. The excited pleasure she feels at first glimpse of it all, may be instantly dispelled by an overwhelming self-consciousness, a painful embarrassment that is akin to fear.

"Do I look all right?" she asks herself. "Will I know what to do?"

It is the same bewilderment she felt the first day she entered high school, took her first job, or went to her first big dance—that awful feeling that every one in the room is watching her, and is conscious of her inexperience and shyness.

And what *should* she do as she finds herself overpowered by this unaccustomed elegance?

Hold her head high, assume an air of ease—even if she does not feel it—watch what other people are doing, and know in her heart of hearts that even the most sophisticated woman in the room once felt just as timid as she does.

Ease in public places is a matter of experience. Even the dowager and the blasé debutante had to cultivate it. It is only a matter of dining out again and again, of familiarizing oneself with a few simple conventions—rules of restaurant etiquette that any intelligent girl can learn.

What are these rules, the knowledge of which help give her poise, and make her feel at home in the Ritz of New York, London or Paris?

First of all, as to the clothes she wears. Of course her costume must be the very smartest that she owns. Never is she so much on parade as when she follows the head waiter to her table in a fashionable restaurant.

Nowadays smart women breakfast, lunch and tea in smart street clothes that achieve their chic by simplicity rather than fussiness. In fact even at dinner one sees at least half the women in street clothes however fashionable the place may be.

Many women, however, prefer to dine in something less

SMART
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DO'S and DON'TS for Restaurants

Don't slouch at a restaurant table. Good posture gives an impression of poise.

Don't cross your legs or wrap your feet around the rungs of the chair. The table hides far less than you fancy.

Don't try to help the waiter with the service by crumbing the table or shoving the dishes aside.

Let the man do the ordering. If you need an extra spoon or more butter, tell your host and let him tell the waiter.

If you drop your napkin or a piece of silver, don't pick it up yourself. Let the waiter bring you another one.

Don't wipe off the silver with your napkin. If it isn't clean enough to use, it should be removed.

On leaving the table, don't fold your napkin or replace your chair.

Don't remove your hat in a public restaurant any more than you would remove it in the street.

Don't bring your complexion up to date at the table. Remember a restaurant is a public place, not a private boudoir.

severe than the street dress, especially if there is dancing during or after the meal. An afternoon frock with sleeves and a hat is quite suitable at dinner, though if it is a real party and the men are "dressing" she wears a dinner dress—that is really a simple evening dress, sleeveless, thus worn without a hat. It is only at the formal restaurant dinner or the after theater supper that she wears a formal evening gown.

Therefore, looking her smartest, whatever the time of day, she enters the restaurant at the nod of the doorman, and in advance of her escort. In the foyer she waits a moment while the man checks his hat and coat, and together they enter the dining room. Here they pause until the head waiter comes forward to give them the cue, which is a courteous, "Good evening. Table for two. Sir?"

His grand manner cannot help but impress you. He is indeed a personage, your official host for the evening. Therefore don't fail to acknowledge his greeting with equal courtesy. Attention and recognition from him is subtle flattery for which many people are willing to pay with magnificent tips.

If you have a preference for a particular table your escort should state it, "Against the wall, please," or "Near the window."

The waiter's aim is to please you, but if you can't have the location you want, don't make a fuss about it. Accept the best he can give you with good grace. Like the theater usher, he leads the way; next comes the girl; last the man.

The waiter pulls back the chair for the girl, alert to choose the preferable one, facing the diners or the dancers. The man seats himself opposite.

If it is a large party the host or hostess follows the head waiter, and indicates the seats for the other guests.

If there is no head waiter, the man goes to find a table and draws out the chair for the lady.

The girl with the assistance either of the waiter or her escort removes her wraps after she is seated. Her purse and gloves remain in her lap. Remember that nothing belongs on the table except the food and the dishes. Parcels, books or furs are either checked outside or placed on an empty chair.

And now what to order? The answer is, whatever you want to eat. There are no so-called fashionable or unfashionable foods. Vegetable plate nowadays is as smart as lobster salad. In fact it is even more the vogue now that society counts calories and vitamins. Where at midnight supper one once ordered chicken a la king or welsh rarebit, now it is the style to order scrambled eggs or [Continued on page 95]

Buying Christmas Gifts for Your Own Room

BY ETHEL LEWIS

WHEN the crisp fall days are rushing on toward winter, and when the shops are full of fascinating things, then it is time to think of Christmas. This year, instead of suggesting frills and furbelows for personal adornment, I thought it would be much more fun to discuss Christmas gifts for your own room.

Sometimes the Christmas stocking holds a check that is just right for the new bookcase, or even a chair. Sometimes there are friends or family who wish to give you what you really want most, and that is your opportunity to add to the comfort and charm of your room.

Or it may be that there is a sister or a best friend who would like something special for her own room.

AS I have been shopping around looking for just the right things for you it has impressed me that never have there been so many things just meant for a girl's room, whether it is a tiny one or a large one, a part of a house or a one-room apartment.

The first thing that seemed to me exactly right is this charming bookcase shown below. It can fit into such a little bit of wall space, for it's not too high, and it's not too wide. It

is nicely proportioned and its simplicity is particularly pleasing. An easy chair, a good reading light, and a bookcase close by from which you can select the story that fits the mood of the moment—that is real comfort. This little bookcase holds not only books you see, for on the top shelf there is a pet elephant, and one of the new porcelain cigarette boxes is within easy reach on another shelf.

If you don't want



This lamp has a cream colored background with rose figures blending into its luster. The shade is rose-tinted
Courtesy of James McCreery & Co.



A rayon spread is always in good taste. This one comes in gold, rose, green, orchid or blue
Courtesy of Stevens Spread Co.



Crystal bottles for the dressing table. They stand upon a blue, green or crystal tray. The bottles and the tray are very modern in design

Courtesy of H. H. Macy & Co

YOUR room deserves a present. For isn't your room a good friend? Suggestions for such a present—for your room or the room of some one else!—may be had by writing to Ethel Lewis, in care of Smart Set, and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Don't forget that she gives advice on all matters of home decoration.



A bookcase, in either walnut or mahogany. This will fit, nicely, into the odd, empty corner
Courtesy of H. H. Macy & Co.

a real bookcase like this one perhaps you can use a little hanging shelf. Be careful, though, that it is not too heavy or cumbersome and yet large enough to serve a real purpose.

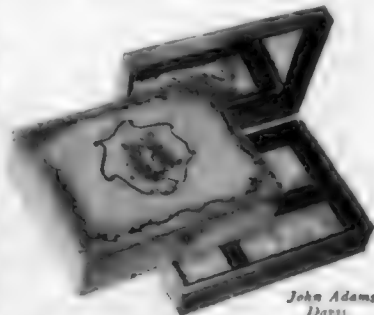
Then there are always book-ends, and this year the supply of really good ones seems more varied than ever. Books add so much to the livable quality of any room that you must make a place for them somewhere.

What to put on the dresser or dressing table is another constantly recurring question. So I hunted out a good vanity box for you—the one to the right which you can see both open and closed. It is charming, colorful, and you will find it deep enough to hold boxes of powder and jars of cold cream.

IF YOU have a real bedroom and a real dressing table you will be especially interested in the perfume bottles at the top of the page. There is a smart little mirror tray, blue or green or crystal, with a bold design etched on it. Reflected in its bright surface are three different bottles, all quite up to the minute in shape and design, and as intriguing as anything I have seen in many a day. If you want but one bottle, then perhaps you will need a powder box to match—just the two pieces on the glass tray. Either way they are unusual.

Have you ever thought of giving the bed a present? Possibly it needs a fluffy new blanket or a pair of colored sheets or a soft down puff for added warmth. Or perhaps it needs dressing up by day with a colorful bed-spread.

Here is one of the newest spreads, a dainty pattern that is suited to many types of room, and colors that harmonize with almost any color scheme. This [Con. on page 91]



A quaint make-up box that has a mirror inside the cover. It is big enough to hold the necessary rouge and powder jars
Courtesy of James McCreery & Co.



Of Florentine leather is this charming portfolio. It has pockets large enough to hold the necessary letters and stationery
Courtesy of H. H. Macy & Co.

*The Last and Best
of a Series of
Great Short Stories
by a Celebrated
English Writer*

WOMEN

OVER the bed hung a text illuminated with a good lot of gold about it. "Thou God Seest me," was the wording, and beneath it a large blue eye looked through some lilies.

The wall paper was pink roses knotted in rather meaningless fashion with streamers of blue ribbon. The dressing table wore a mauve muslin petticoat tied up at the corners with mauve satin bows. The bed had muslin curtains and a valance, also with bows. The dressing table cover was worked in a design of thistles and shamrocks. The pin-cushion had a motto embroidered upon it with colored pins, but you could not read what it was any more, because some of the pins had been used.

Fanny Childers knew there was not another bedroom in all England quite as charming, or in such good taste as hers. The lace draped window looked out across the rectory lawn towards the church. It got a nice view of the tombstones.

"In the midst of life we are in death," said Fanny piously, and helped herself to a caramel. That was when she was very young. About seventeen.

She was very serious minded. At seventeen she knew all about the world and its wickednesses, for she had read Thomas

a Kempis and St. Anthony, also as much of Horace as she could bear. She had in her head a complete plan of life as it ought to be lived and she did her best to stick to her plan. She even wrote it down on paper: 10 a.m., clean church brasses; 10:30, practice organ; 12, weed garden.

She was convinced that God was very put out if she was as much as five minutes late with any of her programme and she used to pray very conscientiously about all her sins and shortcomings, and also for the poor heathen in darkest Africa in whom she took a warm interest, having, at about fifteen, heard a call to the mission field.

As she was the rector's only daughter, her parents did not encourage this missionary idea. She was her mother's right hand. Such a bright way she had with the sewing party. So sensibly did she address the mother's meeting, though herself not yet a mother. Her pretty laughter and light footsteps kept them alive in Little Charlesford, where the only other



at SEA

By

DOROTHY BLACK

Illustrations by ADDISON BURBANK



Fanny, clutching David tightly in her arms, gave a little gasp of surprise. What was Alison doing here, she wondered, and where had her clothes come from?

young things were the calves and lambs, and the postman who rode over from Chelmsford with the letters once a day.

The Reverend Francis Bollard, decrepit and bent, had been curate at Little Charlesford for forty years, and he hung on nobly in hopes of one day becoming rector. But as misfortune would have it, he died himself long before Fanny's father ever contemplated such a thing. So was Mr. Bollard baulked of the only ambition he had ever had.

To the vacant curacy was appointed Mr. Robert MacMorrison, but newly ordained a priest. He was a young man, fair and with blue eyes that usually had rather a sad expression, although there was no reason why he should look sad, having been well fed, cared for, and educated since his earliest youth. Very clean and fresh, he looked and he preached sermons not a soul in the parish took exception to.

FANNY saw in him Sir Galahad, the perfect knight above reproach. He fell in love with her with the utmost promptitude. What else could be expected, in Little Charlesford, where besides herself the only young things were the calves and lambs, and the Postman who rode over from Chelmsford.

Fanny's father and mother were only too delighted, as they contemplated all around them the daughters of other rectories and vicarages, withering upon their virgin stems. Besides, what could be a more charming arrangement? Fanny and her husband need move no further off than the curate's cottage, lately inhabited by Mr. Bollard, down the lane. Fanny could have all her girlhood treasures around her. The charming bedroom suite and the texts could go on a hand cart. The rector would keep his only daughter until the end.

It all sounded most pleasing. Only, unfortunately, no sooner were they married than the Reverend Robert MacMorrison got a call to the mission field. He handed in his resignation to the curacy of Little Charlesford, and departed, taking Fanny with him, not to darkest Africa as she had hoped, but to hottest India.

It did not turn out very like she had expected. They stewed quietly in the plains of Jubblepore, ministering to the unwilling souls of the Berkshire Regiment who were supposed to have been converted long since. With the poor black heathen of Fanny's girlish prayers they hardly came in touch at all.

Fanny had a baby in February.

SOMETIMES, when Robert felt the heat, and was more disillusioned than usual at the emptiness of his church, and the callousness of the soldiery, who, he suspected, made limericks about him, he would grumble at Fanny.

"Whatever induced you to push me into this. We were far better off in Little Charlesford."

She had to remind him sternly, then, of the sacredness of his vocation.

He was always her ideal of what a husband should be. She never let him waver for one minute, and if at times he looked like falling short of her ideals, she always had an admirable excuse ready for him.

In April the following year, she had another baby.

After that they went home on leave to Little Charlesford. Fanny was now able to address the mother's meeting with real enthusiasm and insight.

Darkest Africa was still the goal of her ambition, so it came as a sad blow when they were stationed, next, in Ceylon. Here again, the poor heathen seemed to be extremely scarce, and their charge was once more white souls. White souls who

seemed to have unlimited time for riding, for dancing and amusing themselves, but never a spare moment to come to church and hear Robert preach.

Fanny left her first born behind with Mrs. Childers and the rector and only brought the last infant out again, as she was expecting another in June. Because of this, Robert persuaded her to take out a nursery help. So Fanny found a nice, tidy, quiet-spoken girl who was willing to go out with them. It all sounded most ideal.

But once they got East of Suez the nice quiet-spoken girl came out wonderfully, and was more trouble than she was worth. She had only one idea in her head, and that to marry a gentleman, towards the accomplishment of which she was prepared to go to all lengths. Though it was smart to have an English nurse in Colombo, Fanny found her more trouble than she was worth. She was always wanting to go out and she did not care in the least what became of the young MacMorrisons although, when Fanny had interviewed her in Ealing, she vowed she was fond of children.

Fanny did not want to be hard on her. She knew what youth was, having recently experienced it herself, but this girl showed no leanings to the industry and orderliness that had characterized Fanny's girlhood. "Indeed," said Fanny to Robert more than once, "with her tendencies and leanings, I often wonder where she will end."

She did not think there was the least chance of a gentleman wanting to marry Alison, who, though quite nice looking, lacked education and was quite devoid of humor. Sometimes Fanny read her little pointed lectures, about the danger of having ideas out of your station, and how much happier we all are, if we make the best of our own little corner of life.

Alison would look at her like a cow, and say nothing, and go on bathing the baby in a slovenly fashion.

But they did not want to be unkind to her.

"I feel we ought to let her come down to dinner," Fanny said, "just occasionally when there are people there. To give her a chance to make friends."

Robert did not care. He found her harmless, but dull. Down she came to dinner once a week. But no one seemed to take any notice of her, nor did she make any friends of her own, even though she wore the most ambitious dresses. All spangles and what-nots. No one ever asked the little nursery help out when they gave a party, as Mrs. MacMorrison had hoped they might, but feared they wouldn't.

It was really rather pitiful. But then, as Fanny said to her husband, "The little thing should not be so idiotically ambitious. She could have had quite a nice young man on the boat. You remember that good looking young steward, with the beautiful eyes. She did nothing but snub him. She's too big for the men who would look at her, and the men she lances are too big for her."

Yes it was pitiful.

SO THINGS went on, until one morning Alison dropped the youngest MacMorrison from his pram. No harm was done but a great deal might have been. The Christian spirit had reached breaking point.

Fanny said, "She must go. She isn't to be trusted with the children, dear. Just because Jacob Duvesant happens to be riding past, she is so busy staring after him, that she upsets the pram into a nullah. Children have been injured for life by that sort of thing."

That was the sort of a girl she was. A good leg in a boot, and she just went to pieces. And Jacob had a good leg though he was not much to look at otherwise. He was the richest bachelor in Ceylon, and had been the catch of many seasons. Mothers had brought their daughters all the way from England to have Jacob's eye cast upon them.

But still he remained a bachelor. There was something pathetic about this little nursery help, trying to hitch her wagon to a matrimonial star.

When Alison got her notice she burst into tears.

"Oh, don't send me away before the fourteenth, Mrs. MacMorrison. Please don't. For the Bishop and Mrs. Tindal have asked me to dine there. Quite a party, and I was looking forward to it so much. And goodness knows it may be the last party I'll ever get."

The Wiltonshire sailed on the fifteenth, and it made no difference to the MacMorrisons when she went. So Fanny agreed to let her stay until then, though she wasn't sure, when she heard from the Bishop's chaplain who the party was to be, that she hadn't made a mistake. Alison only wanted to go there to meet Jacob Duvesant.

It would be hopeless her falling in love with him. Merely more heartache. Though he was fat, and very plain, people said he had charm of manner that made you forget his looks, and he was only brother to a baronet. Not at all the sort of man to take up with a little nursery help. The presumption of the girl!

In any case he was a confirmed bachelor with a grand past behind him. It was whispered that he had been pretty wild in his day, and that even now there were times when he and his friends foregathered in the big luxurious bungalow where he lived in the Cinnamon Gardens, and that furniture got broken in a manner unusual in a gentleman's house. Not

just an old chair here and there, but whole sideboards and complete dining-room tables smashed to match-wood.

However, she assured herself no harm could be done by Alison meeting him like that, at the last minute, when she was off next day. The utmost presumption could not get her far at a time like that. Poor little nursery help, who was set upon becoming a lady!

FANNY never heard what passed at the dinner. It went off apparently quite uneventfully, and the following day Alison left for England. She left on the Wiltonshire. Fanny saw her off, all her sad trunks labeled "Parker—Ealing." She hoped this would be a lesson to the girl and make her more sober minded and efficient. She had thrown away the chance of a good home and more amusement than she would ever get in England. Alone with her in the cabin, Fanny gave her a little lecture.

"We are always happiest when we make the best of the life we are called to, Alison, instead of straining after something else."

Alison could only sob, "Oh, dear. I don't want to go. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"You know yourself, Alison, that you have not been trustworthy. Not had your heart in your work. You have been imagining vain things and vanities, Alison, turn to dust in our hands. Always. Always."

Alison continued to sob quietly. The last thing she had intended to do was to be sent back to Ealing where her mother would be anything but glad to see her. She had secretly dubbed the MacMorrisons a pair of softies she could do anything she liked with. She had never imagined they'd have the spirit to sack her. Given a bit more time, she might have got herself settled. But now they were sending her off. Just as she had got to know Mr. Duvesant, and he had been so polite to her.

She thought, "If I was married, and lucky, like some folks, I would want to help other girls have a good time. Not stand in their way all I knew."

The thought fermented in her mind, and was responsible for her parting shot to Fanny. The only time Alison ever answered back. For as Fanny left the cabin, Alison called something after her.

"What did you say?" Fanny poked her head round the door.

"What—what—you forget—" said Alison through her sobs, "is that He often puts down the mighty from their se-seats,

When The PARROT TALKED



SOME parrots say the sort of things that no nice girl should hear. Some parrots use no judgment at all. But "The Parrot that Talked in its Sleep" knew the language of love. Read Georgia Maxwell's story in the January issue of SMART SET.



Fanny, hesitating in the moon-lit passageway, discovered the sturdy, broad-shouldered figure of Mr. Gordon and discovered, also, that he was not alone. Fanny didn't know whether she should advance or retreat

and ex-halts the hum-humble and the me-meek."

It surprised Fanny very much.

"I always knew the little thing had her faults, but I never imagined she would be cheeky," she said to Robert that night.

After that they forgot Alison, who never sent them the promised post card announcing her safe arrival. The following year they went home on leave themselves, taking the babies home single handed. It was just before they sailed that the news reached Fanny via the Bishop's chaplain.

"Heard about Jacob Duvesant? He's married. Yes, honest. His friends had a telegram saying 'Departure from England postponed stop married this morning.' They had it repeated. Thought it must mean Jacob was dead, and ought to read

'Buried this morning.' The repeat came and it's true enough. To a Miss Parker. Quite young, I believe."

Fanny felt jarred for a moment. But, of course, it couldn't be her Miss Parker. Such a thing never for one minute entered even the Bishop's chaplain's mind. Jacob wasn't that sort. Parker was a common name. Every street in England has its Parker. Of course it wasn't Alison.

THEY sailed for home, but it was a curious thing the way Jacob Duvesant and his Miss Parker haunted Fanny. All the way to England she kept thinking about them, and the splendid sort of honeymoon Jacob could afford to give his bride and the clothes and the jewels [Continued on page 114]

Ten Commandments of CHARM

By

MARCELINE D'ALROY



MARCELINE D'ALROY might be called an international authority on charm. She has lectured on the subject from the stages, platforms and business offices of nearly every great city in this country and Europe. She has been style adviser to department stores and commercial houses—she has made vaudeville appearances and lecture tours—and her terse sentences have been widely syndicated. And—as you see from her photograph—she has obeyed her own commandments!

THOU SHALT LOVE EVERYTHING that is beautiful, including thyself, and thou must love everybody a little, some maybe very little; many moderately; a few greatly, and finally one man completely, for without the capacity to love no girl can ever hope to have anything but the merest smattering of charm. And thou shalt be especially kind to those who are at the beginning and at the end of life. Babies and little children, the aged, the suffering and the feeble shall all be a medium through which thou shalt express thy tenderness. For without tenderness a woman is like a flower without perfume, a bird without song, a night without stars.

THOU SHALT SPEAK LOW but clearly and distinctly. There is no charm in loud voices, and nothing beautiful was ever yet shouted.

THOU SHALT LISTEN INTELLIGENTLY for to listen, though hard, is one way of becoming irresistible. It is better to listen and learn from a clever man than to talk and try to teach a boy of no account. It is better to be considered "charming" by a superior than a "charmer" by one's inferiors.

THOU SHALT DRESS WELL but to charm by dress thou must appear simple. It is better to look simple and be smart than to look smart and be simple. Know thyself: thy face and form. And above all, take care of thine extremities, thine hat, thine shoes, thine gloves, for it is by those, far more than by the coat or dress, that thou art judged.

THOU SHALT BE PERFECTLY GROOMED for a homely girl with glossy hair, clever make-up, soft, white cared-for hands and dazzling teeth is infinitely more charming than the prettiest girl with a crude make-up, dandruff on her shoulder, a run in her stocking or a hole in her glove. To charm one must be spotless and shining always and all ways.

THOU SHALT NOT BE AWKWARD in gesture, posture, speech or manner, for awkwardness is the opposite of grace. Watch thyself. How thou sittest and standest, for if thou art all elbows and joints, all angles and points thou canst not be charming. Bodies that move beautifully move not in jerks, but in rhythms. Grace of body charms the eye often more potently than a pretty face.

THOU SHALT NOT BE SELFISH and be called charming. Any man or woman who would charm must possess tact. Tact is adroitness in speech and behaviour. Clever people are all tactful; only the stupid and the super-beautiful are persistently selfish. The ability to give and take charms men and women alike. And a smart girl realizes that she needs both on the journey through life.

THOU SHALT NOT PAINT thy face like a poster advertisement. A little painted girl may be charming, but a much painted woman is often a painful sight. Delicacy is Charm. A little make-up attracts. A little perfume intrigues. A large wave in the hair is more charming, because more natural than a tight, small wave. And the knees of a clever girl are her own secret!

THOU SHALT NOT USE SLANG for slang is an abomination on a woman's lips. It is the trade mark of those who do not or cannot think of gracious or suitable words with which to express their thoughts. It is the mark of the ignorant and the lazy: and above all it makes poor conversation. Slang is odious and should be put by the smart girl, once and for all, in the ash-can where belong the useless things we throw away, the rubbish, the outworn.

THOU SHALT NOT WORRY—fuss, fume, fret or fidget, for all these are fatal to charm. Have confidence in thyself, in others, in life. Think—and then act. There is more charm in a self-reliant girl these days than in a clinging vine. Be your best self all the time.

Read, study, digest and then ADOPT these ten points of charm into your daily life.

For charm will be yours if . . . you do!

An elite Bostonian of dark distinguished beauty

**MRS.
FRANKLIN MOTT
GUNTHER**

*is a leader in the Diplomatic
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LONDON, The Hague, Rome, Washington, Cairo—have all acclaimed the charm, the chic, the dark distinguished beauty of Mrs. Franklin Mott Gunther, wife of the well-known American diplomat.

Tall and of regal carriage, Mrs. Gunther has the lovely coloring of a Velasquez portrait. Her dusky hair is in striking contrast to her wonderful topaz eyes and the clear pale olive of her perfect skin.

Aristocrat in the true sense, Mrs. Gunther comes of a fine old Boston family, the Hunnewells. As a young girl, she went abroad to finish her education.

In Paris, as in America, a beautifully-kept skin is the first essential to chic. Mrs. Gunther chose the famous Two Creams to keep her own skin smooth and clear!

"I have used Pond's," she says, "ever since I was a young girl. For Pond's Creams are utterly wholesome, and I believe the skin should receive simple care." Now Mrs. Gunther finds Pond's two new products delightful. "The Freshener tones the skin so gently," she adds, "and the Tissues are the only immaculate means of removing Cold Cream." This is the



MRS. FRANKLIN MOTT GUNTHER, wife of the distinguished American diplomat, is a gracious hostess, whose hospitality has delighted hundreds of travelers abroad.



Pond's four famous products used by beautiful and distinguished women everywhere—Cold Cream for cleansing, Cleansing Tissues to remove cold cream, Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and tone, and Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

(left) A brilliant sportswoman, Mrs. Gunther excels at golf. During her residence at The Hague she was a familiar figure on the links and two years carried off the amateur championship honors of Holland.



complete Pond's Method of caring for the skin:

First, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times a day, and always after exposure. Pat on generously with upward, outward strokes, letting the light, pure oils sink deep into the pores and bring the dirt to the surface.

Then with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, gently wipe away cream and dirt. These new Tissues economize towels and laundry.

Next, after cleansing dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over face and neck. It closes the pores, firms, invigorates the skin, leaves it without a trace of oiliness.

Last, smooth in a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream, removing with Tissues.

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When you write to advertisers please mention SMART SET MAGAZINE

A Star Rises in the East

[Continued from page 21]

"The place I have—Pinecrest, at Bedford—isn't much farther. It wouldn't do I suppose. It is small but I love it."

"No," she said shortly. "It wouldn't. I don't like that country. Put it on the market, Steve. It has a certain quaintness."

But Helen, you never saw it."

She reddened. "That's telling on myself isn't it? But, dear, the truth is I did see it long ago. I was weekendending in Bedford. Oh, before I knew you, Steve," she gave him a glance, but he wasn't looking at her or thinking of what she had said—or—not at all.

"Marge is crazy about the place," he ventured slowly. "Maybe we'd be happier it—"

"Just as you feel, Steve," she said. "Don't worry about it now."

THAT night he couldn't sleep. What should he do? He could hardly ask a sensitive woman to live in another woman's house. Nor could he buy a thirty thousand dollar house in Greenwich on a ten thousand dollar salary. He'd have to explain to Helen. She wasn't practical, but she loved him, and when she knew how it was—Oh, he would tell her. He'd have to. Their marriage mustn't start absolutely wrong. He'd seen that deplorable happening too many times. He hadn't thought out the financial part of it. It had seemed enough that he would have her. His salary wasn't so bad if they were sensible. Of course he'd earn more. Once he was happy and at peace with himself, he'd certainly earn more.

It wasn't quite like Helen to be so strong for that Greenwich house—to say the fatigue of commuting wouldn't hurt him. She knew how hard he worked at the office. Still she was young—but—why she was twenty-nine!

Marge seemed so much older. That must be because of the big family and the hard row she'd had of it. In fact he'd given her all the playtime she'd known. She had been a good little sport in some ways. When he bought Pinecrest, how she'd worked to make the grubby little place into a home. Papering and painting with her own hands. She adored the place—loving things more than people, it must be.

She hadn't cared about losing him. That hurt terribly; he'd never forget that. And she hadn't cared about the baby. His little son! Would that old ache ever stop coming back? If only the boy had staid, he'd never have been at loose ends like this. Not free to make a new life either. Anchored. Perhaps it is better for a man to have definite ties.

The next morning there was a letter in Marge's square childish writing:

"Dear Steve. I am all right. Thanks for the check. I can use it as I had planned to do some things for Christmas. Peggy is with me. (That was Marge's young sister.) I've told my family we quarreled, and you went away. I'll tell them the truth when I see a chance. I want to go to Pinecrest on the twenty-fourth, but I'll leave Christmas night, so you will have time for your party."

"When your lawyer makes arrangements for me to go to Nevada, can he see about the college there? If it won't cost too much, I'd like to take a course to help me when I get a job. I guess you know what I'm best suited for. Marge."

"P. S. I've packed your things as you said. In the steamer trunk are your wool and silk things. Please wear them. You know what the doctor said if you have pneumonia again."

Who would have dreamed of Marge being like this? No reproaches, no whining, no

word of promises broken, no berating the other woman. Just a simple facing forward. Gallant. He remembered suddenly the adoration he had had for her once. But the man who had been that lover was dead.

At five-thirty Helen was waiting in her roadster to take him to a Long Island roadhouse for dinner. She was lovely in her squirrel coat and white angora turban—his violets against her cheek.

"Tired?" he asked as he kissed her.

"A little, Steve, and worried. I'm sorry I teased you about that Greenwich house. That is a lot of money. That trip we planned to Italy—that will be enough expense for our first year. And I'm willing to try Pinecrest. See what a good girl I am? I don't like Bedford, but I'll have you. I'll fix the place over. Can't we run up there Sunday, and I'll get the layout of the place, and can be planning—"

"But, Helen—not—not this Sunday. You see her things are still—"

"That doesn't matter. She'll be getting out soon. Perhaps there are things you should keep. I'd like to see."

"But anything that Marge wants—I owe her that much."

"I don't see why. It was all your money that paid for them. I thought you said she wasn't going to make any trouble."

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS

By ELIZABETH CHISHOLM

To Mother:

A coat of mink,
I think!

To Brother:

A racing car—
From Pa!

To Sister:

A Paris dress,
I guess—

To Baby:

A lot of toys,
With noise.

To Grandpa:

A three-pint flask,
(Don't ask!)

To the Secretaries, Office
Boys, Clerks, etc.

This day of days?
A raise!

To the Cook, Butler, Elevator
Boys, Postmen, Ice
Men, Garbage Men, etc.

To grease the palm's
No harm.

To Dad:

Peace and goodwill,
(And such a bill!)

"Oh, she isn't, dear, but it has been her house—"

"I know, but I'm overlooking that for your sake. I'm trying to save you money!" He had never heard that note of impatience in her voice, before. "I haven't asked you, Steve, but shall you have to give her alimony?"

"Don't you think I should?"

"Why should we be punished all our lives, because you made a mistake? You say she is glad to be free. If there were children it would be different. A child always makes trouble—"

Steve's heart tightened. He had made no trouble—little son!

AT DUSK on the twenty-third of December, Steve got out of the station taxi at the gate of his country place. Little Pinecrest was snuggling in a blanket of snow.

Jeff Barnes, the neighbor who kept an eye on the place in and out of season, was shoveling a path through the feathery drift.

"Well, well, Mr. Bradford. Wasn't lookin' for you. I'd of had the fire goin'. The missus sent word she'd be here tomorrer. All her Santy boxes has landed, and I took 'em down to the church. Guess a lot of folks round here'd have a slim Christmas if it wasn't fer that little lady. Set your traps down till I finish this step. I'll tote 'em in—"

"All right, Jeff. I can make it. They're empty bags."

They stamped off the snow in the little hall.

"I'll tech off this fireplace," Jeff drew a match across his corduroys, "and while it's warmin' up I'll run down and start the furnace. Shall I bring you over a bite?"

"No thanks, Jeff, I've had my dinner. I've a bit of work to do." A good fellow Jeff—the salt of the earth.

Steven came back to the fire. The little low ceilinged room was in exquisite order. It was a veritable treasure house. The andirons! That brass kettle and trivet he had found in a Litchfield farmhouse! Two Chippendale chairs that had graced the home of Anthony Wayne! The corner cupboard that held the precious Lowestoft china, pearly white with its flower medallions, and bands of lacquer red and gold! The satiny gleam of an old mahogany table! These exquisite things were his but it was Marge who had put the breath of life into the place. Even if she went her small ghost would linger. Why not take his books and small personal possessions and go away? Wicked how old sentiment chains us!

The coast must be clear when Marge came tomorrow night, and brought Peggy with her—Peggy whose little sister worship had meant more than he knew. What would she say when she found out the truth? Perhaps she would come here to live with Marge, and they'd have the red rambler over the porch. Marge had wanted it so long. He hated red ramblers, but he might have let her have it.

Jeff came in to say good night—slouched in the doorway.

"You folks ain't thinkin' of sellin'?"

Steve shook his head.

"Everybody's plumb worried. Mis' Bradford said she mightn't be here this summer. No, she didn't tell us, but the Tuckers. Since you folks has been havin' that New York doctor takin' care of the Tucker kid's foot, by hooky, that kid is walkin'. She said you'd paid for it in advance, and they was to keep on takin' the kid, even if she wasn't here. She's one fine little woman."

What was this? Steve turned in his chair, staring.

"The loveliness of soft smooth skin never fails to touch the heart," say 39 Hollywood Directors

EVERY GIRL must have petal-smooth skin if she is to be truly attractive, says Hollywood.

"People respond instantly to the loveliness of beautiful skin," says F. W. Murnau, Fox director—and sums up the experience of important Hollywood directors.

"All screen stars know this," he goes on to say. "They take the utmost care of their skin. Girls who attain success in the films have skin of amazing smoothness."

When a close-up is being taken today, screen stars have to face even stronger incandescent lights—the huge new "sun-spots," so that any tiniest skin defect would be registered on the film.

It is especially significant, then, that 98% of them depend on Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin in perfect condition.

*9 out of 10 screen stars
use it for smooth skin*



ESTHER RALSTON, Paramount star, finds this soap a real joy. It is made by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps. "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping the skin smooth," she says.



Photo by C. Hewitt, Hollywood

JANET GAYNOR, Fox star, in the bathroom built just for her loveliness. "There's a caressing quality to Lux Toilet Soap that I have never found before."

Janet Gaynor

IN HOLLYWOOD, of the 451 important actresses, including all stars, 442 (98%) use Lux Toilet Soap for the clear smooth skin a screen star must have.

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—and all the great film studios have made this white, delicately fragrant soap the official soap for their dressing rooms.



MARY ASTOR, Fox star, says: "A smooth skin is one of the most important assets a screen star has. I always use Lux Toilet Soap."

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10¢

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Jeff was waiting. Steve spoke with an accent. "We—I—We don't know yet about the money. Jeff—but if I were away—and Mr. Bradford was here—then I'm sure—that that would look after her—"

"You let your life we would. You don't need to worry one mate."

SO THAT was the Marge these people knew. Where did she get the money for the Tucker kid's tooth? That tiny allowance he hadn't increased it in five years. At the commencement of her tastes, he had thought. The little thing—she had hated and laughed at! Marge who made her own money and bought her jewelry in Woolworth's and cringed to buy Christmas gifts for these kids, and to give the Tucker boy a chance. And never a word to him! Why?

Jeff had now—the bridges were burned—two kids for retreats.

He turned himself at last, he must get through. He went upstairs. There was only one room furnished there: a big low-ceilinged, darning-windowed room. That, too, was a place of beauty—the mahogany bedstead prim in its old blue bedspread; the framed prints; the map of old New York. Treasures—he hated to give them up. Marge had never seemed to appreciate them. Perhaps she would be willing for him to take them. She had said "A few things in the house I want."

But no he wouldn't take them! This was her house. If she went her ghost would stay here always—a gay small ghost in tawdry finery. Was she a soulless child, or as these simple kindly folks saw her, an angel of mercy?

The wind was rising. It howled in the chimney, moaned in the great pine. The living room clock struck midnight. He must go to bed. Not in this bedroom. Never again there. The living room couch—before the dying fire, with a blanket or two.

THERE were no blankets in the bedroom. None in the linen closet. That empty room across the hall—Marge stored things there. The door was locked. Like her to lock up a few blankets against burglars, and leave a houseful of treasures in easy reach. He knew she kept her key in a brass bowl on the mantel. He unlocked the door.

There were boxes and trunks. On the floor, piled up on spread newspapers, a sizable heap of red-ribboned Christmas packages. He saw that the paper was dated December seventeenth. Why, she must have been here then only a week ago!

These were her trunks and she had been packing—but what? He hadn't missed anything from the rooms. He lifted the lid of the large trunk. A faint sweet smell—he had noticed it in the room—came strongly from it. The scent of dried roses. There was a book on top. He took it out—the diary he had given her the first year of their marriage. He had never seen it since. It was much worn.

There was a small boy's Indian suit, gorgeous with colored feathers; a bow and arrows; a toy aeroplane; a catcher's glove; a hat. These must be Christmas gifts for the neighborhood children. Story books—Captain Kidd—a simplified Treasure Island. A box of marbles.

He delved farther—the trunk was full. A tiny scooter-bike—tinker toys, down to furry cats and celluloid ducks. Why on earth had she hoarded them? Some of them were several years old. It was at least six years since that Barney Google thing was out. He looked at it a long time.

A nameless dread gripped him but he went on. In the very bottom of the trunk was a stout box. He untied it. The dead rose fragrance came from it. He knew without looking what he would find. Little dresses, yellowed; an infinitesimal pink flannel coat; tiny socks; the exquisite clothes she had made for the baby who had never

needed them. Marge, the gypsy, who gave her husband so nonchalantly to another woman.

The door had only a little of herself. It was filled with scraps copied from books—the books he had selected to make her over to his standards. God forgive him! But once in a while there were a few words written in that first year. "I'm so happy, only I'm afraid. I wish I'd been to college. The books he gives me to read are terrible—but I'm going to keep at them. Books won't



Pinecrest would have had a slim Christmas if Marge hadn't played Santa Claus to the whole village

teach me to love him any more than I do."

"Steve is busy—he works too hard. But I'm not lonesome any more now that you are coming. It will be spring. You'll love the corner I'm fixing for you under the apple tree. There's a grand little brook, too. Before long you'll be big enough to sail your boats there. I've planned it all for you, little son."

The next entry was almost a year later. "If only you had staid! Was it because Dad didn't want you? I know he didn't seem to care, but that was only because he didn't know you as I did. Oh, son, if you'd staid you'd have seen—"

"I've put all your things away and I'll keep them for you—"

"You're a big boy now, going to school. Life isn't easy, even for little boys whose mothers love them, but we have to keep going. How I dread your first day at school, but don't mind if things are strange and the teacher is cross. That's only because she doesn't know you, little son. You'll be home soon, and we'll go to the park. I've a fine new scooter bike for you."

Then in faintest pencil, as if she might decide to erase it— "He is going away, son—farther than you have gone. I want to beg him to stay: he is all I have. But life is as it is. I couldn't keep you—either—"

Steve Bradford closed the book and crumpled down beside the trunk.

MARGE came at six o'clock on Christmas Eve as with the waving of flags. She got out of the station taxi, and was at once surrounded by at least eight youngsters. Some of them had hitched, others had run alongside the Ford. They seized her bags and bundles and escorted her to the house.

She wore an old leather coat and a red beret.

"Merry Christmas, Jeff. Why, you've got the house like toast!" she called, and then

she saw Steve.

She stopped—on guard. The fear in her dark eyes sickened him.

"You promised," she said huskily, her eyes going past him into the living room.

"All right, Marge. I'm alone."

She drew a long breath, and turned to her retainers. "Take every thing into the kitchen," she ordered. "Jennie, run and ask your mother for three quarts of milk. We'll make chocolate. That big box has the sandwiches. Let's see—one—two—seven of you. Stick around, all of you, and you can help me carry the rest of the things to the church."

She was putting a big apron over the red dress—measuring sugar into a saucepan, lighting the oil-stove. "Here, Tom, stir this. And Nell—get down the cups—paper napkins—and paper plates for the sandwiches are in that closet."

Once she flung Steve a defiant look which said, "You've no business here," but he stood in the doorway and watched her as if he had never seen her before—as indeed he hadn't—lonely little soul on masquerade!

WHEN they started for church, down the snowy path, he went with them. Marge was ahead, with the girls, carrying the marvelous silver star she had brought from New York for the top of the tree. Two of the boys fell into step with him.

It was a perfect Christmas Eve. There was snow—a cloudless sky—a slender moon—hard bright stars—a vagrant wind and—peace.

"I guess it's that star there." One of the boys pointed to a bright planet just rising over the Eastern hills. "Ain't it, Mr. Bradford?"

And Steve, remembering a time, thirty years ago, when the stars had not been at all far away, said he had no doubt that it was the very star.

Even in the turmoil of the little church there was peace. The smell of wood smoke—the tang of cedar—Marge playing the tiny piano—the old Christmas hymns sung so badly—so beautifully. Then the distribution of the gifts—Marge sitting on the piano bench, her small face glowing, her arm around the ecstatic Tucker kid who wasn't so lame any more.

It was a long time before she could get away from them. There were so many things for Mrs. Bradford to hear. Old Mrs. Bennett was "just tickled to death" with the rose shawl; she "never'd had nothin' all her life only drab and brown." A young girl thanking Marge shyly for a string of beads.

The minister, young, shabby, greeted him warmly. "Mr. Bradford, we are thankful for this visit—glad to have you with us. Mrs. Bradford says you are always too busy and I'm sorry. But you've been mighty generous with your money. You've done worlds of good. God bless you!"

AT LAST they were alone on their own doorstep. The star, the bright one, had climbed the sky. It was over their heads now. "It is rising," Steve said to himself.

In the door of the living room she faced him, a small thing at bay. "Steve," she said piteously, "you make it so hard for me. Please don't watch me. I won't take the things I know you want, I promise. Only a few little things that mean nothing to you—were never yours—Steve, I beg you—"

But he held her, whispering, "Marge, I know—they were his, my little son's!" His arms slipped down—he was on his knees, his face hidden in the hated red silk dress.

"I was blind—blind—I am not fit to touch you—but Marge—let me stay. Marge, don't cry. I know now—only forgive me and let me stay!"

One bright star, blazing across the sky—seemed to halt for a moment, and stand over the little house.

make this your winter of SUPREME LOVELINESS through PRINCESS PAT

Make-Up and Skin Care Are So Important

Winter . . . cold, nipping winds, pastimes that take you in and out of doors . . . zestful, brimful days of shopping, of dances, of pleasure, but so hard upon your skin . . . so disastrous to the very beauty upon which your social success and keenest enjoyment depends.

And winter brings your beauty to closest inspection . . . places you under the brilliant lights of the ballroom . . . the contacts of your bridge game . . . all the countless hours of indoor pleasures. Yet notice how different are the complexions you see — some beautifully soft and velvety, some roughened and hardly smoothed to a semblance of beauty. Just chance? Not likely, for the smart, sophisticated woman of today leaves nothing to chance.

Princess Pat Beauty Aids Guard Your Skin and Give You Supreme Loveliness

Just the soothing caress of Princess Pat powder *helps wonderfully*. Its famous almond base, of course, protects against winter's winds and cold. Not a bit like the usual powders of *starch base*. Instead of harshness — when the skin is drawn with cold — Princess Pat almond base powder gives smoothness and pliancy. It protects the pores. And when you go out of doors — go from hot to cold — there is not the same shock to your skin.

Then there is Princess Pat Rouge. It, too, has a base of precious almond. 'Tis a further protection to your skin to use this most fashionable — and most flattering — of all rouges. You'll love Princess Pat Rouge, for

no other rouge can possibly glorify your natural beauty as does Princess Pat. Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by a very secret "duo-tone" process. Consequently — where old fashioned rouges are dull, flat and artificial, Princess Pat Rouge is alive and glowing with *more than natural beauty*. Seven significant shades, including *Summertime* and *Nite*.

Another (and very important) beautifying touch is Princess Pat Lip Rouge. It colors the inside surface of the lips, too, and is of such perfect consistency and such ideal color that the true Cupid bow lip is yours without fail. You cannot imagine — but must *experience* — the effect to know how beautiful your lips can be made.

And, of course, creams! There are the three Princess Pat creams to keep your skin smooth and pliant during the most severe trials of winter weather.



Lupe Velez, famous screen beauty, registers delight—the rouge is Princess Pat. At the left Lupe is seen applying Princess Pat Cream (skin food). Her gesture very aptly suggests the caress of this marvelous cream.

Try the Seven Princess Pat Beauty Aids in Famous Week-End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for thorough trial—enough for two weeks, if used with reasonable economy. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder, and lip rouge. The set contains generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, almond base powder, rouge and lip rouge. The charge of 25c helps pay for the packing of set in beautiful box, and postage. Our only other recompense is the opportunity to have you try Princess Pat beauty aids and learn their special virtues. We desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

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The Christmas Spirit

[Continued from page 50]

you 'My Old Fat Fool,' dear, and you said to me 'Gripes girlie, the angels must have sent you!'

"Now I am away from Elmsbranch and I want you to send me one hundred dollars (\$100) so I can come home at once. Now, darling, be sure and wire me at once, dear. I am going to look for you to wire me the money without fail because I have your wife's picture, dear, on which you drew a pair of horns, so just wire me \$100 so I can be home and will make everything all right."

"Wire me by Saturday the latest and I will close now with my picture in the letter. Will be here until Saturday. I will meet you Sunday morning at the Sumner Avenue Station on the 10:15, so I know you will know when you get this letter. Be good until I see you. I hope you won't disappoint me, darling, because if you do it will break my heart, dear, and I will then drink a bottle of shoe polish, darling, and it will kill me, sweetheart, but, honey, I will make you the only recipient in my will (because I love you). Good-by from your baby. I remain ever, yours truly, Baby. Florabelle De La Newport, 2645 Refinery Avenue, South, Mugwump, Ills."

"WELL," mused Willoughby when he had completed reading the epistle, "looks like my cue to get surrounded by a ring of index fingers—all the owners of which will utter sneering, and jeering jibes, following which I will totter brokenly out of the life of Elmsbranch."

"First I will try changing my name, starting life anew in a far distant town. But twenty-five years later, Mrs. Gooseberry will happen in to visit friends, and recognize and expose me, so I may as well save time and become a South Sea derelict in the regulation tattered pants and bottle of trade gin at once."

"No, dammit all. I can't become a South Sea bum. I've never been a surgeon. Only surgeons who have killed their best friends while operating on them and then gradually go to the dogs are eligible to become South Sea bums. Ya can't fool me. I've been to the movies and every beach comber from Papeete to Tahiti still has his stethoscope."

"Dammit, what can I do?"

"I can sock my dough in my wife's name!!! The heck I can! That'll only give her more to battle me with when it come out."

"Oh—oh—oh!!! Why did I ever have a birthday in the first place!!!"

"Oh—if I only had a blanket I'd crawl into an empty vault and call it a life right now. That reminds me. That watchman outside is going to start getting leery. Especially when he sees me feeding the wreath to a horse. In my excitement I should remember that grandpa was lost in a squall off the Rompage Betsy in '88. Oh—oh—oh!!!"

Well might Willoughby quake in terror. The thought of the horror of the believing and loving populace of Elmsbranch was enough to turn his hair gray, but merely to contemplate his four brothers of the Committee of Public Welfare was enough to make it fall out besides.

On every side they loomed inquisitorially in his vision: right, pitiless, inexorable! Each a pillar of upright goodness, Squire Higglewitch, Zeke Longworthy, Homer Barnstead and Col. Scrambaugh.

THE Sunday before Christmas found Willoughby, aged like no wine ever was after three days, pacing with a papier maché

nonchalance in front of the Sumner Avenue Station and casting a worried eye now and then up the track in the direction of the 10:15.

Would the darn train never come? He glanced back over his shoulder at the clock in front of Meyers—and then slowly felt all his bones turn to wet spaghetti. There across the street pacing furtively up and down was none other than Squire Higglewitch.

"Trailing me by gosh," thought Willoughby. "Faking off he don't see me. Well I'll call his bluff. I'm sunk anyway." He crossed over.

"Morning, Higg. What all brings you out here?"

Squire Higglewitch seemed to go white all of a sudden!

"Well—er—ahem—well. Fact of the matter is—I'd been—er—contemplating the purchase of Gottlieb's meat market here (this is very confidential you know), and—er—I'd just been out viewing its desirability as to location—y'know. Can't be too careful these days on a business proposition. Heh—heh—and what brings—"

"Oh," said Willoughby. "Yes, to be sure. My physician advised exercise. Plenty of walking you know."

While they stood thus lying, both became aware of another figure stalking behind a pile of milk cans. A figure resembling one of those fussy, bottle Scotch Terriers that always seem on the way to a directors' meeting.

They pounded his back to bring him to.

"How did I get here? Where am I?" he muttered. "Oh, now it all comes back. I lay down for a nap in my hammock—and—well bless my stars here I am."

"As I was saying, Squire," said Willoughby, shooting an uneasy look up the track, "an ideal location for a meat market."

They were all petrified by a distant tooting of an engine whistle.

They stood like dummies as the 10:15 rolled in, stopped a moment and pulled out without a soul getting off.

They eyed each other like immobile open-mouthed idiots.

"Well, I'll be figgered"—ejaculated Zeke. "She can't pull anything like—"

"Vamoosed with the dough," snorted the Colonel.

"It's a low down game," began Homer.

Then they all stopped short, eyeing each other sheepishly. It remained for the squire to snap the tension.

"Come on you gang of liars, including myself," he roared. "Pony up your letters. We've all got to stick this out together."

A circle of grins broke out. With the ice broken and all in the same dish of parsley, a great relief appeared on each bright and pious face.

The boys began to compare notes.

"She was a little devil at that," snickered Zeke. "Purty and a pair of eyes—boy!!!"

"Ha!!! Eyes!!!" snorted the squire. "You shoulda seen her—"

THE boys becoming emboldened now, began to brag and invent, and exchange anecdotes.

Squire Higglewitch, right on the spur of the moment related a couple of incidents that no censor would share with the dear public.

And tickled at his own inventive ability, he went into a mutual admiration session with himself and didn't even hear Zeke Longworthy's version of the modern American nights, nor the extemporaneous one-act play which Colonel Scrambaugh produced, with himself as the hero and Florabelle in the dual role of heroine and villainess.

The home grown talent of the town had never before been given such a swell chance to strut its stuff.

There was nothing of the all-welcome-sheep attitude in the atmosphere of Elmsbranch that morning—rather an all pervading sense of good fellowship such as comes only to a group who can sit down to Christmas dinner with a clear conscience and a sense of lies well told.

Homer contributed a couple of fabrications that would have had a psycho-analyst jumping off his chair, while Willoughby added to the gaiety of the gathering with two chapters lifted bodily out of Boccaccio, just changing names and dates to make it fit in Elmsbranch.

Then they shook hands solemnly agreeing to stick together on a big lie.

"A fat chance that schemer's word would have with us. Remember now, boys—we were all drinking milk and viewing stereopticon slides at the dinner while discussing Christmas cheer for the poor."

And they departed merrily, singing and cavorting through the town and all Elmsbranch stopped and looked and marvelled and called upon its children to witness the joy and happiness that came to these good men through their noble thoughts and lofty ideals, and their kind and charitable deeds, and their cheerful spreading of Peace on Earth—Good Will towards men only.

THE BEAU-CONSTRICTOR

By BERTON BRALEY

HE IS a subtle Parlor Snake

Who charms the frills, and no mistake,

His line is such that he can shake

The flappers' hearts and thrill 'em;

He knows his groceries and his oil,

He knows his outs, his Book of Hoyle,

And anywhere he wants to coil

This Parlor Snake can "kill 'em."

Yes, he's a serpent, smooth and slick,

Whose methods always seem to click,

He certainly has learned the trick

Of making cuties gladder,

And yet in spite of all his swank,

He foots up figures in a bank

And hence this Parlor Snake must rank

As nothing but an adder!

"Zeke Longworthy!!!" they exclaimed.

"It's a lie—it's a lie," shouted Zeke.

"She's a liar. I have influential friends. She can't—er—ahem! That is—I mean—that wind blew a pile of lumber from in front of my store right down this way gents and I'm—"

THEY were interrupted by the arrival of a fourth figure who sprang like a kangaroo with delirium tremens when he caught sight of them. It was Homer Barnstead!

"They tell me my dog Carlo which strayed last night was observed in this neighborhood gentlemen," he began excitedly.

Before he could finish, the gathering was doubled in weight by the arrival of Col. Scrambaugh!!! At the first sight of the group, the worthy Colonel stuck out his arms, shut his eyes and commenced snoring.

Don't envy teeth like these



Yours, too, can look attractive

*—this modern dentifrice
is winning millions*

YOU have your favorite dentifrice—but lay it aside for one month while you try this new one which has won more than a million users in the last four years.

Listerine Tooth Paste is its name—made by the makers of Listerine. There can be no question of its quality.

Note how quickly it removes tartar and discoloration from dull, off-color teeth. Note how their natural whiteness becomes apparent. See how it makes them glisten—a brilliant luster such as nature intended.

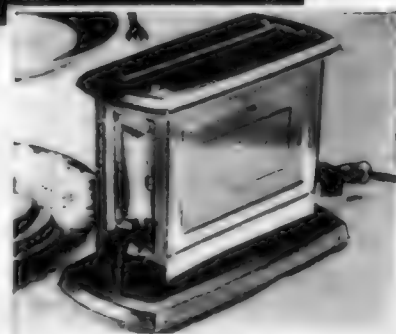
Observe how it penetrates tiny between-the-teeth crevices and washes out matter that causes decay.

And then—note the wonderful, fresh, clean feeling it imparts to the mouth, that sense of invigoration you associate with Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



*Yes—only 25¢ the large tube
Buy what you want with what you save*

You can, for instance, get a toaster with that \$3.00 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste. Its cost (25¢ a large tube) is about half of that of the ordinary dentifrice. And millions, both men and women, having proved that it cleans teeth whiter, are glad to take advantage of this economy.



LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE..25¢

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Winter Finds Fashion Clever and Courteous

[Continued from page 87]

the wagger, snug hipline. I've selected for you this month, nevertheless, a long evening wrap with a big fur collar. For to me, unless you are just one of those pampered millionaires who ride from date to date in a motor limousine, a longish and warm evening coat seems very necessary. As a girl who has to trail about in chilly taxicabs during winter evenings, I hate that cold cutting feeling about the ankles that a short wrap gives.

Of course, your choice of evening wrap should be influenced by your choice of evening gowns. There is a little controversy on the subject of the length of evening gowns. Last winter you could wear them either long or short, but this winter they really must have a long appearance. The gown I have selected for you this month gives the long look through its clever side panels, but is short enough in front to make it agreeable for dancing. While many chic girls wear period gowns of taffeta to dancing parties, I mustn't don't like them for most of us. They make us look too much like animated telephone dolls and when it comes to dancing I do feel that a revealed half leg is better than none. Naturally this dictum doesn't go for net, lace or tulle gowns. Those can be worn straight to the floor and make you seem to dance with the divine grace of an Irene Castle. They get this way through the lightness of the material employed and their charming, shadowy revelations of the girlish legs beneath them. Much tulle will be worn by the younger set this winter, and very right they are.

OVER tulle or taffeta period dresses, I do feel winter wraps are smarter while over slim silhouette things I prefer the longer coats. In selecting your evening frocks a significant thing to remember is that the décolletage is still as deep as it was last winter.

In the dress category, sleeves and necklines are being subjected to interesting and in some cases, startlingly smart treatments. Thus, there is one variation of sleeve which completely covers the hand, another whose cuffs are exceptionally wide. Some sleeves emphasize the balloon effect from elbow to wrist and a few revert to the ancient leg o' mutton outline. These, however, are pretty extreme and unless you have such scads of clothes nothing matters, I'd avoid them.

I saw some frocks with sleeves that had bowknots at the elbow, which wouldn't go well in an office, but which ought to be a riot at a party. Certainly a lot of good dresses are going to continue sleeveless and

floating sleeves, on other models, fit in nicely with the animated silhouette, when they don't present a rather tea-gownish sort of look.

Among the various necklines the school-girl collar is highly effective and nothing gives you that beautiful young look more certainly. Dropping cape collars are still as good as money in the bank, and the tied neckline, dripping with little bows that Chanel started in the spring, continues to be among those present. So, pay your money and take your choice.

THE newest costume jewelry is all being done in bronze and goldish shades and if you have tried to don your old white pearls recently, you'll know why. White about the neck appears pretty awful with the remnants of a sun-

fancy footwear but don't succumb. If you think opera pumps in suede or patent leather just too plain, get opera pumps in snakeskin, lizard or some special material. But let it go at that.

Black and other colored gloves of suede are appearing on the hands of the better clad, which makes them a thing worth remembering when you shop.

Naturally, I don't have to go much into the hat situation, for you all know that you must keep them back from your brows; you must have short crowns, and the longer the back is, the better.

With Christmas approaching and all of us contemplating buying a certain amount of lingerie for gifts and hoping to get as good as we send, it's a wise girl who knows her princess lines. The old underwear simply won't do under the new narrow silhouette while close, fitted, one-piece combinations will not only be strictly tailored, or necessary but delightful. These can be very lacy, according to your personal taste. If you want lace, stick to the tobacco shades. It's smartest and it launders magnificently.

Whisper it, also, that stiffer and taller girdles are most certainly on the way back. They don't look like the corsets our older sisters used to wear. Honestly, they are so trig and captivating that you feel you just must buy one. Of net, lace, taffeta and such feminine fabrics, they are irresistible. They are a wise precaution under natural-waistline, fitted yoke-skirt, dresses, anyhow.

THERE is no escaping the advisability of budgeting one's expenditures and settling upon one's chosen colors. Nothing ruins a wardrobe more than careless spending and too many colors. I know no quicker route to chic than selecting one color for a season's dresses and sticking to it. Let's say, for example, that you are a natural blonde and you select one of the newer greens as your self-expression tint. Green is not one of those exclusive colors that refuse to go with other shades. You can get a green hat and green shoes, in the exact shade of your first dress of the year, or in lighter or darker colors. You can combine green with yellow or brown; with the right black; even sometimes with gray. It depends upon the sensitiveness of your eye when originally buying. But with one central color, you won't go haywire and buy scarlet bags and purple umbrellas, for instance, that may be delightful individually but have no relationship to your wardrobe.

When you have selected your color scheme, work out exactly how much you can spend and on what you can spend it. In winter, your new coat may use up a large share of your fund. Remember if you can't afford dresses, new hats and shoes have a way of making an old dress pass unnoticed. And don't forget in buying this season, that there's another coming.



The brim of this smart close-fitting black felt hat is faced with hatter's plush. Price \$12.50

Courtesy Hunkin, Neale and Forbes



This jersey suit has two blouses—one of jersey and one of crepe. It's a complete weekend outfit

Courtesy Bromley-Shepard Co.

tan, so flatter your face and keep up with the mode, by indulging in bronze beads or gold.

I saw some ducky bracelets in gold plated material the other day, made like a gypsy's with coins and all manner of things dangling off them. They were most inexpensive, and I recommend these for that jaunty touch so necessary to real chic. Of course, if you just must have pearls—and there is no escaping their general usability with all kinds of frocks—select those that can be worn on the throat in several strands. Five or more strands are not too many for a smart winter throat to carry.

Smart shoes are simple and don't let anybody fool you on that. A good many shoe stores are trying to put across very

The Stock Booster

[Continued from page 51]

during the past ten years. There were those smart English felt hats, the Fortmason, that she cornered exclusively for Best's in this country. There was her novel idea for special shops within the store—a Little Lake Placid Shop, a Summer Sports Shop, a Palm Beach shop—where the vacationer could buy everything for the occasion from sandals to pearls. A clever idea and a practical one—so clever that other stores have copied it.

There was her bold introduction of cottons as far back as 1926—a foolhardy venture, the other stores called it. But today, they too are advertising cotton frocks for morning, noon, and evening wear. Other American stylists follow Paris slavishly, but Mary Lewis knows her America.

"We have far hotter summers here than they have in either Paris or London," she reasoned. "Why should we stick (literally speaking!) to woolen sweaters, when lisle sweaters could be made just as soft and form-fitting?"

So she campaigned among the manufacturers until she found one who would make the garment she wanted. And to give it éclat she christened it the "Antibes Shirt," since that very season "L'Illustration" showed French women parading at Antibes on the Riviera in cotton shirts. Short-sleeved lisle sweaters she made too, and dubbed them jauntily "Chukker Shirts"—à la pola. This season you can buy their like at any up-to-date store on the Avenue.

It was Mary Lewis, too, who first let America in on the sunburn vogue. When she was at Deauville in 1925 she noticed that the French women—amazing to behold—were lying on the sands and deliberately burning their precious skins. So she packed up the idea and brought it home with her.

ABSORBED as she has been with her designing and styling, Miss Lewis has found the time to write her own copy. It is a new kind of advertising copy she writes—or at least it was new before it was widely imitated. Instead of boring the prospective customer with prosy statements, she talks about clothes colloquially, using just the pat phrases and slang expressions that young America is using. Cleverly she drops a hint to the debutante that "Palm Beach chic this season depends on going without."

But nine times out of ten she tunes up her typewriter to catch the attention of the modern young woman in her 'teens or twenties. A Fashion Questionnaire—a telegram from Palm Beach—an ad glorifying "This Day and Age" with its bare legs and scanty clothes—this is the kind of advertising copy that makes the young things about town feel perfectly at home at Best's.

When people talk of Mary Lewis they talk of her daring. In the very teeth of the world of fashion that apes Paris at every move, she published a full-page ad on "England's Place in the Mode Today," pointing out our indebtedness to England for all kinds of smart sportswear. Her gesture assumed international proportions.

This summer, when evening dresses are dipping longer and longer, she conceived the idea of a low-backed tennis dress made in satin for evening wear—just because some women look much smarter in short skirts, and because men do not like to dance with long skirts. These are the signs of the times that manufacturers cannot be expected to understand. But Mary Lewis senses the subtle relation between style and use, between chic and daring. She may have happened by chance into the department store world, but she brought to it an amazing zest for work, a striking originality, and a clever understanding of human nature. Of such stuff is success compounded.



Now! You can be radiant and vital in the evening: *after an exhausting day!*

NO MATTER how exhausting your day, how fatiguing your business, shopping or social hours—your evenings can always be radiant and vital when you revivify your body as do the smart women of Paris.



FLORAL
EAU DE COLOGNE
"A BODY LOTION"
by CHERAMY
PARIS

ODEURS
JOLI SOIR (Gloaming) JASMIN MIMOSA
FOUGÈRE (Royal Fern) LILAS ROSE
MUGUET POIS DE SENTEUR VIOLETTE
(Sweet Pea) CHYPRE



Pat cool, soothing dashes of Chermamy's Floral Eau de Cologne on your skin. Thrill at its electric response, its tingling shock, the vigor of its contact. Your skin grows supple, soft—a glowing, elastic glove for stretching, youthful muscles.

Now you are radiant and vital. Your whole being is fragrant with the seductive essence of Chermamy's floral odors. You are ready for the night—and the night's rich pleasures.

A generous flacon of Chermamy's Floral Eau de Cologne, containing several applications, will be sent you free—that you may learn to be ever radiant and vital as are the smart women of Paris. Just mail the coupon below.

CHERAMY, Inc., Dept. B3
539 West 45th Street, New York City
You may send me without charge, a trial flacon of Chermamy Floral Eau de Cologne—a new Lotion for the body.

Please designate perfume desired

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Fifty-Fifty

[Continued from page 30]

clothes no more than rags kept decent with thorn pins; their skins were cracked with sun and wind and insect bites.

Two convictions had settled upon them in that fierce week of wandering together. Brenda, piqued at first by Tom Chester's cold self-sufficiency, his stark aloofness, was certain that of all men she knew he alone was worth a woman's winning. He, mildly interested at first in Brenda Nolan, the woman, had decided beyond argument that there are two distinct spheres in life, a man's and a woman's; and any woman who wanted to ape a man should be treated as one, utterly.

SHE accepted the equality and held up her end, savagely. But while he climbed a tall tree to seek for an encouraging sign in the trackless forest, she sat limply on a log and moaned in dire bodily distress. Her feet were burning lumps; her flesh flamed with insect bites and poisonous scratches. Had he descended with a hopeful face she would have surrendered to her womanhood then and there. But he was even graver than usual. He had grown haggard; his jaw was grim; his neck muscles like cords; but his eyes flashed as of old. Indomitable, that was the word. She could be no less.

"We've followed the stream the wrong way," he said. "It must be one of those rivers flowing inland to the lakes. We're a long way from home, partner."

She was on her feet as he spoke, busily scratching together the sticks for a fire. There was nothing to cook, yet. She was, oh, so tired of eternal toasted fish or birds or little animals without bread, or salt, or vegetables, nothing but rare jungle fruit which he would not always let her eat after she plucked it. But from the fire sticks she answered him with a laugh.

"It's no further to go back than it was to come, Tom."

He glanced dubiously at her. Even she had started at the sound of her own laugh and voice. It was hoarse, and ragged, and hard. The Brenda Nolan of the society columns and drawing room silks would have shuddered to hear that voice and laugh from anybody else. But she was smiling when he caught sight of her face, and he was at once relieved. He had feared hysteria.

That night a black maned lion and his mate coughed within ten feet of the dead embers of the fire. Tom had fallen into so dead a slumber that he had let the fire go out. He leaped to his feet, rifle in hand, but ever mindful of his ammunition. He roared, as fiercely as the lion. He had but two cartridges left, for food getting. He was doubtful of the efficacy of his roaring. The lions only halfway feared it. But he yelled again, dashing forward; and the lions backed far enough away to let him swing Brenda into a tree and clamber up after her.

The beasts hung growling at the edge of the bush all night, and he remained awake. Brenda slept only because he held her fast, close to him. That was to prevent her from falling, of course; but she chose to feel that it was for her warmth and comfort, and she nestled against him with a quivery little sigh of contentment. More than ever did she want to penetrate the cold armor of his aloofness now. She was playing the game as well as any man could play it. Fifty-fifty rations, hardships, privations, asking no favors.

Again the trail! For ten days Tom forced a path through unbroken jungle, beckoned on by distant glimpses of a cloudy mountain crest which he believed he knew.

One morning he definitely recognized a landmark. The reaction made them do

queer things. Brenda laughed and cried and he whacked her on the back, still fearful of hysterics. He swore, just to hide his feelings, then, to stop her outburst which grew alarming, he gruffly outlined the journey yet ahead and toned down nothing.

"I don't care! We're on the last lap," she retorted, and went into another laughing spell. He meant to whack her on the back again. Something stopped his hand. He never knew what it was. But suddenly he realized all she had been through. He saw her pitiful distress; saw how near she was to breaking down; how stubbornly she was fighting to hold up her end.

They lengthened their marches. The jungle was still dense, but trails traversed it; and the mountains were drawing nearer. They marched after dusk, instead of halting while daylight still gave them light to camp. And their habits of the trail changed, too, with their sense of safety. Lately they had been in the habit of trudging along in silence, saving their breath, camping with scarcely a word. Now they strode side by side, chatting like children.

A rain storm caught them, and there was heavy thunder. Tom would ordinarily have sought a place clear of the trees. But now he only grinned at the rain.

A blazing spear of lightning split the heavens. Brenda screamed. A giant tree crashed, riven from tip to root. Its stoutest limb mowed down the jungle growth, and Tom went down under it without a cry.

She was on her knees instantly, shaking him fiercely.

"Tom! Tommy! Speak to me!"

The thunder deafened her. Had he spoken she could not have heard. She pulled at his arms, panting in her stress. The tree was across his chest. Kneeling again, she tried to pry open his eyes. She moaned, then took his head in her hands, kissing his muddy face.

As impetuously, she sprang to her feet again, taking a broken branch and using it as a lever, suddenly wise. She raised the limb; pulled him clear; ripped the last shreds of his shirt from him. She was feeling his ribs and breast for broken bones, dabbing wet kisses on his rough, unshaven face, when he slowly opened his eyes. She drew back with a little cry. She hoped he had not been conscious: hoped that he had.

"Serves me right for being a fool!" he groaned. She knelt beside him, all mud and wide-eyed embarrassment. "Did you pull me out?" His tone was incredulous. She nodded.

"I don't know how you did it, but thanks very much," he said, and stumbled to his feet. "Let's find shelter."

That was all. He accepted everything as his due. It was her own fault. She had insisted on that idiotic fifty-fifty business.

TWO days later night overtook them in a bit of bush too thick for camping. There was no moon. The bush resisted like a wall. Distant barks, yelps, growlings indicated a possible stream or water-hole. They thrust on towards the sound; and abruptly they broke through on the very edge of a wide lake. Brenda cried out, grabbed for his arm as the earth broke under her feet, and, missing her grasp, pitched headlong into the water.

There was a frantic stampede of unseen beasts, startled by the splash, a menacing growl, a frightened snort or two, then Tom was in after her, flogging the water, calling her name, hoping the crocodiles were as scared as he was.

He found her, unconscious, in the roots of a giant water plant. He carried her close

to his breast, his face peering for a glimpse of hers. As he chafed her wrists, and worked her arms, he muttered incoherently. She heard. She was conscious two full minutes before she let him know; and all that two minutes she lay there and wondered. His face was close to hers, but he did not kiss her. She struggled to sit up, and sighed. He only muttered:

"Nearly went west that time, young fellow! Don't ever run ahead of me again." And, taking a leaf from his own book, she laughed shakily and retorted, "I was a fool, wasn't I? But thanks, very much."

Dawn showed Lake Hararobi. That was near to Modjo, which was but a simple train ride from Addis Abeba, and hotels, and comforts. Sunburned and dishevelled Brenda was, ragged and footsore; but when she had washed in the lake, run her fingers through her tangled hair, and stepped out beside him for the day's march, she held up her head, her eyes sparkled, her lips were parted in a cheerful, boyish grin.

They covered an ordinary two days' trek in a day, and staggered into the railway siding as the sun went down. There was no train before morning. They slept in a shed, and slept well. Tom had just enough money in his money belt to pay their fares.

Next morning they reached the capital. Old Dyke was there, shaken to sickness by the supposed loss of his niece. Her unexpected return sent him to the other extreme—he almost collapsed. The rest of the party had safely come out of the forest, and had started home. Tom Chester was paid off, and went out to buy a new outfit. As he passed, Brenda waved a comradely hand over her veranda, reminding him that he was expected later for dinner, and enumerating certain items of game and fish which she insisted must be left out of the menu. He grinned and waved back. His last impression of her, as she stood there above him, was of a rather small, impish ragamuffin in tattered shirt and knickers, with a small brown face all scratched and cracked.

In town he met an old acquaintance just leaving for home by way of Djibuti, the Red Sea, the canal, and Cairo. That suited Tom Chester. He left with his friend, straight from the stores, simply sending a brief note of apology to Mr. Dyke for breaking the dinner engagement.

A MONTH later he wandered through the streets of Cairo, restless and dissatisfied. Well dressed men and lovely women were all about him, but he had neither eye nor ear for them. Autos annoyed him; the bazaars bored him; camels and natives alike disgusted him. He had long wished to see Cairo as a man of leisure. Old Dyke's cheque had been generous. He had time to kill. But he found no excitement, no pleasure here. He wondered if the old trail fever were at work. He sought the company of men of his race and kind. They only irritated him with their talk of towns.

As he wandered on the edge of the desert, gazing out across the sunny plain at the slim, swaying palms, Brenda insisted upon intruding herself into his thoughts. He saw her, clearly as if she stepped up from the sand before him, small, muddy, dishevelled and trail weary, but indomitable, wearing that precious, brave smile that challenged his own courage. He blinked, so vivid was the memory picture. He believed he knew what was the matter with him now.

In front of the hotel, he caught a flashing glimpse of a petite figure just dismounting from horseback. He saw only her back, but she irresistibly reminded him of Brenda. She was neat as a new pin, and wore her riding



"The same advice I gave your Dad... LISTERINE, often"

Do you remember—

When the good old family doctor came into the house how your heart began to thump? You didn't know but what you had cholera morbus or something equally dreadful. You saw yourself dying in no time.

Then his firm, gentle hands poked you here and there. His bright, kind eyes looked down your gullet. And, oh, what a load left your mind when you learned that your trouble was only a badly inflamed throat and that Listerine would take care of it!

The basic things of life seldom change: Listerine, today, is the same tireless enemy of sore throat and colds that it was half a century ago.

It is regularly prescribed by the bright, busy young physicians of this day, just as it was by those old-timers—bless their souls

—who mixed friendship and wisdom with their medicines.

Used full strength, Listerine kills, in 15 seconds, even the virulent *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) and *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government. Three well-known bacteriological laboratories have demonstrated this amazing germ-killing power of Listerine. Yet it is so safe it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Make a habit of gargling systematically with full-strength Listerine during nasty weather. It aids in preventing the outbreak of colds and sore throat. And often remedies them when they have developed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Gargle with full-strength Listerine every day. It inhibits the development of sore throat, and checks it, should it develop.



How to prevent a cold
Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys the germs that lodge there.

It checks SORE THROAT quickly

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

tom as it accustomed to knicker and boots. She was the image of the Brenda Nolan he had just met in Adila Alaba. Yet he made no move to get sight of her face. It was another man-tempt. That was enough.

AN HOUR in the smoking room again after dinner alone in the grill brought Tom Chester to a decision. He would put his civilized toes in stonage the moment he rapped them off that night, get out his hunting kit, and get back to where he belonged. But no woman! He'd take no more jobs where there were women.

A woman belonged in a woman's place, in a woman's dress, doing womanly things to make a hard old world more endurable. He had not been thrown much in the society of such women as he had in mind, but he had definite plans when softnesses, fragrances, graces, those belonged to womanland.

He glanced toward the long windows as he passed down the veranda. A dance was going on in the ballroom. There was good music, the room was awash with dainty tracks; the fragrance of subtle perfume was wafted out to him.

Tom Chester suddenly stopped in his tracks. He thrust himself between two men standing in a window, and stared through the moving dancers. A big, red-necked officer in grand regimentals danced with the grace of a water buffalo. But his partner, half hidden by his bulk, she it was who caused Tom Chester to act like a boor. She was as dainty as her partner was gross. Her slim figure moved like a fragment of silk animated by a spirit. Her tawny hair held rich glints. Her face, upturned to her partner's, was animated and sun-ripened. Her eyes and ankles flashed in sheer silken bare, and her lips seemed to be part of her shapely feet. Tom Chester remembered those same ankles and feet in far different gear.

"It is! It's Brenda!" he ejaculated, and plunged through the open window and straight across the floor, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, as oblivious of angry dancers as of a suddenly affronted master of ceremonies who tried to intercept him.

Somewhere Tom had attended a dance where men cut in. He had no idea whether the custom was recognized in good company or not, but he knew it was a mighty good custom—the best in the whole business of dancing. He plowed through startled dancers like a hippo through river sedges and joyously slapped the officer on the back. He gathered Brenda to him before the officer had recovered breath and whirled her away down the floor. She looked up into his face in amazement, compelled to keep step. Her eyes were wide and her lips parted.

"Tom!" she gasped at last. "You've done it now! My gracious, you'll be thrown out!" Then she dropped her head on his shoulder, and he thought she was weeping, she shook so. But, in smothered tones, she managed to say—and he knew she was shaking with laughter.

"Oh, glory! And I've been thinking you dumb! Tom, do you know what you've done? You've taken me from the arms of

a most high nabob of your country's army, who is to ask uncle for my fair hand in marriage tomorrow morning! I'll bet they bowstring you, at the very least!"

Tom heard, but he had no mind for anything except the sheer loveliness of her. Her softness and fragrance bewildered his senses. This was a woman! This was Brenda as he had always known she ought to be. No manaping, knickered, booted hiker this. His being thrilled and throbbled to the touch of her. He had held her as closely in his arms before, and never wanted to kiss her. Now—

"Tom!" she said, and pinched his arm. "Tom, they're stopping the orchestra! General Wayland and the MC are coming."

Tom glanced up. The ballroom was strangely quiet. For one instant his senses reeled, then scents of single trailing came to his relief. They were opposite an open French window. He took her beneath his arm as he had once before, and with one swift rush had carried her through the window, through a gaping crowd, and across

the lawn into the street. The next thing she knew she was tumbled in a heap beside him in a taxicab, and vaguely she heard him say: "Drive out to the desert! Hurry! Five pounds if you let nobody overtake you!"

THEY were among the sandhills, in a tiny oasis. The taxi was out of sight, Cairo bound. A fat, squat moon sat in mid-heavens. Shadowy figures flitted between the palms. Tom led her out into the moonlight, the sand spurring under their tread.

"I can't talk unless I'm walking, and I have a lot to say," he said forcefully.

"You'll be asked to say a lot when—" she began to answer, with her own downright manner, when he gently pressed a finger to her lips.

"When I've said what I have to say to you, Brenda, there'll be nothing left to say to anybody else. Nothing that matters, anyhow."

She shuddered, and he thought she was afraid, or cold. He put his arm around her again. She shivered, but nestled there.

"I think you're the bravest man I ever knew," she whispered— "And the craziest!"

For an hour she was unconscious of dancing slippers full of sand. She was oblivious to the speed of his progress, though he stalked on, dragging her with him, as if both were hurrying to make camp before a rising flood. He was talking, wildly, at times incoherently; but chiefly she gathered that he was giving wild reasons why she must not accept anybody else in marriage, tomorrow or at any other time. It was past midnight; they met many people, natives or incoming parties, and all stared at her curiously. Tom plowed on, chattered on, saw nobody. It was womanly caution that made her realize just what this mad escapade might mean. She twisted from his arm, sat in the sand, and stated crisply:

"Far enough! I suppose it never entered your head that I shall be the talk of Cairo, and in no nice fashion? If I didn't know

you for a temperate man, I'd be sure you—

"Oh, don't be silly, Brenda! I was intoxicated with you!"

"Intoxicated? H'm! It seems I remember a good many days of fairly close intimacy when I didn't even make you woozy!"

Her tone, the wise tilt of her small head, her forthright gaze, all helped vividly to recall those other days she referred to. He could see her in fancy now: broken boots, ragged shirt, hair full of twigs, impudent and insistent on full fifty-fifty.

"I remember days with a cheeky, disobedient, breeched and booted tomboy," he said slowly. "I never met Brenda, the woman, until tonight. That tomboy could never intoxicate any man who had blood in his veins."

"And now you're intoxicated, just what is the idea? I have no expectation now that General Wayland will care to propose marriage to me. Are you going to?"

"You know darn well I can't!" he blurted out, stopping before her. "I'm nothing but a hired hunter. You—"

"Don't you want to?" she went on, giving him no time. "After the way you snatched me from the arms of an altogether eligible—"

"Eligible, the devil! An old walrus! Brenda—" He had her hands again and pulled her to her feet. "I'll work like fury if you'll wait until I can make—"

"Listen to me, Tom Chester, and keep quiet. Awhile ago I got us both into a terrible mess in the jungle through sheer pig-headedness. I made you treat me fifty-fifty, didn't I? You pulled me out of that mess in spite of my foolishness. Now it's your bull-headedness that has got me into a pickle, and if you think you're not in it too you're crazier than I think you!"

She looked very small standing in the moonlight before him yet she dominated him completely. He could no more have interrupted her than fly. If he had guided her out of the jungle, he had no false impressions about who was the leading spirit now. She spoke as if she knew her ground.

"What's the time?" she demanded. She took his hand and looked at his wrist watch. "Nearly one o'clock! You come with me, Tom Chester." And as she led the way towards the distant city, she told him things.

"This happens to be my birthday. I'm of age now. I'm my own mistress, and can do as I like. An hour ago Uncle Dyke was my guardian. This also happens to be Leap Year. There's just one way to get out of this social jungle you've got us into, and I'm going to be the guide. You come with me!"

"But, I say, Brenda," he stammered. "I can't—"

"Fifty-fifty, that's us! I plan, and you obey. You won't ask me to marry you, so I'm going to do the asking myself. Come on. We don't want to be out here in daylight."

It was useless to oppose her. He had at last realized what a headlong bit of madness his act had been. He had no idea how he could save her from scandal; but he had a very definite idea that a poor man's marriage to a rich girl was no fifty-fifty proposition, and he managed to blurt that bit of opinion so that she heard it.

"You should have thought of that before crashing the ballroom!" she answered, and her shoulders shook. Her voice was agitated. "Hurry!" she said.

THEY entered the city in the dawn. The moon had gone down, and they had finished the long walk in darkness. In the first flush of day he caught a glimpse of her face, and she didn't look as if she had suffered anything more than walking weariness, and not much of that. There was a dancing glint in her eyes, in fact, which made him doubt that she had really been upset. She stopped at an imposing residence.

"Come on in and see the Consul," she said.



Merry Christmas, Sir

The consul must have known her very well. he appeared, fully dressed, in ten minutes.

"An unexpected pleasure, Miss Brenda," he greeted her, politely but keenly scrutinizing them both. "How can I serve you?"

"How quickly can you marry us, or have us married? I'll explain afterwards, but please believe me it's very urgent. Can you arrange it at once?"

"Does your uncle—"

"This is my birthday, I'm twenty-one."

"H'm! I see. Perhaps it can be done."

"And please send a message to my uncle to come here to breakfast—if you will oblige me," she added, coaxingly. Her smile was a tiny bit tired. The official did not refuse.

"But I say, Brenda," Tom cut in, "Really I—I won't go any less than fifty-fifty, and you know I can't—"

"Hush! Stand up like a man! Don't let this gentleman guess I'm dragging you to the slaughter!"

Tom suffered himself to be married, and somehow did not feel at all like a sacrifice. He was dazed. He wondered what old Dyke would say. What would the general do? Then the brief form was concluded. The Consul kissed the bride. Then woke Tom up. He took up his first marital duties with decision, and the Consul left them to arrange for breakfast.

"Silly," Brenda repeated, tapping his lips with her fingers. "I never intended to accept the general, though he's a dear old chap. And if you're so insistent on playing fifty-fifty now, after the way you crabbed at my insistence on it, why, the Tropical Outfitting Company belongs to me, and today, when Uncle Dyke turns it over with an accounting, don't you think I'll need a manager?"

"We'll," murmured Tom, his lips in her hair. "If you put it that way—"

Your Own Room

[Continued from page 73]

particular one is a goldy yellow, not the hard gold that is dingy and too often used, but a fresh, clear gold.

There is green, too, that will blend with your orchid and green scheme; a soft blue that is dainty, not hard and loud as so many blues are; and then there is orchid and rose—all good usable colors.

The desk always needs a Christmas present—perhaps stationery, a new pen, a desk set, an unusual ink-well, a lamp or a portfolio. Here is one of those lovely Florentine portfolios that you seldom find out of Italy, a mellow brown leather with the design in dull gold. Whether you have a real desk, a secretary, or a table that serves that purpose, a portfolio is an excellent addition. This one is lovely in itself, and so practical, too, for inside there is plenty of blotter space for writing and many pockets to hold letters or stationery. It is rich looking and dignified and would add beauty to any type of desk.

Last, but by no means least in importance, there is the lamp and shade. So often that is just what is needed to make your room complete. I wanted you to see this unusual little French lamp with its prim silk shade. Such a lamp can be used on a small side table for a reading light, or on the dressing table or the bedside table, or even on the desk. The quaint porcelain base is graceful in design and the simplicity of the shade with the decorative base is well worth noting.

And so it goes—something for the dresser, the desk, the bed, or even the chair. Perhaps you need some new cushions or a chaise longue throw—a new cigarette box or an ash tray.

The Christmas gifts for your own room are limitless, but select them wisely—not because they are a fad, but because they are really fine.

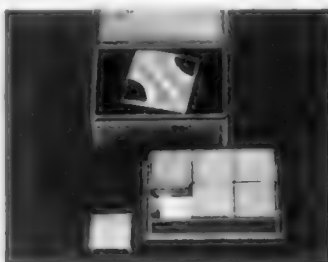
but BEAUTY is the Greatest Gift of All!



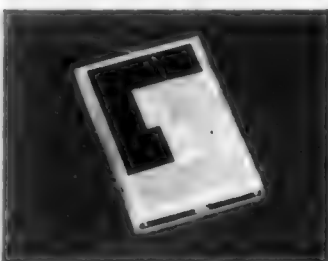
MADAME HELENA RUBINSTEIN



This Beauty Box contains many of Madame Rubinstein's scientific skin preparations. Illustrated, 5.50. (Also 16.50 and 27.50) The other articles on this page picture a few of her newest accents of beauty.



Enchanté Loose-Powder Double Vanity containing rouge and loose powder sifter; also six little boxes of Rubinstein powder in six varying shades. (3.00)



The new Rubinstein Triple Vanity in striking modernistic design contains exquisite powder, rouge and lipstick. (2.50)

CAN you think of any gift in the world you would rather have than Beauty? More than ever do you desire it now,—at this, your busiest, most exciting season! For it is so easy to look fatigued these pre-Christmas days—to show the effects of strain about the mouth and eyes. Unless, of course, you already know the Rubinstein secrets of loveliness. In which case, surely you will want to share them with others! Give—then—many of Helena Rubinstein's exquisite preparations to your friends this Christmas—preparations created with scientific certainty by the world's greatest beauty specialist.

For Flower-Like Beauty

Valaze Water Lily Cleansing Cream, loveliest of all cleansers, imparts to the skin a silken, petal-smoothness. Indispensable to the smart dressing table! (2.50). Then there's Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, that effective stimulating marvel which gives to all skins a delicate transparency. (1.00)

Just before make-up, use one of the delightful Rubinstein semi-cream foundations, choosing one which best suits your type of skin and coloring. For a rachel tone, Valaze Water Lily Foundation for all skins (2.00). For a delicate ivory shade, Valaze Cream of Lilies for dry skins (1.50). For a protective natural finish, Valaze Balm Rose (1.00).

For the Perfect Make-Up

Use Valaze Complexion Powder if you have normal or oily skin; Novena Powder for dry skin. (1.00) Add Valaze Rouges: Red Raspberry for day; Red Geranium for evening—in compact (1.00) or en crème. (1.00 to 5.00). And for the final, exquisite touch—Valaze Cubist Lipstick, indelible, in Red Raspberry (medium and light), and Red Geranium. Black or golden case. (1.00)

Personal Consultation: Visit the nearest Salon de Beauté for consultation without charge. Or write to Madame Rubinstein for complete instructions.

Tune in on Helena Rubinstein's VOICE OF BEAUTY—National Broadcasting Chain and Associated Stations. Nov. 28, Dec. 12 and 26 at 11:30 A. M. Eastern Standard Time.

Helena Rubinstein

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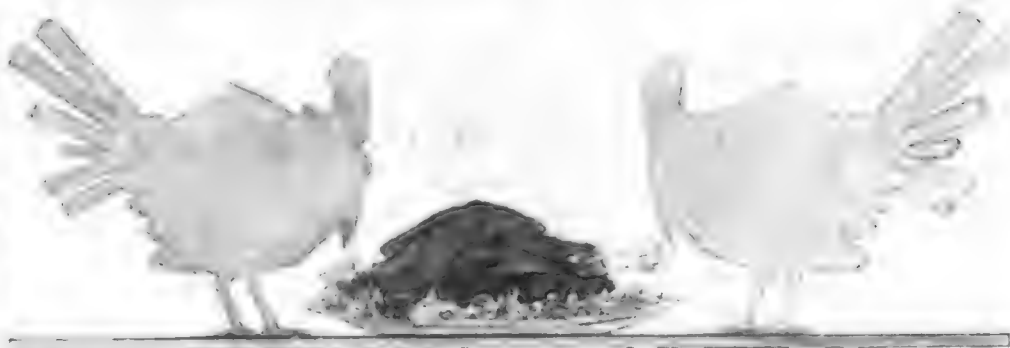
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A Sixty Minute Menu For a Holiday Dinner

By Mabel Claire

Decorations by ANN BROCKMAN

OF COURSE we all think of turkey when we think of our Holiday Dinner so I will give you a menu with turkey for those of you are lucky enough to be having it. But all of you may not have the cooking equipment, or the room or the time for a turkey dinner, so I am going to give you other menus with duck or chicken for the piece de resistance.

I have included assorted fruit in all of the menus, thinking you might like to use it for your centerpiece as a table decoration.

For the first holiday menu I will give you the shopping list for four people and the complete directions, step by step for preparing it. The other dinners are prepared in the same way, except that the cooking time for the different poultry, of course, varies. You may buy the plum pudding for the duck dinner or you may make it. I will give you a recipe for it in this article.

MENU NUMBER I.

Preparation Time
60 Minutes.
Roast Duck, Walnut Dressing
Cauliflower
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Spiced Pimientos
Orange Rings with Mint
Pickles
Currant Jelly
Celery
Hot Rolls
Endive Salad,
Russian Dressing
Plum Pudding
Ice Cream or Hard Sauce
Fruit
Assorted Mints
Salted Nuts
Coffee

Shopping List for Four People:
Two 2 1/2 pound ducks 1/4 pound walnuts
Head of cauliflower 1 pound Endive
8 sweet potatoes Mayonnaise
2 small oranges Mint
1 can of pimientos Chili sauce
12 rolls Ice Cream, 1 quart
Large loaf of bread Plum pudding, 1 lb
Cream

Jar of pickles
Stalk of celery
Currant jelly
Lemon

Assorted fruit
1 pound salted nuts
1 lb. assorted mints
Parsley

Have the butcher dress the ducks and prepare them for stuffing. Light the oven so that it will be hot for the duck. Singe the duck over a gas flame. Make the dressing by cutting the loaf of bread into slices and discarding the crusts. Butter the bread and cut the pieces into small cubes. Add 1 tablespoon of minced parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/8 teaspoon of pepper and 1/4 pound of broken walnut meats. Mix well and fill the ducks with dressing. Thread a large darning needle with twine. Sew up the opening over the dressing. Fasten the wings of the duck close to the body with the needle and twine. Fasten the legs together at the ends. Run the needle through the tail and fasten the tail to the legs. Dust with salt and pepper.

Broil under the gas flame until the ducks are well browned. Add 1 cup of water to the pan and roast 40 minutes in a brisk oven, basting with the liquid in the pan every 10 minutes. Add more water if it cooks away.

Scrub the sweet potatoes and put them into the oven to bake. Heat 1 quart of water with 1 teaspoon of salt for the cauliflower. Wash and cut the cauliflower into flowerets. Drop them into the water which should be salted and boiling rapidly.

Put the plum pudding to steam in a steamer or colander over hot water. Boil rapidly.

Open the pimientos, drain them and put them into the top of the double boiler. Add 1/2 cup of vinegar, 1/4 cup of sugar and 3 whole cloves. Boil for a moment until the



Table decorations of fruit are more practical than flowers for the holiday board. They can be eaten as a last course!

sugar and vinegar are blended. Cook over hot water until dinner is served.

Make the Russian dressing by blending 4 tablespoons of mayonnaise with 4 tablespoons of Chili sauce. Wash the celery and endive. Put the celery into ice water. Dry the endive and cut it into strips and arrange on salad plates. Cover with Russian dressing and place in the refrigerator.

Peel the oranges. Slice them into thin slices and sprinkle them with chopped mint. If you cannot get fresh mint, the dried mint that is sold in bottles may be freshened with water and used.

Drain the cauliflower. Dress it with 2 tablespoons of butter, the juice of half a lemon, salt and pepper. Keep it hot.

Remove the potatoes from the oven. Roll them lightly to soften them. Make a slit in one side. Insert a teaspoon of butter in each, sprinkle with salt and paprika.

Remove the duck from the oven. Take away the string. Decorate the platter with the pimentos, oranges and mint or parsley.

If you use the hard sauce for the plum pudding instead of the ice cream it should be made before hand and allowed to stand several hours on ice.

MENU NUMBER II.

Mushroom Soup
Roast Turkey
Oyster Dressing
Mashed Potatoes
Giblet Gravy
Peas, Olives, Hot Rolls
Cranberry Sauce
Stuffed Celery
Jellied Tomato Salad
Mince Pie
French Ice Cream
Assorted Fruit

Nuts and Raisins
Coffee

Roast Turkey with Oyster Dressing

Have the butcher dress the turkey and prepare it for stuffing. Singe it over an open flame. For an 8 pound turkey you will need two quarts of dressing. Slice the bread, discarding the crusts and butter it. Cut into small cubes. Moisten the dressing with 1 cup of oyster liquor. Add two dozen oysters, 2 teaspoons of salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of pepper. Stuff the turkey at the crop and the lower part. Sew up the openings with heavy twine. Fasten the wings close to the body. Fasten the legs together at the ends. Run the needle through the tail and fasten the legs to the tail. Brown under a gas flame if possible before putting it in the oven. An 8-pound turkey should cook two hours and a half. Baste it every ten minutes with the liquid in the pan. Remove the strings before serving and decorate the platter with parsley.

Giblet Gravy

Cook the liver, heart and gizzard in 3 cups of water for thirty minutes. There should be about 1 cup of liquid when done. Chop the giblets fine. Add 5 tablespoons of flour to 6 tablespoonfuls of the fat from the pan in which the turkey was roasted. Stir until it browns. Add 3 cups of water and the broth from the giblets. Stir until smooth and thickened. Simmer for 10 minutes. Add the chopped giblets, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons of salt and pepper.

Jellied Tomato Salad

Boil together one large can of tomatoes, one cup of water, one tablespoon grated onion, one teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika, 4 whole cloves, a small piece of

bay leaf. Soften one envelope of gelatin in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water. Add it to the boiling tomatoes and stir until the gelatin dissolves. Strain and pour into wet individual moulds. Harden on ice for several hours. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

MENU NUMBER III.

Oysters on the Half Shell
Roast Chicken
Mashed Potatoes
Giblet Gravy
Tiny Lima Beans
Ripe Olives
Red Cinnamon Apples
Sweet Pickles
Celery
Hot Rolls



It takes two and a half hours to roast an eight pound turkey. But a turkey is worth the trouble even though it knocks the spots from the sixty-minute program

Ice Cream
Cluster Raisins
Coffee
Asparagus Salad
Fruit Cake
Candy

Roast Chicken, Poultry Dressing

Stuff and truss the chicken in the same way the duck was prepared. It should cook 20 minutes to the pound. The oven should be very hot when the chicken, previously browned under the gas flame, is put into it.

Poultry dressing is made with 1 quart of soft bread crumbs heated with 2 tablespoons of butter and 2 tablespoons of minced celery, 1 tablespoon of minced onion and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of hot water. Add 1 teaspoon of salt, 1 teaspoon of poultry seasoning, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon of pepper. When the dressing has cooled beat into it 1 well beaten egg.

Red Cinnamon Apples

Peel and core 8 small apples. Make a syrup of 2 cupfuls of sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of water. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of red cinnamon candies and cook until the apples are tender, but not broken. This should take about 30 minutes. Serve around the roast chicken.

Plum Pudding

One quart of soft bread crumbs, 2 cups of suet chopped fine, 2 cups of sugar, 3 teaspoons of baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of soda, 4 eggs beaten separately, $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of non-alcoholic cooking sherry or orange juice, 1 pound of currants, 1 pound of raisins, 1 cup of citron cut into thin slices, 1 teaspoon of cinnamon, 1 teaspoon of mace, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of cloves. Put into buttered mould. Steam 3 hours. The water should boil under the steamer very hard. Add more water as it boils away. This pudding will keep indefinitely. When you wish to use it, steam for 30 minutes over boiling water.

bad news for cavemen



You he-men—here is bad news! Prepare to meet your fate. For a perfume has been developed which is deadly to the great big strong man. One whiff of it and you have that irresistible impulse to take her in your arms. So beware!

But to you, dear ladies, we will say just this:

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The Party of The Month

SMART SET'S SERVICE SECTION



"Christmas Dinner"

By

Edward Longstreth

Decorations by L. T. HOLTON

If you want games for special parties, write to Edward Longstreth, in care of Smart Set Magazine, 221 West 57th St., New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope, and allow at least two weeks for reply.

AT THIS moment the most threatening event on the party horizon is, like it or not, the family dinner. Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day are each and all of them in danger of family reunions. The problem is to give everyone, from severe old Aunt Kate with her quotations from the Book of Proverbs, to nasty little cousin Willie, —to give every one no matter how unpleasantly related, the time of their various lives.

Begin with the seating arrangements at the table. Make a game of putting your relations in their proper places. Here is a puzzle place card idea that doesn't take long to solve and is easy to get up for yourself. Just before dinner is ready and all are still in the living room, give every one a place card. No one knows whether it is his own place card or some one else's. Neither do you. You make this point clear to them. The place card might look something like this:

Alphabet—54231184

The key to the whole thing is simply that the numbers in the top row following the word "Alphabet," are the numbers of the letters in the alphabet.

To keep the folks from guessing it all from the first letter, you can use either first or last names, initials, or put Miss, or Mr., or Mrs., in front of a name. Here is the key to the alphabet:

a—1	h—8	o—15	v—22
b—2	i—9	p—16	w—23
c—3	j—10	q—17	x—24
d—4	k—11	r—18	y—25
e—5	l—12	s—19	z—26
f—6	m—13	t—20	
g—7	n—14	u—21	

The number under the line indicates the place at the table. When they all go into the dining room, they will find a card at the

head of the table marked "Place No. 1." The other places are in order to the right.

Another quick and amusing way of seating a crowd at dinner with pleasant confusion, babel, and excitement, is a ciphered place card stunt called "Dates." The "Date" place card looks something like this: 13th February '20.

Just that and nothing more. Every one is told the numbers indicate

their names. As a matter of fact, the first number, the date of the day, represents the first letter in the first name. The last number, the date of the year, represents the letter beginning the last name. This gives the initials of the first and last names.

THE name of the month indicates the place at the table. When all have their right cards, and go into the dining room they see the head of the table is marked "January," and take places around to the right in order of the months. If there are more than twelve persons, the names of the 7 days of the week are used in addition to the 12 months, as follows: The thirteenth place at the table might read on the place card, "8th Sunday '07."

If there are more than nineteen present, the names of the seasons are added, so that the twentieth place might read, "3rd Spring '11,"—which doesn't make much sense but does make party spirit.

If there are conflicting initials, the middle initial is used right after the first, so that the card might look like this: "23rd—17th Summer '14" which makes even less sense but more party fun. And after all—when you get right down to it—it's not sense that you want in a game—it's fun in large, lusty quantities. A rolling laugh keeps a party from gathering moss.

Next month we shall show you a game to play after a hearty dinner.

Restaurant Manners

(Continued from page 72)

bacon. Many a woman lunches at the Ritz on bran muffins, buttermilk and a baked apple, without even incurring the waiter's surprise. But if you don't like simple foods, order as elaborate a dish as you like—certainly something that is rather a treat and you don't have each day at home. Why not shad roe instead of roast beef; *cacé pariatat* instead of vanilla ice cream?

If a dish on the menu is unfamiliar don't be afraid to ask the waiter what it is. He will be glad to suggest a specialty of the house or of the day, or your host or hostess is always pleased to make suggestions for your approval.

In ordering a dinner it is well to remember that restaurant portions are large and to proceed through all courses from soup to nuts requires a valiant appetite and a slender figure. In ordering a *la carte* it is often wise to omit either soup or salad or both, and to limit the meal to three courses: first oysters or fruit cocktail, then fish or meat with vegetables and last a desert with coffee.

The considerate guest has an eye for the figures on the right side of the menu card, but she takes care not to make this so obvious that her host is aware of it. A man likes a woman who spares his purse, but he dislikes being made conscious of the fact that she is doing it. While you need not take the most expensive dishes on the card, don't offend his hospitality by choosing too scantily.

Of course if it is a *table d'hôte* meal, you are spared the necessity of choosing. To quote from Eugene Field's little poem.

"Table d'hôte is different from orderin'
a la carte.

In one case you get all there is, in
t'other, only part."

Even in *table d'hôte* you need not take every course unless you wish to.

IT IS an unwritten law that privacy is respected in a public restaurant. If you see friends or acquaintances at a nearby table, recognize them with a smile, but don't go over and chat with them unless they are particular intimates and indicate a desire for you to do so. Even then do not tarry. Above all, never carry on conversation from table to table even at the most informal family hotel.

If any one, either man or woman comes to your table to speak to you, the man with you should rise and remain standing until the visitor leaves. The woman never rises unless the newcomer is an older woman whose years demand this deference.

A man never leaves a woman alone at table except in an emergency.

It is good manners as well as good business for a man to look over his check before paying it. If he finds a mistake, he quietly calls the waiter's attention to it.

In leaving the restaurant, as in entering it, the woman precedes and here again it is courteous to nod good night to the head waiter if he chances to be at the door.

Helen Hathaway stands ready to give help on all problems that have to do with etiquette and social usage. If any question of manners is troubling you, write Miss Hathaway for her advice, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and you'll receive an answer very quickly.



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COSMETIQUES LESQUENDIEU

20 Ways to Avoid Divorce

[Continued from page 40]

to that liberty and reduce happiness to a minimum.

You learn that in Reno from men and women who are seeking a divorce. The subject is universally discussed there, just as the symptoms of various patients are discussed in the corridors, rooms and parlors of a hospital.

Divorce is not only the most popular conversational subject in Reno, but the town's chief source of revenue. Divorce to Reno is what steel is to Pittsburgh and automobiles are to Detroit. Its largest and most famous is the Washoe County Court-house on Virginia Avenue, which is called "The Woman's Exchange" because so many women have divorced one husband and immediately married another within its portals.

Reno, itself, is a beautiful ultra modern little city nestling in a natural cup formed by foothills on one side and the majestic Sierra Nevada mountains on the other. Normally, it would be just another frontier town, one of an interminable string stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific along the main lines of the nation's great railroad arteries.

Divorce gave it a clan which can be found in no other town or city in the world. It is a miniature Paris or New York, isolated from San Francisco, the nearest great city to the west by two hundred miles of heavily timbered mountains from Salt Lake City, one hundred miles to the east, by mountains and a strip of desert.

The streets, which should be hickadaised asphalt roads, are of concrete and a width that put most of those of New York to shame. Avenue Avenue, its Fifth Avenue, or Madison Boulevard or Rue de la Paix, with any of those famous de luxe show places. Its inhabitants call it the "Biggest Little Town in the World" and if you stay there a while you'll appreciate that there is a lot more than local pride in what they say. It is certainly more cosmopolitan than any other city in the United States except New York and San Francisco.

Reno became the world's divorce capital in 1911, when the Nevada Legislature shortened the required legal residence of people suing for divorce from six to three months. The short legal residence and the fact that Reno divorces are recognized by New York and Canada whose divorce requirements are much longer about five to six thousand men and women there a year in the prosecution of seven women to three men.

This comes in from every part of North America at the rate of from twelve to fourteen hundred every three months.

Reno's social complexion completely changes every three months. The same social classes prevail, of course, but each is filled with new faces in those periods. Go to Reno in April, make a thousand charming acquaintances, go back there in August and all these will have disappeared.

Reno has a season just as sharply defined as that of a summer or winter resort. It comes in April and ends the last of October. It is then that the town's most numerous and prosperous class, the lawyers, row and crap their harvest. In these months the hotel apartment houses and magnificent private dwellings are full. Its gambling houses, its clubs, its dude ranches and its race track entertain the thousands of men and women who come into the town unhappily married and go out happily unmarried.

The "Last Frontier Town" is another of Reno's soubriquets bestowed upon it by its affectionate citizens, both permanent and temporary. It is just that, a most sophis-

ticated and brilliant frontier town, where one can get a drink of anything from champagne to "mountain dew," or one can play for any limit at Faro, roulette, craps, chemin de fer, chuck-a-luck, keno or blackjack.

The background is that of the great open spaces where men are men, and as one charming petitioner once told me, "divorces are glad of it." Along Commercial Street and in the well-lit ways of Douglas and Lincoln alleys where the drinking ends and gambling houses abound, one comes upon a motley varicolored crowd of silent, respectful, wind-burned and slow-moving men, whose eyes are crinkled with sun glare and the constant staring into far places. They are cowboys, sheep-herders, hunters, trappers, miners, prospectors, lumberjacks, railroad men, section hands, Mexicans, and Indians, dressed in the costume of their various activities, in town to shoot their hard-earned wages at the gaming tables or at the bar.

It is wide-open but strictly governed. Women divorces make the rounds of the clubs at least once during their residence because one would never leave Reno without doing so. The gamble at the tables or drink their drinks standing at the bars. Yet never in the town's history has a woman been insulted there or even accosted.

When I exclaimed my wonder at this to a divorcee, she said, "But, of course! Every woman and no man—is safe in Reno."

AGAINST this background are the divorce colonists coming from every state, from Canada and even from Paris, since Paris divorce decrees are not always recognized as valid by states like New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and West Virginia. They represent every phase of social life and in Reno they live their accustomed lives. The wealthy and the well-to-do inhabit the hotels and the better apartment houses. Some even lease private homes during their stay there for as high as ten thousand dollars.

These people pass their time as best they may, mostly in a social activity of a sort. Social lines are not sharply drawn in Reno and little groups are formed by compatibility. Companionship, especially for women, becomes a vital need. The town has a peculiar psychological reaction on them.

Generally, when a woman arrives in Reno to spend three months waiting for her divorce, she comes incognito. Sometimes, when she is a celebrity, she registers under an assumed name. Her identity is jealously guarded. For the first two weeks, she remains aloof, nervous and miserable. Then she blossoms out and gets as her character bids her. I've heard women shortly after their arrival, declare they despised the town and pronounced it nothing but an outdoor prison. And I have seen these same women on happier because, having obtained their divorce they had to leave it.

Those who aren't wealthy go on working at anything that will keep them. Nearly all the clerks, manicurists, bell boys, chambermaids, salesmen, druggists' assistants, barbers, nurses and taxi drivers are in Reno for a divorce.

Most Reno divorces are brought on the grounds of extreme cruelty, the legal term for incompatibility, and are uncontested. Husband and wife have agreed to disagree and it remains only for the courts to give legal sanction to a permanent separation which often has been in existence for years.

The "causes" as given by petitioners for divorce in Reno, of course, are as far removed from the real causes as day is from

night. Only by persistent questioning and search can the latter be unearthed.

"When people come to Reno for a divorce," Judge Bartlett told me, "they have generally agreed to dissolve their marital partnership which the statutes regard as a civil contract liable to abrogation by mutual consent."

There is rarely any chance for a reconciliation. Most of the cases have the roots of their difficulties ten or fifteen years back. The causes for divorce are as many and divergent as the individuals concerned. It is very difficult to ascertain the real reasons behind any suit for divorce. Even the people concerned do not really know them.

"The courts assure themselves by questioning and investigation that no hardship will fall upon the individual, either by the payment of alimony, as in the case of the husband, or by the lack of it, in the case of the wife. Then they ascertain that the welfare of the children of these unions will not be jeopardized. Satisfied as to these elements they grant the divorce."

WELL, what were these fundamental and obscure causes?

I found that mis-mating was one of the most frequent and irreconcilable causes of divorce. Time after time I met with it during my investigation.

I quote the wife of a famous surgeon, a personable, well-poised and understanding woman who had been a nurse before her marriage. She held her husband in the highest respect but she listened to point out that their case was hopeless from the start.

"We were absolutely mis-mated," she said. "We found that out, of course, very early in our married life. And we both knew that there was no remedy for it. But because of his position in the medical world we agreed to make the best of it and we did fairly well for two years."

"Then we began to get on each other's nerves so that the association made necessary by his position became a constant torture."

"I was glad when my husband came to me and told me he had fallen in love with another woman and wanted to marry her. He asked me to divorce him. I am glad to do so both for his sake and my own."

"I am sure that you will find, during your investigation of divorce, that physical incompatibility and the brutality of husbands caused by ignorance are very frequent causes of it. It is a very delicate subject but I should think, a very necessary one to bring to the attention of your readers."

"No young man or woman should marry without a thorough knowledge of certain sexual laws. I haven't the slightest doubt that half the diseases of the nerves suffered by women have had their root in unfortunate marital experiences. And I am sure you will find that these things are very frequently behind petitions for divorce."

She was right.

ANOTHER class, hopeless for stable and long continued matrimony, which whirls frequently into Reno for a divorce, is made up of emotionally independent women, who have learned the truth of Kipling's statement that:

"The more you have known of the others, The less will you settle to one."

They are the women who are in love with love. One beautiful, clever woman who is well known in the exclusive circles of New York and Paris, voiced her views on marriage and divorce over a cocktail in her hotel apartment.

"No intelligent person," she told me, "remains married to the same man for more than three years because that is the length of time it takes a love affair to run its course."

"And any intelligent person of either sex unscrupulous enough can break up the happiest home within two weeks provided he or she has sufficient opportunities. In fact, the third party is the real cause for most of the divorces I've seen."

"Any wife or husband is placed in a difficult position by such a person. Unconsciously, a woman compares every man she meets with her husband and every man does the same. A sympathetic word dropped carelessly into the ears of a wife, and an understanding and adoring attitude adopted by almost any woman to almost anybody's husband, will start the wife feeling sorry for her self and the husband believing that the owner of the adoring attitude is the most intelligent and charming woman in the world. The rest is Reno or its equivalent. I know because I've played both rôles."

PROFESSIONAL and business women make up a large proportion of Reno's constantly changing divorce colony. They are the victims of their executive gifts. One of them, the proprietor of one of Park Avenue's most exclusive modiste establishments, told me her typical story.

"When my husband and I were married," she said, "he insisted that I give up my position as designer in one of New York's largest department stores. It hurt me to do it because it represented a certain achievement that had taken years to gain. But I understood his feelings in the matter and I was very much in love. I did so."

"At first it was hard, but when our two children arrived they took up most of my time, and I became as domestic as if I had never been in business. He is an automobile sales manager, handling one of the more expensive cars and we lived up to the last penny of his income."

"During a period of financial depression a few years back, people stopped buying high-priced automobiles and his income dropped sixty-five per cent almost overnight. Our savings, of course, were rapidly depleted and after living on mine a few months we agreed, on my suggestion, that I go back to work until the depression lifted. I got a job in the shop I now own. It did not pay very well, but anything was better than nothing just then."

"It was agreed that we would pool our joint incomes for the maintenance of our home, and buy things we needed individually out of what remained of our own salaries."

"Well, the depression passed and for several weeks I was afraid my husband would suggest that I give up my job. But he never mentioned it. Then I began to notice that I was bearing the brunt of the expenses while he was using his income for his own adornment and personal comfort."

"I remonstrated about this and the remonstrance brought on a violent quarrel, the first really serious disagreement we had ever had. He told me that if I persisted in shaming him by working, it was no more than right that I should maintain an establishment that was created primarily for me and the children."

"So I continued at my work under that arrangement. I had attracted many of my former clientele from the department store and my employer suggested that I become a partner in the firm. I accepted the partnership and eventually, I bought her out."

"I woke up one day to the fact that my husband and I had drifted a long way apart. The thing that awakened me was a love letter I found lying on his dresser one day. When I confronted him with it, he told me he was in love with another woman."

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Left: Crawford, M-G-M Star, discusses with Max Factor her color harmony in make-up for evening wear.



Center: Josephine Dunn, M-G-M Star, and glorious beauty in her own color harmony make-up suggested by Max Factor.



Lupe Velez, United Artists Star, enthuses about the mystery and fascination Max Factor gives to the eyes with make-up.

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Light		Most
Fair		Dark
Medium		Dark
Ruddy		Dark
Dark		Dark
Sallow		Dark
Olive		Dark

Answer in spaces with check mark

and suggested that I get a divorce. I seem to remember his suggestions.

The world would say that another woman had come between us and broken up our home. But it was money and my husband's jealousy of me because my income had become greater than his. I had hurt his masculine pride.

If I had it to do over again, I would have continued as the wife and mother and stayed along with him till he got back on his feet. Also, even if I went to work, I could never mention the fact that I was making more money than he was. But it is too late now."

FAILURE of the husband to provide his wife and children with a home or to keep up that home after he has provided it, is another frequent cause for Reno divorces. Into this enters drink, laziness, incapability and lack of respect.

"My husband," a little blonde beauty told me, "is one of the best-known cartoonists in this country. Perhaps you know him." I did. Well, then, you know what a character he is. We have a little son, who is the image of his father. For years my husband has made a big salary. Yet our lives have been passed in an endless succession of cheap flats and rented suburban homes. If he would only quit drinking, he would be as fine a husband as ever lived. Sober, he is considerate, kind and conscientious. Drunk, he is impossible. I finally came to the conclusion that he would go on that way forever. So I told him I was going to get a divorce.

At first, he was shocked and deeply moved but after thinking it over, he agreed with me that it was doubtful whether he could ever change. He gave me all the money he could scrape together before I got to come out here and the last thing he said to me was, "Charlotte, be sure and ask for plenty of alimony and make them throw me in jail if I don't pay it. You're a great little pal and I hate to lose you."

Of course I love him. I always will love him. But what is a woman with a baby going to do with a man like that if she doesn't divorce him?"

MOTHERS-IN-LAW seem to justify the comic conception of them, only their influence in divorce cases is far from comic. I talked to nearly a hundred men and women who in the story of the causes of the divorces they were seeking, revealed the

mother-in-law as the prime cause of all the others. I will quote a man and a woman. They are both typical. They prove that when a couple moves the mother of either of them into their new home, it is almost certain that she will eventually break up that home, sometimes through jealousy, but often with the best intentions in the world.

The wife of a Chicago bank cashier told me her story between dances at The Willows, a roadhouse just a mile south of Reno, where everybody goes.

An evening at The Willows carries more varied entertainment than one can get in any other road house in the United States. There is a great ballroom with generous booths along its sides which glows in the radiance of soft varicolored lights. There is a bar where one can have any wine or liquor one desires. There is The Blue Room, where George Hart, a minstrel of the new age, croons songs of ancient and modern vintage over a grand piano of which he is a master. There is the gaming room where one lays one's bet on the red or the black of the roulette wheel, or shoots craps against the house for anything to the limit of a thousand dollars, or plays blackjack with a dealer who hides his rapid calculations and his opinion of you behind a courteous mask.

We had done a little gambling. We had sat together in The Blue Room while Hart sang softly. And at the moment we were sipping a rich burgundy and watching the couples swaying rhythmically on the dance floor.

"This," she told me, "is a heaven out of which I was cast when I married my husband. I come to The Willows or to Lawton Springs every night. I was starving for lights and music."

"When I met my husband, I never thought of his having a mother. Even after I had met her the first time and tried my best to sustain her critical gaze, I didn't think it was important. But it was. Tremendously."

"He was an only child. He was a Christian child and he had been to college and had learned that not quite all the men and women who dance in this world are taking their place in a chute that would bounce them very much below in the next. But he didn't approve of dancing. He said it bothered his conscience. Possibly, I thought, it was because he dances very badly."

"We were married and we were very happy until his mother came to live with us. She was a strong and rockbound woman. She worshipped her son and she hated

me. She let me know often that I was not good enough for him. She had dominated him all his life and he was in the habit of consulting her about every move he made. I suspect that when he broached the subject of me as a prospective wife, she disapproved. But on that one subject he held out so strongly that she let him have his way."

"Anyhow, shortly after her arrival, I found that I was full of wicked impulse-like a desire for bright lights and dances and people. I was un-Christian and worldly, a fact which was brought to my attention by my mother-in-law who used the Old Testament copiously to point her moral and adorn her tale."

"Things went on that way for a year. As a husband, he was a wonderful Christian banker. He did very well by me at the bank. Finally, I delivered my ultimatum. Either his mother or I left the house. He laughed. There never was a doubt in his mind about that. I could go."

"When he found my going meant Reno and divorce, he tried to dissuade me. He would do anything in the world I asked except put his mother out of our home. She bombarded me with scriptural texts. I'll bet I've heard that old one, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder just a million times'."

"They finally persuaded me to try it all over again and for a while things were a great deal better. My husband urged me to go out to teas and other social affairs in the afternoon. I did and I got so I was ashamed of myself for treating his mother the way I had. Then one day I learned that my every move was shadowed by a detective. I did a little of the same kind of thing through a newspaper woman friend of mine. She learned that the detective had been retained by my mother-in-law. That finished everything and here I am."

THE man's view of the mother-in-law in the home was given me by a magazine writer who had come to Reno to finish a series of detective stories while he pressed a plea for divorce against his wife on the grounds of extreme cruelty.

"Ellen," he said, "is a nice kid. Alone, she would make any man a good wife. Accompanied by her mother, she is simply a pest."

"We were married four years before the old lady was anything more to me than a thin-lipped woman I'd eaten a couple of Thanksgiving dinners with—a figure in a long skirt and a Gibson head-dress. Then Ellen's father died. I think, gratefully, and left her mother a widow."

"When we got that letter, I felt sorry for her, a woman alone in the world. In a most ungodly cruel moment I said, 'Why don't you have her come and live with us?'"

"She came. She cried. And she settled down—on me. She had always been nice to me and she had told me many times how lovely I had been to her little daughter and how lucky she was to have such a son-in-law."

"But it wasn't long after her arrival that I began to suspect that I wasn't such a prize husband after all. Ellen and I had always gotten along pretty well together. We had our knockdown and drag-out fights like every married couple has. But we always forgot it by next morning. I never tried to be boss around the house, but there were certain things that we both recognized as in my province. About two weeks after the old girl arrived, I found that Ellen was making the decisions in such matters. When I remonstrated with her, she told me her father had always submitted to her mother in questions of that sort."

"Well, I thought that one over for a while and waited. By and by, Ellen got to running everything. Woman's place, she said, was in the home. She didn't say where the man's place was, but I gathered



be watching certain little signals that passed between the two women that it might just as well be the ash can as far as I was concerned.

"Ma achieved the quality of omnipresence. When she wasn't there in the flesh, she appeared every minute or so in Ellen's conversation or in orders she had left for her beloved daughter to execute. When I finally lucked about it, Ellen calmly informed me that she had decided to leave me flat.

"She has repented since. She has wired, written and telephoned that she would fight the divorce. But I'm through with her. I lost all affection I ever had for her. The old lady made a mess of her husband's life and her daughter, I can see, is just like her."

One of Reno's foremost attorneys, William A. Woodburn, whose tremendous income is derived chiefly from divorce, insists that half the divorces granted in the United States could be avoided if men and women could bring themselves to see marriage as a partnership in which both parties have the right to expect the good faith, courtesy, consideration, and understanding that they would give to each other if they were in business as members of the same sex.

"There are certain marriages," he said, "that are doomed to almost certain failure. Hasty marriages and marriages in which both parties have married out of their age and class. May never mates successfully with December. It is not only the question of age that prevents that, but a difference in viewpoint. It is a notorious fact that one generation can never understand another."

"But of the wrecked marriages which have come under my observation in the routine of my business as a lawyer, I find that women often break up their homes by nagging, by jealousy, by lack of consideration, by failure to respect their partners' privacy, by extravagance and other forms of selfishness, by neglect of their duties as housewives and by placing outside interests, like social affairs and club activities before their husbands' needs. Many a home has been wrecked by a succession of delicate-tessen dinners.

"Husbands smash their own romances by bad manners, by failing to show their wives the courtesy they had accustomed them to before they were married, by becoming so absorbed in their businesses that they looked upon their homes as a place in which to eat and sleep.

"Often homes are smashed when a wife fails to grow mentally and socially with her husband. Behind this, often, is the sudden acquisition of a large sum of money which entails a change in their mode of living.

"The refusal of a wife to have children is also a frequent cause for divorce. Within the last year I have handled ten different cases that had that reason for the failure of marriage.

"Boredom with each other is a thing that often causes a husband and wife to drift apart, till one or the other appears in Reno and leaves here with a divorce.

"I am sure that if men and women, when they married, would regard the new partnership as a new joint life in which one needed the other's encouragement and love and understanding, divorce would be cut at least fifty per cent. And I shouldn't be sorry."

A good many divorced people have agreed with Mr. Woodburn when they have reviewed their marriages for my benefit. The tragedy of it is that when they have been reviewing them, the marriages themselves have slipped into the limbo of unpleasant things and divorce is either already upon them or has passed, leaving them more disillusioned and unhappy than even their most intimate friends ever guess.

And if this article will help to steer even one married couple off the dangerous reef of divorce, then the months that were spent in gathering the material for it will be well worth what they cost.



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attraction. "Because I want to talk to you." A rather terse Peggy replied:

"Do you, indeed? How thrilling? Well, I can't dine out because I'm working all day on a rush job and I'll be too tired for any of the gilded haunts. Come and dine here with me if you like. Seven-thirty, and don't be late because work makes me hungry."

At seven twenty-five a very competent maid ushered him into Peggy's sitting room where the new, successful, affluent Peggy awaited him. Greville greeted her,

"You look just as delightful but different, the same, yet not the same."

"Money, my dear. No one can be broke and her true self at the same time. What money can buy is breathing space for the soul."

"Really?" answered Greville. "I haven't found it so. My trouble, which is what I wanted to talk about, is—"

"Not before dinner, please. I've worked eight hours today. I must have food before I listen to your sorrows."

Afterwards she listened, curled up in an armchair, her black head drooping a little from weariness but her dark eyes very alive. When he had ceased, she delivered her verdict.

"You mustn't ask me to understand the likes of Ann and you. I can only grasp people who use their brains and work for a living. If Ann had to scrub her own kitchen it'd do her good, but then she never will have to, so there's no use talking. If I were a man I imagine I could deal with the situation. I'm not a man so I daresay I couldn't. You must find your own way out."

"Frankly, I can't see where it lies."

"Good heavens, Greville!" Peggy exclaimed. "Forgive me. I'm very weary and so I get impatient. You're a man, aren't you, with a profession and a big interest in a motor works? You don't have to trot about after Ann like a puppy dog. You lived before you were married to her; you can go on living even if she runs after some one else. I daresay she'll chuck him as soon as it ceases to be interesting. The more it hurts you the more interesting it is."

"But why, if she loves me, does she want to hurt me?"

"Just to see what happens, I s'pose. Why do people try to fly the Atlantic, or swim the Channel?"

"Well, a man can't very well hit back, can he?"

"Not if he's as soft as you appear to be," Peggy agreed. She stifled a yawn and Greville rose to his feet.

"I'm keeping you up. Please forgive me. Thanks for all your good advice. I feel better now I've got my troubles off my chest. Good night, Peggy."

She stood up and held out a hand. Greville gathered her gently and kindly against his snowy shirt front.

"Don't work yourself to death," he said. "Take a night off and dine and dance one evening. All work and no play—"

He bent his head and tilted hers. A terribly clear and definite voice interrupted him.

"Greville," it said, "emphatically you are not on the list of those who kiss me. I refuse to be any married man's consolation prize."

THE ghosts of many generations brooding over her mother's house reproached Ann. "You have left us," they whispered, "and followed after strange gods. We are rather disappointed in you. We hoped for better things."

Ann hardened her heart and refused to listen; there seemed something demoralizing about the atmosphere in which she had struggled through her puppy days, and learned what one may do and what



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one may not. Even the elderly servants, respectfully admiring, recalled jam-stains on one's face in the nursery, and other small catastrophes. Days when one couldn't call one's soul one's own, being merely so much raw material for others to mould into whatever shape they pleased.

Tea with her mother in the drawing room! Almost instinctively she looked at her hands to see if they were clean. Then her glance returned to Mrs. Cosway, a calm figure, very sure of herself.

"She was moulded enough in her time." Ann thought rebelliously. "A perfect job, if you care for the pattern. I don't myself and yet they gave her something. A code perhaps you'd call it. They drilled her like the Guards and if it didn't kill her it gave her a certain staying power and a rather contemptuous outlook on people whose training was less drastic. She has no weaknesses, but what's the use of life if you don't cultivate a few weaknesses in order to indulge them? And why does she make me feel so beastly ill-bred when I know I'm not?"

"Your father's health hasn't been very good lately," Mrs. Cosway was saying. "The doctors advise a voyage to South Africa and back, but he finds it difficult to get away from the Foreign Office. The European situation's so unsettled. If only Mussolini—"

But my dear, what on earth does the European situation matter if he's ill? They'd have to get on without him if he were dead, and if he becomes an invalid it won't be much better from the F.O.'s point of view.

"Very likely, but he's not an invalid yet, and so he feels he ought to stay at home. After all one can't throw over one's responsibilities as easily as all that."

"I don't believe in responsibilities. To whom are we responsible except ourselves? I didn't ask to be born."

"Neither did I, but here I am and I like to be able to look myself in the face. You seem to be drifting at the moment, Ann. I imagined you'd have arranged your life by now."

"A bit soon, don't you think? I've only been married a little over a year, and people don't settle much nowadays."

"Still, you can't afford to ignore the world, because it's bigger than you are and it won't be ignored."

"Do you find the world's got it in for me in any way?"

Whether you realize it or not there's considerable talk about you and Julius."

ANN struggled very hard for the calm of a generation older than hers and succeeded indifferently well.

"I'm sorry to disappoint the world, but Julius Bruce is nothing more than a good friend."

"Then why lead people to conclude he is?"

"Have I led them to conclude it?"

"Undoubtedly. You're always together. Even Greville can't shut his eyes very much longer."

"Greville must realize my life's my own."

"Reasonable people don't make a wife or a husband look ridiculous unless they want to break up the marriage."

"My dear mother, Greville's a mere boy and Julius has one of the best brains of the day. I can't go on forever reducing my mind to the level of Greville's. I turn to Julius for intelligent conversation."

"Still it's a pity that every one has to know about it. Even I find it hard to believe that you and Julius are interested solely in the things of the mind."

"What do you know of Julius?"

"We're very much of an age, and we've moved in the same circle all our lives. You can't cope with him because he's forgotten more than you ever knew. No harm will come to Julius, but you'll need a long time to recover your position, if indeed you ever do. These things are difficult."

Ann smiled ironically.

"You assume that life is the same yesterday, today and forever. My generation looks at it from a different point of view."

"If your generation had the world to themselves it mightn't matter, but my generation and the one before it hold all the cards. The time of yours is still to come. In our eyes you're simply being made a fool of, and a fool's is never a very elegant part to play. My generation will say you lack social sense, and we know that people with no social sense are on the whole more trouble than they're worth."

"But you see," Ann explained, "my generation doesn't care much what yours thinks. It asks nothing from yours. Hitherto you've had it all your own way; you wanted a child, you had me, you brought me up as you liked. After I came out you allowed me just as much freedom as you chose because you could shake an economic



Christmas Carol just loves to see a man smoke a pipe—it keeps him from telling her what a great guy he is

whip at me. When I got engaged to Greville you stage-managed my wedding and sent out the invitations for it. Now I'm free, but you're still censorious, as if I were a child living in your house."

"You believe what you say, but it doesn't work out quite like that. If you get yourself into a scrape over Julius the scrape will react on me. You won't be above asking my help if you get sufficiently scared. I know exactly where I stand and candidly I don't want the trouble of straightening out your life for you. It's not as if you hadn't brains of your own."

"Mother, I assure you, you needn't be alarmed. Your peace isn't in the least likely to be disturbed."

"I'm not at all sure. You talk too much of your generation as if it were in a watertight compartment. It isn't. It's linked up with the one behind it and the one to follow. Your indiscretions affect both of them whether you realize it or not."

ANN rose lazily to her feet, caught a glimpse of her face in a wall mirror, and recovered her good temper in consequence.

"Good-by, my dear," she said. "I will go home like a virtuous wife in time to dine with my husband. Don't let your graceless daughter weigh on your spirits. I've got a few hundred a year that nothing can take away from me and if the worst comes to the worst I can always be divorced, and either go on the stage or engage in some sort of business. Every tomorrow's another day, and the sky's the limit."

Back at the flat she spent a restful half hour dressing for dinner. That night, unusually enough, she and Greville were dining at home alone and she tried to make herself unusually appealing to Greville.

At first he seemed hardly able to realize that here was the old Ann of their honeymoon days, the Ann of quaint sayings and foolishnesses uttered in a little language of her own invention. Then to her astonishment he flushed almost painfully, and a wistful, lost-dog expression stole into his eyes.

"Queer what one can do if one likes," mused Ann and proceeded, as she thought, to go on doing it with admirable success, till he said suddenly, with a penetration for which she certainly would never have given him credit:

"My dear Ann, why make a mockery of all the things that used to be so darling? You're only doing it to show your power. You want to drug me into a state of oblivion, and then laugh in my face. You're not sincere, and you don't care twopence. Much better go somewhere and dance later on. There's not much point in being left alone together."

ALL on a Monday Ann stepped out of her car on to the pavement of Oakley Street and climbed the three flights of stairs to Peggy's flat and found Peggy at work on a set of illustrations for a magazine. Peggy said "Hullo, Ann!" abstractedly and continued to work.

"Hullo!" Ann replied. "You sound pretty 'way off. Spare a moment from the pursuit of art to talk to a poor old friend."

"Can't, my dear. A messenger's coming for these sketches at five o'clock. They're a rush job. You'll find some tea over there."

"But it's frightfully important. I think Greville's really seriously annoyed with me." "Shouldn't wonder."

"Why? I've done nothing wrong."

"Then why worry?"

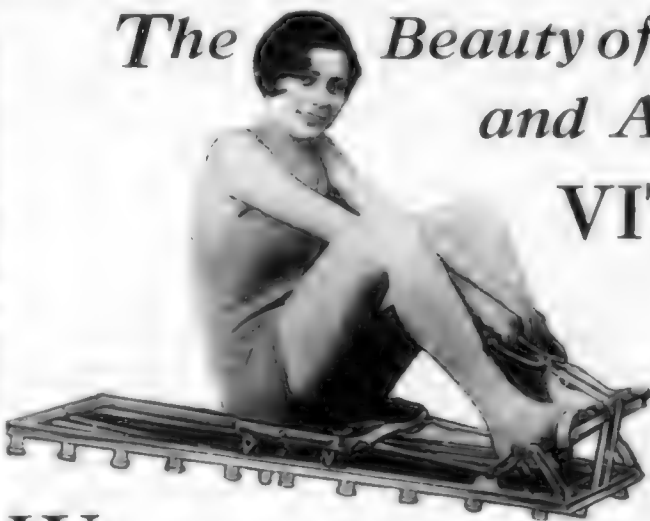
"He thinks Julius Bruce and I are—"

"So do lots of people, I expect."

"I don't see why they should."

"You're always sitting in one another's pockets and human nature being what it is, that's why."

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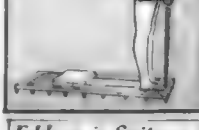
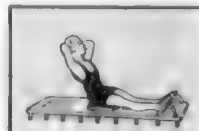
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"Whose human nature?"

"His, yours, and people's."

"But, Peggy, after all one flaps about a good deal more nowadays than in the time of our grandmothers. Do you sympathize with Greville, or what?"

"I just don't bother. Got troubles of my own."

"People gossip enough about you and Flint."

"Who cares? We're neither of us married."

"I want your opinion as an unbiased on-looker. Is there really enough talk about Julius and me to make Greville prick up his ears?"

"Who knows? I don't go out very much in your world. I'm pretty busy nowadays, and most of the people I meet are mixed up with work."

"Peggy, what's your honest opinion of me?"

"I think you're the world's prize imbecile. You've got an adoring husband, or had, and yet you go fooling about with Bruce who's no earthly good to any woman."

"My dear, you don't know how terribly conventional and narrow minded Greville is. What makes you say Julius is no good to any woman?"

"Because he's not. No man is who gets up an affair with somebody else's wife, and, besides, as I told you before, Bruce is just a gleamer. He'll never do anything technically wrong but he'll create every appearance of having done so, and then leave you to struggle out of it by yourself."

"That's where you're mistaken. Julius would always stick to me. For one thing he's decent, and for another my influence over him is very great."

"It'll need to be before you've done."

"Peggy darling, you're awfully cross this afternoon. What do you really advise, then?"

Peggy put down her brush and stared critically at the drawing.

"I think that'll do," she murmured, "but I'd have liked another day on it. What do I advise, Ann? I advise you to make it up with Greville, tell him you've been a fool, cut out Bruce, and stick to one man at a time. Or if you can't do without Bruce, get yourself decently divorced and try and persuade him to marry you."

"One man will never be enough for me. I've never met one who appealed to all sides of my nature," Ann complained.

"I suppose you ought really to have married the Army and Navy Stores. That's the worst of being so unfortunately complex."

"You're different. You've got Flint, an amazingly brilliant personality, and so you take up the attitude to me that Lazarus took up to Dives when Dives was in hell."

PEGGY sat on the floor and began to pack her wet drawings, with cork separators between them. Ann watched her halt contemptuously. It seemed an appalling fuss to make because some one wanted them in a hurry. Why not make him wait?

"Flint," Peggy answered at last, "isn't going to marry me and I'm not engaged to any one else. Therefore I can do as I like. If I were married I should endeavor to make a good job of marriage at any cost because failure has a bad moral effect on one. Still, you please yourself. It's your affair, not mine."

"I feel like this about it: A husband needs to be trained. He has no right to censor my friendships any more than I have to censor his as long as they're discreet. One must begin as one intends to go on. I don't propose to become a devoted slave like my mother."

"And there they are ready for the little boy in buttons a quarter of an hour be-

fore time," said Peggy, tying the last knot in her parcel. "Have a drink, Ann. I deserve one and you shall be given one. You didn't come to me for advice. You came to me to have your own opinion confirmed. That I regret I can't do for you. Jolly decent frock you've got on. Where'd you get it?"

"My usual place. I wore it the first time to lunch with Julius. He loved me in it."

"There you are," Peggy said. "Greville pays for the frock and Julius loves you in it. The situation may be dramatic but it's quite impossible because it lacks plausibility. No man will go on buying you frocks for another man to love you in."

Ann leaned forward earnestly and asked, "Peggy, what's your candid opinion of men?"

"They're divided into two classes, those of whom you can say there's nothing they won't do, and those of whom you can say there are some things they won't do. I prefer the second class into which, as far as I'm aware, Greville comes. Julius Bruce is a distinguished member of the first. That's all I know about it."

"But," Ann replied, "the first class is more reliable in an emergency. I'd prefer to know there was nothing a man wouldn't do for me if necessary. You're a little behind the times, Peggy."

BERTIE CARSLAKE sat one morning at his desk and read news items concerning various securities.

"The markets steadied after opening with a feeling of apprehension. There was less pressure to sell in Industrials, and United Undertakings, which were again lower, improved at the close."

Bertie put down his literature, reached for a match box and lit his extinct pipe.

"They did and all," he soliloquized, "but the end is not yet, as Mr. George Bondy'll find out before he's done. Why is George having one of the biggest gambles in history over United Undertakings? The old story, no doubt; after some one's scalp and some one after his. We all know the some one's name and personally I'd bet a fiver on the result."

Bertie ran over in his mind the various companies in which George Bondy held interests: "Amalgamated Provincial Theaters, The Scottish Medicinal Seaweed Company, The Scotch can take care of themselves. What else? Ah! Greyhound Cars Ltd. Now that means little Greville Chard. I wonder if Greville smells a rat at all? As his financial adviser and late best man I think I'd better breathe a word in season. True I've scarcely seen him since the wedding, but then I can't afford to lead the life he does and anyway I detest his wife. As I said to him on the eve of execution she's merely a gold-digger. A man's worst enemy is a gold digging woman. Still if George Bondy cracks up there mayn't be much gold left for her to dig. Greville has every one of his eggs in one basket."

Bertie pushed a buzzer and a slender maiden came obediently from the next room.

"Miss Anderson," Bertie instructed her, "please get me Mr. Greville Chard on the telephone."

"That Greville?" he inquired a few seconds later. "Bertie speaking. How are you, old boy? Topping thanks. Look here, can you lunch with me today? Yes, I'm afraid you must. Got something I want to talk about. Yes, business. Drop in for me at a quarter to one, and I'll take you to a real city chop-house. Good-by."

Bertie made Greville sit in an ancient wooden pew, rest his feet on a sawdust-covered floor, and actually eat and drink what he ordered. Then, a trifle comatose, yet feeling more at peace with the world, they returned to Bertie's office. Bertie

pointed to an armchair, leaned his shoulders against his mantelpiece and asked.

"I s'pose you know George Bondy's like to be for it in the next few days?"

"Not exactly. There's been a bit of gossip in the clubs about some gamble of his, and various people seem to have had a flutter over United Undertakings, but that's all. He never said a word to me at our last board meeting about finding himself in a tight corner."

"Haven't you noticed the decline in United Undertakings shares? They fall, they recover a little, but they always drop back."

"I don't follow the Stock Exchange quotations very closely."

"Lucky man. Strictly between ourselves, George Bondy's position is critical. It's been critical for weeks. Everybody in the city knows. I wanted to warn you because if George crashes it won't do Greyhound Cars any good. You're a private company, aren't you, and he holds the largest interests?"

"Yes, but—"

"If he goes broke something must be done about that. In the event of a bankruptcy the official receiver would have to dispose of Bondy's interest and the result mightn't do you much good. It's a nice point who'd take it over."

"Bertie, how much do you know, or are you pulling my leg?"

Greville asked his question looking with a new respect at Bertie Carslake, whom he had always considered rather a dilettante young man.

BERTIE CARSLAKE glanced at the door and lowered his voice.

"This is absolutely between ourselves, mind."

"Of course."

"Bondy's been buying United Undertakings over a long period in order to get control of the company. Today's Friday; next Wednesday's settling day, and he won't be able to settle. His bank won't help him, because he owes them a terrific amount already. George has gone in pretty deep lately, you know. He doesn't believe it's possible for him to fail. I think he's going to learn this time. I wouldn't care to be Charlie Gordon, his broker."

"Still, Bertie, you don't know."

"My dear Greville, every one in the city knows. As far as you're concerned you can't do anything, but I didn't want you to wake up and read it in the papers. Your company's sound, of course, and things will adjust themselves, but you've got to face a temporary crisis."

"I think I'll have a word with George."

"You'll get nothing out of him. He may even offer to buy you out of Greyhounds, but it'll only be a bluff. He couldn't find the money. Your policy is to hold on, and if he goes to pieces take over his interest. As I said, the company's sound, and you may as well have control. I don't suppose you'd find much difficulty in getting the money. Your credit's good enough."

Greville, who knew his man, never hesitated.

"Thanks very much. If things turn out as you imagine, I'll take your advice. I hope you're wrong, but if you aren't I can raise a fair amount of capital if I choose to economize."

"Right ho, Greville. Don't go out and cry stinking fish, will you? George is entitled to his chance. He may pull through. If he does, I'll stand you the best dinner in London. It'll be cheap at that."

Greville got up and held out his hand.

"This has been very decent of you, Bertie. I'd much rather be warned in time than wake up and have the news fall on me. Of course if the worst comes to the worst Ann will be pretty sick."

"Naturally. How fares the beautiful lady."



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"by the way? I always felt most unworthy to be her husband's best man. She really is rather decorative, if I may be allowed to say so."

"Splendid, thanks," Greville answered. "When are you going to dine with us? We'd love to have you any night you're free."

OUTSIDE he beckoned a taxi, and gave the address of George Bondy's offices in lower Regent Street. As they picked their way through the city traffic Greville considered the situation.

"Queer if I were suddenly to become hard up. I wonder what it's like to have to think about money, see something in a shop window and say, 'No, you mustn't buy that. You can't afford it?' I wonder how Ann would endure polite poverty? I don't suppose she'd stand it. She'd want to go off with some other man and I should be expected to arrange a divorce. If so, should I be justified in feeling aggrieved? Literally yes; morally no, because Ann would never have married a poor man."

"I could always get a job with some motor manufacturer, but the salary wouldn't run to much. If I'd gone bust six months ago I'd have been heartbroken on Ann's account. Should I care twopence now? Yes, I s'pose so, partly from pride, partly because she'd be so contemptuous, and she's contemptuous enough already."

The cab stopped; he stepped out and entered the palatial premises of George Bondy. Young men with perfect manners, pleasant voices, good clothes, and wise eyes came and went. Greville, whom they all knew, found himself waited respectfully to George Bondy's personal secretary, a bland individual with the tact of an ambassador and apparently not a care in the world.

"I'm most frightfully sorry, Mr. Chard, but Mr. Bondy's not in London. He was here this morning for an hour or so and then he motored down to Epsom to lunch with his trainer, and to look at some yearlings. After that I believe he's going on to Brighton for the week end. He's got a rather heavy cold and he wants to try and shake it off in the sea air. He'll be back early on Monday morning. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Greville smiled.

"Nothing very much, thanks. I really wanted to ask him about United Undertakings. I see they're down, but will they go still lower or are they due for a rise? I thought of buying a few, but if they're likely to go lower still I'd better wait a few days."

"I don't think you can do better than buy now, Mr. Chard. They've touched bottom in Mr. Bondy's opinion, and, for what it's worth, in mine. I expect to see them rise considerably within the next month. I know Mr. Bondy would like you to be in on a good thing."

"Splendid. I'll get hold of my broker at once. Sorry to have bothered you. Good afternoon."

"George is well served," he told himself walking homeward along Piccadilly. "That young man will lie himself into heaven at Doomsday. Still on Monday I'll get the truth out of George if I have to take him by the scruff of the neck to do it. Meanwhile I shall not buy United Undertakings this side of Wednesday."

At home he found Ann sitting with a tea table in front of her, for once in her life, quite alone. She looked up as he entered and said:

"Hullo! I've been trying to find you for hours. Have you heard anything strange about George Bondy?"

"Have you? Can I have a cup of tea? Thanks. I don't know anything very alarming beyond hints of a Stock Exchange

gamble. That's almost a habit with George, isn't it?"

"If I were you I should make a few inquiries. After all, our affairs are mixed up hopelessly with his. I happen to have found out something."

"What did you find out?"

"The London & Southern Counties Bank have got the wind up and retained Sir Lyndon Strait, K.C. as a sort of precaution. He's the greatest counsel at the Bar in financial cases. George banks with them and it's rumored that his overdraft is positively alarming. Of course the whole world knows about this stunt over United Undertakings. If that goes wrong George may be in the cart. How would that affect Greyhound Cars?"

"George holds the majority of the shares. Still there's no reason why his other interests should affect us."

"Don't leave everything until it's too late. Frankly, I can't see myself making a very good wife for a poor man."

"It might be a good thing in some ways if we started all over again."

"Greville, what do you mean? Are you trying to break something to me gently?"

"Why no. You seem to be better informed about George than I am."

"Then I oughtn't to be. As vice chairman of Greyhound Cars it's your job to know exactly how he stands."

"Personally I'm on a pretty sound financial basis. What about you?"

"Far from it. I owe a lot of money. I've got to buy new frocks for Ascot, and we simply must go to le Touquet or the Lido later on. I refuse to stick at some beastly Scottish house party in August with a lot of stuffy women while you shoot grouse, or play golf at that odious place, North Berwick. Besides we shall probably be invited to stay on the Lingfields' yacht for Cowes, and that means another new outfit."

"Did you get the information about Strait from Julius Bruce?"

"I'm not prepared to tell you, but supposing I did? Doesn't it show one needs a few intelligent men about one?"

"Are you under the delusion that he might provide a useful port in a storm?"

"He that asks no questions isn't told a lie. You know I'm going to a first night with Betty Lingfield, don't you? I'm dining there, and if you're dining at home you might tell Henderson."

ON Monday at breakfast time Greville rang up George Bondy's flat in Victoria Street. His valet answered, took Greville's name, and asked him to hold the line. After a pause George Bondy's voice came over the wire.

"Hullo, Greville! You're attacking me rather early. How's the world? What is it you want?"

"Hullo, George! Had a good week end? I'd like ten minutes' talk with you some time today if it's convenient."

"Every one on the face of the earth wants ten minutes' talk with me just now, Greville. Never was so popular in my life. It's all on account of United Undertakings. Half of 'em want to buy shares and the other half want to assassinate me. I'm having the greatest thrill of my life. Exactly why are you seeking my blood?"

"Only about Greyhound Cars. There are a few details I'd like to discuss. What time of day suits you best?"

"I'm full up all day. I'm giving a girl dinner at the Savoy and neither you nor any one else shall interrupt that. Still for the sake of old times you can drop in about nine-thirty and have coffee with us. Nice girl. You'd like to meet her. Is that O.K.?"

"Perfectly, as far as I'm concerned. Nine-thirty then?"

To Be CONTINUED

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Sally didn't. No one of these incidents mattered much, but they had a cumulative effect.

There was the time when they were out on Long Island in Sally's car. A motorcycle cop stopped her and began giving her the regular, heavily sarcastic line. Sally would have had him eating out of her hand in two minutes if Jimmy hadn't resented his manner and butted in. But he did and the result was that Sally got a ticket and Jimmy was lucky not to go to jail.

It was the only thing they ever really quarreled about, but it was as serious a bone of contention as there could have been. That quarrel goes back to the Stone Age, anyway. Jimmy's code was utterly simple. Men always had taken care of women; that was their job. To go into action when any one bothered Sally was a purely instinctive thing with him, a matter of reflexes he could no more control than he could stop the jerk of his leg when a doctor tapped the right spot on his knee.

And Sally's attitude was just as simple, and just as feminine as Jimmy's was masculine. She didn't want to be made conspicuous, and she couldn't see any sense in the way he acted, while he thought she was unreasonable and unfair.

JIMMY, after he left Sally that morning he got her five hundred dollars for her, devoted a lot more time to thinking about these matters than he did to the earnings of the Chinese utility company that was trying to induce Layden and Company to underwrite some bonds for it. He was always thoughtful and low in his mind after Sally refused him.

Next morning, as it happened, he didn't go to his own office at all. He had things to do around town. His own secretary would have known, pretty much, where he was likely to be, but she was home with the flu, and her substitute was dumb. Jimmy wandered into a luncheon club, rather late, and Sally's father hailed him. He approved of Jimmy.

"Sit down, if you're not lunching with any one," he said. "Hear about our burglary?"

"No," said Jimmy. "What goes on, sir?" "Amazing business," said Mr. Devenham. "I'll admit I was surprised. It's given me a new idea of the efficiency of the police. I was having breakfast this morning when they told me a detective wanted to see me. And, by Gad, they'd found some jewelry of Sally's in a pawn shop! Identified it by a bracelet that had her name engraved in it, and sent around to ask if we'd lost anything! It seems the police get a description every day of every piece of jewelry that's pawned in the city. Did you know that, Jimmy?"

"No," said Jimmy, after a moment. "No. I didn't know that."

"You want to finish that cutlet, my boy. It's good. You youngsters don't eat enough."

"I—I don't feel particularly hungry, sir."

"Don't get enough sleep—that's your trouble. Well, dare say I didn't myself, at your age. Well, it seems some feller walked into this pawn shop, as bold as brass, yesterday, and touched them for five hundred for this stuff of Sally's. The police got a good description of him from the clerk—sneaking, furtive sort of chap, with his coat collar turned up—dressed like a movie actor. Seems the clerk looked him over because he was suspicious right away—feller only asked for five hundred, you see, and they'd have given him fifteen hundred."

"Ha!" said Jimmy. "Sounds as if he must have been an amateur crook."

"That's what the police think. I'm not so sure. How could any amateur sneak thief get in the apartment to begin with? He didn't leave a trace. I left my wife going through the place to see if anything else was missing, but my idea is he got in after dinner, when we were all out. The

things he pawned were pieces Sally doesn't wear—heirlooms, you know—out of date stuff that needs to be reset. The detective says they'll catch him inside of twenty-four hours, but I'm not so sure."

"I see," said Jimmy. And, to the waiter: "Yes, I'm through. No—no dessert. Just some coffee—black coffee."

"You don't look well, Jimmy," said Mr. Devenham. "I tell you, you youngsters don't sleep enough and you don't eat enough. Sally looked like a ghost when we got her up to see the detective. Try the apple pie with a bit of cheese."

"No, thanks," said Jimmy. "What's Sally's theory?"

"She doesn't seem to have any," said Mr. Devenham. "First time I ever saw her when she didn't have anything to say. Well, it might have been worse. We've got the stuff back. The insurance people have to pay me the five hundred I paid the pawn shop."

"The pawn shop isn't liable then even though the stuff was stolen?"

"Seems not—not as long as they hadn't had a description of it in the list of stolen goods the police send out every day. We hadn't reported it, of course—didn't know we'd been robbed, even. Pretty smart work, if you ask me." Mr. Devenham looked at his watch. "Well, I must be getting back. Dining with us soon, I hope? Always glad to see you, Jimmy."

JIMMY, drinking his coffee, which had had time to cool to about the temperature of his rapidly congealing blood, wondered about that last statement. He signed his check, presently, and went out, and telephoned his office. A Miss Devenham had called, several times; he was to call her as soon as he came in. He thought he'd better wait, though. He retrieved his overcoat and hat. They were the ones he had worn the day before. He had thought well of them, when he bought them in London on his way home, but he wished they were back in London now.

He didn't share Mr. Devenham's doubts about the detective's confidence that the police would catch the man who had pawned Sally's jewels within twenty-four hours. In fact, if you asked him, the police wouldn't need that long. Not with all the clues he'd provided for them. Nothing would happen to him, of course, if the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, were told, but that was out. Mr. Devenham was an amiable man, a kindly and a generous one, but Jimmy happened to know his views concerning young girls who played the market.

"Where in the world have you been?" asked Sally, tensely, when he finally called her. "I've been trying for hours—"

"I know. Steady, Sally. It's going to be all right."

"But you don't know—"

"Yes, I do. I saw your father at lunch."

"My dear, I'm so sorry. I was rattled this morning, or I'd have told them then. I'm going to explain, of course—"

"You're not. If you do I'll say I sneaked into your room and swiped the stuff and hocked it because I'd been cooking the books and had to have the cash! You leave this to me."

"Jimmy, I won't have you trying to protect me."

"You meet me at the Ritz at half past four and I'll explain. I tell you it's all right. Swear you won't do anything till you've seen me? Give me your promise."

Reluctantly, she promised, and he went home. He didn't live with his family; he had a flat of his own. To his relief no one was waiting for him. Kodi, his Jap, was out, though if he had been there, it wouldn't have occurred to him to question Jimmy's reasons for burning a new overcoat and a perfectly good hat. They wouldn't have



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litted Kodi, anyway. The place smelt like the devil, but the coat was consumed, and Jimmy felt better.

With Sally, when he met her, he was unusually firm.

"Be sensible," he said. "If you'd told the truth this morning—well, maybe it wouldn't have been so bad. But now—after my keeping quiet at lunch! I'm not going to let you in for anything like that. He's capable of sending you off to Europe or something."

"But suppose they find out it was you and arrest you?"

"Not a chance!" he said scoffingly. "Listen. If you'd taken the money from me to begin with this wouldn't have happened, and if I hadn't played the goat in that pawn shop they wouldn't have got suspicious. We've got to sit tight."

"You're crazy," she said. "But you're sort of sweet, too. I believe you'd be idiot enough to let them pinch you to get me out of a jail."

"You're a darling," she said. "I think I will marry you."

"What?" he said. "Sally, do you mean that?"

She nodded her head, violently.

"But why?" he said. "My good gosh, you've always kicked and screamed because I wanted to—to—sort of look after you."

"I know," she said. "I probably always will, too. I suppose people always have to have something to fight about, don't they? And—anyway—oh—this is different. You'd really get yourself into a mess for me."

"Waiter!" said Jimmy, suddenly coming to a realization of the relative importance of this and that. "Check! Hurry!" He turned back to Sally, bitterly. "This," he said, "is a swell place to tell me you'll marry me."

SHE made up for that, to some extent, in the taxi, by deciding to have a headache that evening and dine with him alone. Also, she said she wouldn't tell her father the truth. Not yet, anyway. She made him keep the cab and go home in it.

"Man to see you," said Kodi, appearing to take his coat and hat. "In living room."

Jimmy drew a long breath and went in. The man who rose to greet him didn't look like a detective. He was young and his smile was agreeable.

"My name's Norton, Mr. Layden. You belong to the Turtle Club, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Cloth's the devil and all to burn, isn't it, Mr. Layden? Smell hangs around for days."

"Yes," said Jimmy.

"You haven't a brown overcoat, have you, Mr. Layden? Any more, I mean?"

"I think not," said Jimmy. Then he grinned. He couldn't help it.

"I don't think you look like a movie actor, Mr. Layden," said Norton.

"Thanks! I rather resented that," Jimmy grinned again. "You don't look like a detective, either."

"Oh, I'm not! Police, you mean? They aren't worrying about this. They recovered the loot. That lets them out. No, I'm with the Intercontinental Insurance people. Mr. Henry Devenham's got a burglary insurance policy with us, you see, and we seemed to be hooked for five hundred dollars. Still, things aren't always as they seem, are they?"

"No," said Jimmy. "That's true."

"That was the way I felt when I started looking into this Devenham burglary. I wondered why it was only things Miss Devenham never wore that were taken. And

well, I thought of looking over the membership list of the Turtle Club. And I wondered about Miss Devenham's account downtown. You see we rather keep an eye on people who carry big policies—"

"Quite," said Jimmy. "Do you know, I wish you'd dropped in a little earlier? That was a good coat. Do I gather that this felony might be compounded if I gave your company my check for five hundred?"

"I don't see why not," said Norton. "Do you?"

Jimmy wrote a check. Then he rang for Kodi, and he and Norton had a drink. He liked Norton. And then he took a bath, and dressed, with meticulous care, and went around to the Devenhams'. He asked for Sally, but it was Mr. Devenham who came in to the living room.

"So, young man!" he said.

"I didn't think you'd object, sir," said Jimmy, unabashed.

"Object to what?"

"My marrying Sally, sir."

"Oh, that! H'mm—well—what the devil did you mean by pretending you didn't know anything at lunch?"

"Oh, Lord!" said Jimmy. "Do you mean she's told you, sir? Can't a woman ever keep her word?"

"I'm glad to say that she has some remaining traces of decency and honor! You're a Quixotic young ass! She couldn't let you in for anything like that—and—oh, I suppose she knew she could twist me around her finger! Besides, if she's going to marry you—! Seen an evening paper, by the way?"

"Why, no, I haven't," said Jimmy.

"Ingot Common," said Mr. Devenham. "closed at ninety-six. She bought it at eighty-two."

They looked at each other.

"I think," said Mr. Devenham, "that we'd better have a cocktail."

"Make it three," said Sally, from the door.



Only old roués with dishonorable intentions took advantage of young girls in Dickens' Day

Little Things of Loveliness

[Continued from page 98]

I know a family that has lots of fun at Christmas with its stocking gifts, by taking inventory of the things that various members of the family use and need for their personal grooming. All sorts of delightful little things of loveliness turn up in their stockings every year—some times the more homely gifts are amusing, but always appreciated.

IT IS a custom for each member of the family to receive at least one stocking gift a little above the average in exquisiteness. But the useful and standard things really fill the stockings—such things as tooth paste and tooth brushes, novelty cakes of soap for traveling, purse vials of perfume, miniature manicuring sets, miniature sets of cosmetic preparations for overnight use, delicate pin trays, rubber soap sponges in droll shapes, fancy wash cloths, bath salts in humorous containers, hand shoe-polishing sets for emergencies, and all sorts of wee things that help to keep them better-groomed and lovelier than most families. The careless member of the family always receives a beautifully wrapped package of spot remover!

The importance of little things, I know, is a trite expression. Yet so many girls haven't learned that genuine charm depends upon apparent trifles. Skin, hands, hair and teeth cannot be neglected. Jewelry, perfume, make-up, are all a part of personality. It is so much easier to be alert, practical, sympathetic and happy when we know that we are all right to the smallest detail.



It isn't vanity to look into your mirror frequently and critically. It's just common sense

Fashions are modish and shifting—but the habits of beauty care are here to stay. From time to time improvements will be made in beauty preparations, and we shall adopt them, for we are getting to be a beauty-conscious country.

I OFTEN think that advertisements have been as important as any other stimulant to beauty in our day. They've shown us the possibilities of beauty, the ease with which we can manage to keep youthful, and they have so popularized the essentials of beauty care that there is hardly a girl who cannot afford the simple necessities for her dressing table and bath cabinet.

Not many years ago these lovely things were expensive luxuries. The modern girl has more maids and experts at her beck and call than a princess of a generation ago. So there is no excuse for neglecting the little things.

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DW21—Beautifully engraved 18K Solid White Gold solitaire mounting: fiery, genuine blue-white diamond. \$2.96 a mo.

DW22—Gentleman's massive hand engraved ring of 14K Solid White Gold. Imported black Onyx with a genuine diamond and any carved initial or emblem desired. \$2.21 a mo.

DW32—The "LELONG", a new ELGIN creation direct from Paris. Exquisitely engraved rectangular case created exclusively for ELGIN by Mme. Lelong, a foremost Parisienne stylist. Latest modern design with black enamel. Guaranteed ELGIN movement; accurate time-keeper. \$2.83 a month

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the more important things signed up the first day; only a lot of details had to be arranged later. And—

"You could have come home?"

"I managed to get in some tennis," the man said. "Borrowed one of Alan's racquets. Weighed almost fifteen ounces, and it seemed to help my game. We had some decent mixed doubles." In his satisfaction that Helen was close beside him he talked rapidly. "Ada plays like a man. Comes right up to the net to volley, but she isn't so hot overhead. Alan was half lit one afternoon, and almost broke his neck trying to jump the net."

Too primly, Helen said. "I'm glad you had a good time."

"Hated to tell 'em good-by." McMillan admitted.

"Especially Ada?"

"Jealous?"

"Should I be?"

He lit a cigarette without offering her one. "Ada's just a good egg. I asked her to phone us if she comes north—"

"Phone you," said Helen.

"If you're trying to make me feel guilty you're out of luck."

Helen faced him, and became aware for the first time that he was smoking. She went over to the table and found a cigarette. Lighting the match as Bet Gilmore did she gave McMillan a long, smooth expanse of stocking.

"I wish—" Mac started crossly.

"Oh, rubbish," she snapped. "A leg's a leg. This's important. When you say I'm jealous, you hurt me." She did feel both virtuous and wronged. "You have a good time, but when I—"

"Come home at three in the morning with a man—"

"How do you know some one else wasn't with us? You do believe Fred Jamison's—"

"Who was with you?"

"You haven't any right to ask," she said, hoping that her cheeks did not look as hot as they felt. After all, she hadn't actually lied about it. Before he could argue the point, she went on vehemently. "Let's have this out. Suppose I'd been away for a week—a day's business and six days' playing, would you be satisfied if I did the things that you did?"

He frowned, was obviously put out, and then said. "What are you kicking about? Ada's given me some contacts that will be worth a lot to the firm. Of course I went places with her. And"—defiantly—"I did just as the others did."

"But because a man drove me home—"

"Making so much noise that you woke the neighbors—"

"If Fred Jamison's talking about me he's giving someone else a rest. I suppose people didn't remark you and Ada!"

"You are jealous," McMillan said, half curiously, half thoughtfully.

HOW, exactly, had matters come to such a pass? Her silence spread through the room, caught McMillan and enveloped him.

Jim spoke first. "We're two people," he said to the lovely back of her head. "I didn't do anything I'm ashamed of. I wouldn't make love to a woman to help business, but I couldn't insult a relative of the man we did business with."

Helen made an inarticulate noise; it might almost have been a snort.

With her back to him she began to read. He flushed deeply. He was no longer conscious of the room; he was wishing that he



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hadn't gone away, he was remembering other parties.

Dancers crushed against the men who held them their eyes half-closed, their lips parted. None more desirable than Helen. It was so vivid that he could hear (in this silent room) the music pound and thrum.

What his control cost him when he had finished, only he could know. All that he said was, "I wish you'd come home with the Gilmores. Pete should have—"

Did you ever take Ada home?"

That wasn't the same," weakly. "She's not a married woman, and I wouldn't—"

Helen began to laugh.

"And who's jealous now?"

"I'm not," McMillan shouted.

"Do you want the Jamisons to broadcast a McMillan battle all over town?" In a soft clear voice she added, "You needn't yell. And don't get excited."

"I'm perfectly calm," McMillan roared. "The Jamisons can go jump in the bay. And I'm not jealous, you hear? You had no business coming home at three with an old sweetheart." In a bitter tone, but more quietly, he added, "I suppose this fellow managed to kiss you on the way home?"

"Fred Jamison tell you he did?"

"No," McMillan said briefly.

HELEN waited. Would he ask it again, expecting an answer? Suppose he said, "Did you let him kiss you?" Would she tell him that she had, just as he'd kissed this woman? Or should she say, "Of course; what would you expect after such a wild party as we were on?" Only it had been before, really, and not after. Bliss Porter, at the house, had been given nothing but a cheek; what the Jamisons might have heard was his "Oh, Helen!" as she had run into the house and left him in the car.

She groped for something to say. She asked, vastly more politely than she intended, "Have you to go to the office early?" And then, swiftly, "What's the matter with us? We're acting like hoop-kirted wives and ruffled husbands."

"Ruffled's the right word," McMillan agreed wryly.

"Why? You had a good time. So did I. We couldn't do it together, so we did it alone. But—"

McMillan said, frowning, "I won't go over until ten. Have lunch together, if you'll come." He stared before him, and said less mechanically, "I'm not trying to evade; we both had a good time. It's right for you to do what I do. Whatever you want. Neither of us have any kick coming, I suppose. We're still as much two people as before we were married. Whatever we did wasn't wrong," he paused, and then said very gravely, "Not wrong at all, but—"

It was all, both saw clearly, in the one word—"But!"

The word, the thought behind it, the many thoughts, if they were to be considered one by one, loomed larger than reasoning of any kind. "But," simple word, easily said, became a rock, a wall, a high mountain. Helen, with a quick turn to McMillan and a veil of tenderness over her eyes, said, "You can go anywhere you like; do what you like. So can I. We both can, if we want. It's supposed to work out all right. It's a fine theory up to a certain point."

Automatonlike, both said, "But—" and, instantly, laughed.

Eyes flashed for one beating second of full interchange; then McMillan's turned away, and came to the picture of the old priest before his temple. How, neither knew, but everything was settled, as clearly and enduringly as the twisted pine-tree in the print on the wall. Under it, on the shelf above the fireplace, was an armless, angular, headless statue of darkish green metal, neither masculine nor feminine, formless, not to be explained. Very modern indeed.

Helen's eyes never moved; her hand sought his. Whether she knew what McMillan saw, or thought, seemed probable from her words: "I want to understand things," she said. "That's why I've tried to be modern. But men and women still are—men and women."

How deeply her thought went, how elemental, McMillan had no way of knowing; he only said, "It's good to be home again."

Women at Sea

[Continued from page 77]

she would have. And she always ended with, "But of course it couldn't be—possibly."

If only she could know for certain it wasn't! All her pleasure during that leave was spoiled. For never a splendid motor car passed, but she wondered if it contained Jacob and his bride, and she never went to the theater without half expecting to see them come into a box, whilst she—Fanny—was being satisfied with the dress circle.

In her own heart she knew that she did not want it to be Alison. She could not say why, but it just seemed to her that if it was, her whole idea of the world, and right and wrong, would be sent topsy turvy. Pretentiousness had no right to be rewarded nor presumption crowned. She could not bear it.

It was waste of good energy, worrying, for they never came across the Duvesants, nor any one who knew anything about them. When the time came for them to return East, Robert got word they were not to return to Ceylon, but to go up to Bareilly in India.

Fanny wept. It seemed in those days as if everything was against her. She loved Ceylon, and its cinnamon scents, and blue sea. She loved her house, and all her friends in Colombo. It was too bad.

When Robert said, patiently, "Darling, perhaps it's all for the best," she could have slapped him. But she was short tempered and out of sorts just then. She was going to have another baby the following year.

"It will all have been planned out for the best. You will see," repeated Robert, patting her gently on the shoulder. "But hadn't you better try and get another nurse to come out with us, darling, under the circumstances?"

She dried her eyes, shaking her head resolutely. "No, Robert. Never again will I take another girl from this country to the temptations of the East. It's not fair. They just go to pieces. They seemed most satisfactory in Ealing, but as soon as you get them East of Suez—no, Robert. No doubt I shall manage to pick some one up on the boat who will give me a hand."

Mr. MacMorrison sighed.

Fanny had altered very little in appearance since her girlhood, in spite of all her travels and babies. Her little round face still had a placid expression. She adored her babies and she was still sure that nowhere in the world was there a husband so good as her Robert, or so like Sir Galahad, the perfect Knight above reproach.

She would have been completely happy and at rest if she could have been sure Jacob's Miss Parker wasn't Alison.

SHE was leaning over the rail at Mar-seilles watching the passengers who joined the ship there come aboard, when she saw Jacob Duvesant. She had David in her arms at the time, and so surprised was she that she almost let him drop into the sea. He was hung with Zeuz glasses, cameras, air cushions, rugs, and all the other paraphernalia of those who travel luxuriously. Behind him, empty handed, came a figure only too familiar. Clad in faultless brown traveling clothes, and a little close-fitting hat that could only have come from Paris, came Alison, once Fanny's nursery help. Behind her, carrying a jewel case and fur coat, was a neat figure in black, undoubtedly her maid.

The only possible thing was to look through Alison and pretend not to know her. This Fanny did. Out of the tail of her eye she saw them go along to the best cabins on the boat—the bridal suite. For a while her whole world tottered. It wasn't right. Such things did not happen. Or, if they did, she, Fanny, had been wrong all her life about the things that mattered. So wan did she look for three or four days that Robert began to think she must be sea-sick.

He had readily fallen in with Fanny's idea about ignoring Alison. He thought it nice of Fanny to look at it like that. Some women would have said all sorts of spiteful things, and spread the news about the ship.

Fanny merely said, "After all, she won't want to be reminded about that part of her life now. And we won't say a word to any one."

NOW it came suddenly to Fanny one day, as she rocked David to sleep, why they had been transferred from Colombo. All in a minute that was made plain, and her bright smile broke over her face again. Of course it would have been an impossible situation to have been there with Alison. "It shows how little we understand," mused Fanny, cheering up. "It shows how everything that happens is really for the best, if only one has patience to wait for the explanation."

Mr. Gordon, the purser, came to speak to her. He was a very handsome young man, and reminded Fanny of Ivor Novello.

"You won't remember me, Mrs. Mac-Morrison," he said. But she did when he smiled. He had been on some boat with them before. He said, "I was only dining-room steward when we traveled together on the Royalshire years ago. Promotion has come my way, you see."

She remembered him now, and smiled suddenly. How much he had improved in looks. He was a great loss to the film industry, now, she thought. So kind, and such charming manners. What he had come to say, was, if she wanted help with David there was a woman traveling alone, going to be a hospital sister in Rangoon, who would probably be glad to help her.

Fanny thought it immensely kind of him. She knew the woman he meant. A sad creature who haunted the outskirts of every game, hoping some one would ask her to join, which they never did.

He walked down the deck, and Fanny looked after him, smiling quietly. Suddenly she gave a quick little crow of amusement. She wondered whether he had recognized Alison! Last time they traveled together, Alison had had all her meals downstairs with the stewards.

Of course she remembered him now! He had been the one who had made love to Alison, and Alison had snubbed him most mercilessly, complaining bitterly to Fanny that the stewards did not know their place. It was a funny world, but looking along the deck, it came into Fanny's mind, that it she had had to marry one or the other, Jacob Duvesant, or the purser, she would unhesitatingly have chosen Mr. Gordon.

The ship settled down to the usual round of meals, games, and flirtations. Pas-

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sonate romance blossomed all round them, but Fanny did not care. She was quite convinced that there had never been and never would be a love tale as satisfying as hers and Robert's.

Still, Fanny looked on with interest. There was the romance of Captain Belton and Maris Templeton, with whom he seemed to fall in love at a single glance. Maris looked nice. She was the cold high-bred type of woman that Englishmen like to suppose is found only in England. There was Jean Adair, getting on nicely with David Field. There was Fenella Quayle, just a slip of a girl, perpetually in the Captain's bad books over some escapade.

While on the upper deck walked Alison, beautifully dressed, beautifully groomed, with Daisy, her maid, at her beck and call, and Jacob, very devoted, beside her. Fanny, looking up the companionway, watched her sometimes, just as of old, Alison herself had watched the rich, the married and unhampered.

Fanny sighed gently. Was it possible that if she waited patiently, everything would, after all, be made plain. Would Alison come to realize that she had been right when she told her sinful ambition did not make for happiness? Fanny was not sure, but she wondered.

Some of her old brightness came back to her and she often found herself singing as she pushed David about in his pram.

Robert was sweet to her. He had been so concerned when she seemed off color, he was so overjoyed to find her returned to her old self. He came in and sat with her in the evenings, when she had gone to bed early, and told her the ship's gossip as heard in the smoke-room, in a whisper so as not to disturb David.

"THAT Miss Templeton who was supposed to be going to Bareilly with us, has changed her plans. I hear she is going back to England with Captain Belton on the next boat. They have wireless for berths. That has been quite a romance, hasn't it?"

"She's pretty, but too stuck up," said Fanny. "Even if she does come of good family there's no reason for her to treat the rest of us as if we were dirt."

"And you've heard, I suppose, about Alison?"

He spoke with diffidence. They had never mentioned her name between them since the first day at Marseilles.

"No, I didn't know anything had happened to her."

"She's fallen in love with the purser. The whole ship is talking of the way she chases him. He's a good-looking lad, too. I wonder if you remember we traveled with him last time when she was with us? And he was pretty keen on her then."

Fanny said, "Oh, yes. I remember."

"Well, now it seems he won't have anything to do with her, and she's the one who is keen. I'm afraid you were right about her, dear. She's flighty. Now that she's got what she wanted, she doesn't want it."

"It's a funny world, isn't it? I hadn't heard anything, but then I'm so taken up with David. If you come to think of it, Rob, they'd have been much happier together. She's far more his sort. They speak the same language, and she'll never be really at home with Mr. Duvesant. It's funny," said Fanny, "the way everything works out if you only wait."

"Major Morphiston," went on Robert, "is falling in love with every one in turn, quite impartially. I am sure he imagines all the women are very fascinated with him, poor fellow, but I find him an unmitigated bore. He cannot talk about anything but his insides. I try to bear with him, and listen sympathetically, but he is very tedious."

"My Robert," she said, putting his hand against her face. "Always so gentle and tender. Always so kind. Sir Galahad—the perfect knight."

"We're jolly lucky, aren't we—Fanny—to have each other, and not to be floundering around, poodle-faking with other people?"

They were jolly lucky. She lay there, his hand against her face, quite content. She had always known they were lucky.

Presently he went off to the smoke-room, whistling softly. Fanny felt so strong and wide-awake that she arose and put on her kimono. The night was warm and calm and it struck her she might be able to see the Southern Cross. Also she wanted to offer up a little prayer of thanksgiving for the understanding that had come to her, bringing with it complete peace and calm. How wrong of her ever to question the wisdom of things, or the rightness of right.

She went outside and leaned over the rail.

It was dark on the lower deck. The lights had been turned out an hour ago and the ship was in silence save for the swish of the water along the bows. She could see white foam spread over the water like lace. The night around her was an indigo bowl in which stars swam like goldfish. So peaceful, so lovely and still.

HER thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a kiss not far away. Fanny peered with interest down the deck, and discerned two figures outlined against the indigo sky. As her eyes grew accustomed to the shadows she saw Mr. Gordon, the purser. Mr. Gordon with his arm unmistakably round a girl's waist. For one moment Fanny's heart almost stood still. It missed a beat, and then went on again. Mr. Gordon was not with Alison. The couple separated. Mr. Gordon entered the saloon. Down the deck came the trim figure of Alison's lady's maid, Daisy, the girl from the North, who had so enjoyed the voyage once she got over the homesickness.

Fanny gazed after her. Unseen, she had caught the starry look in Daisy's eyes, the smile on her lips. It could only mean one thing. Alison was in love with Mr. Gordon. But Mr. Gordon was in love with her maid.

Wrong never triumphed, no matter how bright everything looked. Sinful pride never brought any one any good. Happiness came from within, as she had always known, from her earliest girlhood.

They reached Colombo very early in the morning, and there was Robert, in the doorway of the cabin, whispering hoarsely so as not to wake David.

"Are you awake?"

"Yes, dear. But there is no hurry. We needn't land until noon."

"No. I came to tell you something."

He was diffident about it. He knew in a way it was hard on her, all this good fortune descending upon a person she had never approved of. Women cared a lot about that sort of thing.

He said, "Duvesant's brother had been killed out riding. That means they get the title, and the place. Extraordinary, isn't it?"

She lay there, smiling at him, her pretty hair spread over the pillow. Such a girl she looked still, his Fanny. She said, "It really is extraordinary, when you come to look at it, and know all we know. But riches and position are not everything. Thank you for telling me, darling. I think I'll get up, and dress David later. I'm feeling awfully strong this morning."

He went upstairs warm with adoration and wonder at her. She wasn't like other women. Not a single catty remark had she made, the whole of the voyage. She did not know what envy or covetousness was. Leaning over the rail, he witnessed the magnificent departure of the Duvesants. How dreary poor Alison looked.

"Really," he thought, "I don't think she's getting much fun out of it. She'd have been much happier with some one like Gordon. Upon my Sam, she was a lot more cheerful looking when she went ashore with us."

What Our Girl Bought in Paris

[Continued from page 71]

holidays are just around the corner?

One of the nicest of the dresses I noticed was a soft black taffeta, worn by a very young girl. The bodice was simple, brought into a normal waistline by a two-inch belt of the taffeta, while the décolleté was decidedly modest.

The gathered skirt was long all around, reaching almost to the ankles, with three tucks of increasing depth below the knees. The only bit of color was a big bowknot of light blue incrustated in the front of the skirt.

The costume was made doubly effective by the coiffure, four or five ringlets caught in at the neck with a large hairpin.

And before we leave the question of taffeta I want to tell you of another exceedingly effective dress of the same material, also in black, which Nicole Groult has made. This has a pointed décolleté, front and back, and the armholes cut also to a point. The skirt is made of five flounces of the taffeta with a tiny panel in the front. The flounces and the décolleté are all bound in crepe, and the only touch of color is the big flower in beige which is fastened at the bottom of the first flounce on the left hip.

Worth has made a dress in white panne that is as fascinating as anything one could imagine for party wear all through the season. Its princess line, modified by the bias cutting, which so flatters the average figure, and the very circular godets, arranged in points to emphasize the bodice cutting, and descending in flattering fullness, are exceedingly smart.

THIS dress would be particularly useful to the girl who does not have many clothes and who wishes to make them serve for a number of purposes. With a change of slippers and gloves (which Worth suggests should match in color, this year) for instance bright blue elbow length gloves and slippers, or red ones, or bright green, a change in jewelry accessories and a matching scarf when you wish, the frock could easily seem two or three different outfits and the wearer could be certain that her friends were not thinking, "There is the same old dress."

Before we leave these good time dresses, there is just one more—"Golden Star" that you must hear about. It is of black net, embroidered in golden stars, the top of the dress decidedly princess and the back in two overlapping flounces, edged as is the dress itself with narrow ruchings of the net. This double flounce "bustle" effect in the back recalls our grandmother's days with that something different that makes the dress 1930. The net is made over a satin foundation.

You will probably be raising your eyebrows about this instant, and saying something like, "Why does she tell us of four black evening dresses and the fifth in white? Does she think we are all old ladies, or in mourning?"

Nothing of the sort. I am giving you the most popular and the smartest things, and while colored dresses do exist, they are few in comparison. I have selected these, that you may get just the impression that I do in seeing all the collections

If you are devoted to some color that is particularly becoming, have it by all means, but I want you to know what Paris considers the smartest thing. And if you haven't a black or a white party frock you will know that in choosing one you have agreed with Parisian dictation.

But one can't wear party dresses all the time, and so I want to tell you just a word about several kinds of day things—dresses, suits, hats.



A perfect pet of a gown with an exquisite name—"Golden Star" so called because its black net overdress is embroidered with stars of gold

SO FAR as hats are concerned there are two extremes, both of which are extremely smart. At one end of the pendulum there is the hat which is long in front and decidedly short in the back; at the other the long back, either with a short front or the front turned sharply away from the face.

The one with the sun-bonnet back is made of dark green felt, and flares sharply away from the face in front almost like a turned up sombrero. This is designed to wear with a coat that has a tight, high, buttoned collar.

The second, with its flattering frame for the face, is in beige with the brim cut into the crown as a decoration at the side back. The brim is lined with brown.

Another long back hat is illustrated in the hat and scarf combination. It also, is in beige and is folded back away from the face in front. The hat band is made of a straight crepe de chine scarf, half yellow and half black. The scarf is made exactly as the hat band, and is knotted in front, under the chin, just as the hat scarf is in back.

The double ensemble was particularly chosen for SMART SET readers because of its twofold purpose, as well as its smartness. The coat is brown broadcloth with a slightly flaring skirt, the only trimming being a series of tucks in the skirt and the cuffs of the sleeves.

The original ensemble has a skirt of the same brown broadcloth, with deep box pleats in the front. It is completed by a long peplum blouse of beige velvet with brown figures. The peplum has the new side pleats, the loose scarf collar and the tight hip yoke, all signs of the new silhouette.

To make a formal afternoon frock, one has only to change to the velvet skirt.

Our typical American girl has had a day-time dress specially made for her, and which I am sure all the rest of you will like as much as Edna Peters herself does. It is of purple velvet, and is called "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

The blouse is the sort of tight bodice that we remember in old daguerreotypes of our grandmothers, buttoned all the way down the front and with the two side seams to make it close fitting. A narrow belt of the velvet heads the circular peplum, over a slightly circular skirt. Collars and cuffs of fine ecru lace complete the outfit.

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symbolic costume. And I can't even remember what Dorothy did. I was in the studio later when Lillian and Dorothy both did the single scenes that made them world famous.

MEANWHILE there were other studios in Hollywood that were making history. It was around this time that Jesse Lasky and Cecil B. De Mille started a studio in a barn out in the middle of a lemon grove in Hollywood. Ince had been going for a long time in a canyon north of Santa Monica. I didn't know either of them very well but I used to go down to Ince's to see the Sioux and Blackfoot Indians who lived in tepees on the studio grounds. Very casually I got to know two or three boys on the lot: one was a lanky serious young fellow named Charles Ray. The other interested me because he always seemed to try so pathetically hard to make good; his name was Jack Gilbert.

Psychologically these big leaguers who were building up this great industry were an interesting contrast.

De Mille always made me think of a fashionable jeweler; he laid out glittering things on a tray and only he knew which were genuine and which were bunk.

Griffith was always half actor and half evangelist.

Sennett was a street corner policeman who walked along swinging his club and liked to listen to the quarrels of Mrs. Mahoney and Mrs. Clancy as they hung the clothes out on the line; he had an avid instinct for life.

Ince was a patent medicine man who kept his eyes on the faces of the crowds. The minute they looked away he changed the act. Like a medicine doctor he was always packed up to go. He dealt frankly in hokum; and if they didn't like that kind of hokum, he was prepared to switch it at any moment.

Bill Hart, who had come to the studios from the stage, several newspaper men and a few actors used to have dinner at a German restaurant. Sometimes it was so crowded that you had to eat in your lap. There was a little family there—a mother and three daughters—who interested me very much. They were making such a brave struggle to get on in the world. The mother especially was a brilliant, witty woman with a downright common sense that made her the most quoted woman in town. She was the mother-confessor for a great many girls other than her own daughters. It was Mrs. Peg Talmadge; and the daughters were Natalie, Constance and Norma.

It is an open secret in Hollywood that "Peg" and her original remarks formed the basis for Anita Loos' "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." The other girl in that book was taken from Mildred Harris.

Anita herself had appeared on the scene by this time. I think I helped to discover her. It is very difficult for a newspaper to find good country correspondents. We discovered a jewel of the first water in A. Loos who sent in reports from Coronado Beach. Sharp, keen, scooped the town regularly and often. The first time I was called down that way, I went over on the ferry to visit this paragon of journalism. A little child of twelve years came out.

"I want to see A. Loos," I said brusquely. "That's me," she said in a little, choked, scared voice.

Anita, at that time, was also writing sketches of life of the Lower East Side of New York and selling them. The fact that she had never been in New York was incidental.

At fourteen, Griffith sent for her and gave her the highest price ever paid to a scenario writer at that time. Trust Anita to get the prices.

In the next installment of this series I go to work in the movies on the old Sennett lot—in the days of Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Fatty Arbuckle and the bathing girls, who became the great stars.

"LOOK..... he's imitating a pianist!"

.....someone shouted
Then a queer thing happened

JACK had strummed some "Blues" for us on his uke and Nan had just finished her screamingly funny burlesque on the "Kinkajou." We were all set for dancing when—the radio refused to work! No amount of jiggling brought it to life, either. All we could get from that confounded radio were such desolate howls that the girls begged us to leave it alone.

Someone made a half-hearted suggestion of bridge. But Tom had a better plan. Pulling Joe to his feet—good old "sit-in-the-corner" Joe, whom everyone liked to pick on—he cried in a loud voice:

"Just a minute, folks! The party is saved! Joe, here, has kindly offered to enliven the proceedings with a piano solo."

This promised to be good—for, as we all knew, Joe couldn't play a note. Naturally we expected him to clown.

Just as he sat down at the piano, Tom called out: "Play 'The Varsity Drag'—that's a hot dance number!"

Excited whispers came from all parts of the room. "Wonder what he's going to do!" "He doesn't know one note from another!" Suddenly someone shouted:

"Get this! Look—he's imitating a pianist!"

A Queer Thing Happens

Raising his hand melodramatically, Joe waited a moment to command silence. Then, to the complete amazement of us all, he struck the first bars of—"The Varsity Drag!"

And how! With all the verve and expression of a professional! No wonder Tom's eyes almost popped out of his head! This wasn't the clowning he had expected Joe to do!

Unable to resist the tantalizing music, couple after couple glided around the floor. When Joe stopped playing, the applause could have been heard around the block.

All evening they kept Joe busy at the piano—playing jazz, popular songs, sentimental ballads, even classical stuff—everything the crowd asked for!

How that lad could play! I was dumbfounded. Joe had always seemed to be a "born wallflower"—he had never displayed any talent for entertaining—yet now

I determined to solve the puzzle. On the way home that night I drew Joe aside and demanded:

"How on earth did you do it?"

He laughed. "Why, it was easy! I simply took that home-study course in music your cousin told us about. There wasn't any expensive private teacher to pay—and since the lessons came by mail, I didn't have to set aside valuable



hours for study. In fact, I practiced only in my spare time, a few minutes a day. And the course is thorough! Before I knew it, I was playing simple pieces by note, and

"I guess you don't have to tell me how thorough it is," I broke in. "Your performance tonight was a knockout! And you used to say you had no 'talent'!"

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Secrets of a Social Secretary

[Continued from page 33]

trip in a large seaplane, which he kept anchored in the bay fronting the house. That particular recreation was for the guests only. Mr. Sutcliffe himself, didn't like flying. At other times we would all don riding clothes and engage in one of the favorite pastimes of the plantation—pig chasing. The superintendent would drive up with a bag containing three or four tiny pigs, all greased to make their capture difficult. Young women were usually the contestants, and bets would be made as to which of them would catch a pig first.

While others in the party sat on the rail fence and watched, the girls would pitch into the contest with vigor. If you have ever tried to catch a greased pig, you will appreciate that it is no easy job. Frequently it would take from fifteen minutes to half an hour before one of the lithe young competitors had succeeded in clasp-ing the slippery, squirming young pig in her dainty hands. By that time the victor was anything but the trim, immaculate young person she had been at the start.

UNCLE JACK delighted in toppling over dignity. Some of the older men who visited the plantation were exceedingly dignified citizens. For their special benefit, Uncle Jack arranged that everybody would have to do some kind of a stunt. To flunk in what you were called upon to do meant that you had to pay a more serious forfeit.

On one occasion an especially dignified gentleman failed to do the stunt chosen, and as a penalty Mr. Sutcliffe directed that he be tied to a painter's seat and hoisted up a tall flag pole standing at the water's edge. It chanced that I was his dinner partner, which required that I pay a like forfeit. We drew lots to see which would go first and I was the victim.

Though not given to any sense of dizziness, I felt an impulse to jump off. But I gritted my teeth and stuck until the top of the pole had been reached. Not so my partner. Half way up the pole he lost all idea of dignity and yelled that he wanted to be lowered, which won some hundreds of dollars in bets for those who had wagered on me to go higher.

Besides the amusements I have already mentioned, there were drag hunts and possum hunts and quail and pheasant shooting parties. My own value would have dropped immediately to the zero point in his estimation if I failed to think up different kinds of parties. Uncle Jack's theory was that people who had come to his place for a good time were entitled to nothing short of a good time, and his one conception of a good time was something to keep the mind and body continually diverted.

THE plantation season which had started in October came to an end after Christmas, and Uncle Jack headed the party for some point further south.

The girls were keen for Palm Beach, for there they found themselves in the vortex of a maddening social whirl—bathing, tea dancing, motoring, gay dinner parties and finally the Casino, where they would play the various games of chance, especially hazards.

Chaperoning these extremely attractive, young ladies was no easy task, considering that the southern resorts are the rendezvous for so many unscrupulous adventurers. Not only did Uncle Jack keep a watchful eye on them, partly because he felt responsibility and partly because he was jealous of other men, but he expected me to see to it that they kept out of trouble.

One evening Uncle Jack had left Dr. Barlow, the three girls and myself, in the

Casino while he joined a group of his men friends who were playing for high stakes in a private room. We were all playing hazards with the generous supply of chips he had furnished. I was having such a rare run of luck that for a while I forgot to notice what the three girls were doing. At length I glanced up from the table to see that Sylvia had accumulated a pile of chips.

"Sylvia," I exclaimed, "you certainly are having a marvelous run of luck."

"Well, it isn't altogether luck," she smiled back. "This gentleman on my right was kind enough to give me these chips after I had lost mine." I looked at the stack—several hundred dollars worth at least. I also looked at the gentleman on the right. A well known Broadway character. At that critical moment Uncle Jack walked up to the table where we stood.

"Pretty lucky, Sylvia, aren't you?" he remarked.

"Oh, I didn't win these, Uncle Jack," Sylvia blurted out in all innocence. "This gentleman gave them to me."

She introduced the two men, but Mr. Sutcliffe simply glowered. Then he came over to me and directed me to get the girls out of the place as quickly as I could.

"Why did you permit that?" he demanded a little later at the hotel.

"I didn't notice what had happened until it was too late."

"I'm paying you to notice such things," he said. "Keep your eyes open."

Uncle Jack had introduced the girls to me as his nieces, but Helen, who was a frank young woman, told me they were in no way related to him.

He was extremely fussy about the way they dressed and would go to any expense to get the right clothes for them. The fact that his taste in clothes was excellent was forcibly impressed upon me at the time of the big social event of the Palm Beach season—the ball on Washington's Birthday. Uncle Jack was eager that his "nieces" should look as well as any of the young women who would be present. Calling us all into a council, he asked how we were equipped.

"Haven't a thing to wear," the girls chorused in unison. Remembering the wardrobes full of dresses, I smiled at that inevitable feminine declaration.

"That, I should say, is a 100 per cent untrue statement," Uncle Jack commented. "However, I shouldn't have asked such a silly question. Miss Roberts, get them whatever they want—also yourself."

Joyously enough I followed his instructions. A soft filmy creation of peach chiffon and silver to match Helen's delicate coloring; green tulle and silver for Sylvia; a brilliant red soft chiffon velvet to harmonize with Alice's dark beauty, and a handsome black and silver net gown for myself.

ON THE evening of the ball we were to meet in the sitting room of our suite. At half past ten all of us were on hand except Sylvia. After waiting fifteen minutes, Uncle Jack asked me to step into her room and tell her to hurry.

Heavens above, the spectacle which greeted me! Before a large dressing mirror stood Sylvia, with our personal maid, putting on the finishing touches—not to the lovely gown of foaming green and silver tulle which had been purchased for her, but to a dress she and the maid had hastily pinned and basted together—a tight fitting, long trained affair of cheap lace over a foundation of cloth of silver. No movie vampire ever rigged herself in more vamplike style than the imaginative Sylvia

had for this occasion. She was seventeen and showing her age.

I was still gasping for breath when Uncle Jack entered the room to see what was causing the delay. His eyes opened in wonderment and dismay.

"Get out of that thing at once, Sylvia, and put on that new dress you just got." He roared the command. Sylvia wilted and within a few minutes she presented herself in the sitting room, looking a picture in the green dress.

The incident seriously interfered with her ambition to appear as a vampire. She did not stir Uncle Jack's wrath in that manner again.

After the Palm Beach season our program was to go to Saratoga, for it was at the meeting held through August in this quaint old town that Uncle Jack usually brought out his best two year olds.

All of us, the girls, Uncle Jack, Dr. Barlow and myself, were ardent devotees of the turf. The Sutcliffe trainers would always tell us when one of their horses had an especially good chance to win and we would bet all the money we had at hand. Frequently it was a good deal more than we had at hand, for our credit among the bookmakers in the clubhouse was unlimited.

Uncle Jack's fondness for having young women near him brought about curious results on one occasion. Our regular party, including servants, was motoring from New York to Saratoga. Passing through a small upstate village, I noticed Uncle Jack's sudden interest in a girl standing on the sidewalk. She was a forlorn looking creature, about seventeen and shabbily dressed.

"What a wistful look that poor child has," he said. I studied her features as closely as I could in a momentary glance, but could see nothing wistful. To me she seemed to be just like any one of hundreds of girls you see in the course of a day.

AFTER the car had rolled on for a half mile or so, Uncle Jack announced his decision to remain in the town overnight. We put up at the best local hotel, which wasn't much, and resumed our trip the next day. By that time the whole affair had been dismissed from my mind.

A few days after our arrival at the Spa, Uncle Jack called me and said I was to meet the late train with the limousine.

"I've invited a young friend of mine to come here for a visit. I don't think she's likely to have much baggage, as it was all arranged so quickly. See that the girls give her whatever clothes she may need until tomorrow."

He gave me a meagre description of the expected visitor. I, in turn, described her as well as I could to the chauffeur. We drove to the station and both of us looked over the passengers as they left the train. I saw no one who looked as though she might be our arriving guest. When I was about to give up the search and report that she had failed to put in appearance, my attention was attracted to a poorly dressed girl who seemed uncertain what to do. Then I recognized her. It was the "girl with the wistful look" we had seen in the small village.

"There she is," I told the chauffeur. "Tell her we are waiting." He was surprised, but he followed my directions.

Arriving at the house, I went directly to Helen, Sylvia and Alice and explained what had happened.

"Merely one of Uncle Jack's idiosyncracies," I said. "We're all used to them. He wants you girls to supply her with a complete outfit for tonight."

"Not me," said Helen.

"Nor me," said Sylvia.

"Me, either," said Alice.

But they relented after a while and outdid themselves in furnishing the necessary things, looking upon the whole affair as a

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care bit of fun. I gathered up the articles and took them to the girl's room. In a short time the maid and I had transformed her into a really attractive young lady. I saw then what had escaped me before—that she was really pretty. Uncle Jack's eye had been more discerning than mine.

Though extremely shy, Margaret, to give her a name, made an agreeable addition to our circle. The next day, on Uncle Jack's orders, I took her to the shops and saw that she was equipped as a young woman in her new station of life ought to be. She remained with us for ten days or so and then returned to her home.

IN THE bustle of social activity at Saratoga, followed by a visit to Uncle Jack's hunting lodge, I again forgot all about Margaret. It was not until I was getting ready to reopen the southern plantation early in October that I was again reminded of her. Her name headed the list of guests Uncle Jack had asked to spend the early weeks of the season with us.

The shock of my life came when Margaret put in her appearance at the plantation. In the few weeks intervening she had undergone a remarkable evolution. Gone entirely now was the timid, hesitating country lass with whom we had all been so pleased at Saratoga. In her place was a young woman of the world, thoroughly sophisticated, affected in manner and extremely "upstage" in her speech. She was dressed to perfection in smart-fitting clothes, of which there were plenty.

She came down for dinner in a chic but simple little gown of unrelieved black chiton velvet, adorned only with a beautiful pin of diamonds. The whole effect of her ensemble was vampirish. Her delicate skin was unrouged and whiter than ever, contrasting sharply with the pomegranate redness of her lips. Her hair was no longer bobbed, but lay coiled about her head in pretty waves. Her lovely slender ankles were set off with the sheerest of sheer silk stockings and dainty slippers; and her carriage was that of a girl who had been accustomed all her life to entering a drawing room. All of us were fairly staggered with the exquisite picture she presented.

But Margaret simply could not stand the windfall of prosperity which had come to her. Within a few days she was trying to lord it over us all. Her manner, especially to the three girls, became so unbearable that I dared the wrath of Uncle Jack by reporting the circumstances to him.

Instead of turning angrily on me for interfering with his personal affairs, as I had fully expected, his interest in Margaret seemed to grow suddenly cold.

"Tell her to leave at once," he directed. I did so within the next hour and Margaret went out of our lives. Later we discovered that she was not the wistful country miss we had supposed, but a designing young woman.

TELLING guests to leave was no new experience for me. Uncle Jack was quite brutal about this, when he found himself annoyed by the presence of some one who did not fit into the party well. One instance stands out particularly in my recollections.

Among our visitors was a genial, popular chap of whom Uncle Jack was extremely fond. But he did not like the man's wife. She was a rather nosy person, who had entirely too much to say and who could not ride, shoot, swim, dance or play golf or tennis. She and her husband had been invited to stay a week. When the week was up she came to me and asked if she could remain longer. Knowing that her room was to be occupied by other guests due to arrive the following day, I told her I was sorry, but that it could not be arranged. She insisted so that I finally put the matter up to Uncle Jack.

For heaven's sake, no!" he directed.

Tactfully I told the lady that Mr. Sutcliffe regretted that we lacked accommodations for her to remain. But she outwitted us. On the day of her intended departure she contrived to fall down a few steps at the entrance to the house. She declared that she had sprained an ankle and Dr. Barlow was too gallant to deny her statement. So she remained for another week.

IT HAD become a superstition with all of us that whenever Uncle Jack came down to breakfast wearing a pink striped silk shirt he liked particularly well, it was an omen that something important was about to happen. One day, when he wore that shirt at breakfast, he told us that a famous jockey whom he was going to make trainer for his racing stable was due to arrive on the first train.

The man put in an appearance on schedule and was congratulated by all of us at his good luck in getting such a fine job. Uncle Jack welcomed him as a member of the party. Before lunch there were extra cocktails to celebrate the occasion. When we sat down to luncheon I noticed that Tom, the jockey, spoke in a thick voice and that he was unquestionably tight.

Uncle Jack announced at the table that owing to Tom's presence our regular daily visit to the private track would be a special event. Watching these workouts was Uncle Jack's greatest diversion. There was no other amusement he enjoyed quite as much, and it was an unwritten law about the place that every one was to be on hand.

Everybody on the plantation was at the track for this gala occasion—everybody except a single person. That person was Tom, the most important of the lot. His absence threw a pall over us. We all knew what had happened—that Tom had passed completely out.

Upon returning to the house, we learned that Tom had spent the afternoon asleep in his room. He came down to dinner nervous and ill at ease.

Toward the close of dinner there came a lull in the conversation. Uncle Jack stood up and all eyes were turned upon him. He was smiling, his manner as suave as ever.

"Tommy," he said, turning toward the jockey, "I invited you down here in order that you might look over the colts and fillies. I think you had a wonderful opportunity." (We all noted the use of the past tense.) "I thought you would at least be interested to go out to the track with us this afternoon. Instead of that you were asleep in your room. In fact, Tommy, I haven't had the pleasure of seeing you sober since your arrival. All our arrangements are now at an end. You are not going to be my trainer."


There was an awful silence. Then Uncle turned to me. "Miss Roberts," he said, "you will wire to Mr. —" (he mentioned the name of a well known trainer) "that I am engaging him as my trainer."

THE dinner broke up in silence and we all went to our rooms early, thoroughly depressed and most of us sorry for poor Tom. We didn't see him again. He was gone before we got up the next morning.

You will probably question why one in my position would have any wish to quit such a job as this. At times I was working twenty hours of the day. For while it was not exactly work to mingle with the guests until all hours of the early morning, it nevertheless meant a frightful loss of sleep. And Uncle Jack was a difficult man to work for. I liked him, but at times his temper was maddening. Not long after the episode of the jockey I resigned because I could not stand the long hours.

My next position as social secretary to a member of the old Four Hundred was strictly a social secretarial position. I will tell you about it next month.

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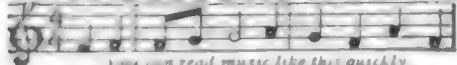
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The Competent Cook

[Continued from page 49]

retreating to the pantry with her tray.

They stifled their laughter. Mrs. Corcoran thought Mariana a perfect darling. Such a genuine Yankee character she was—so crotchety and devoted. But so very good-looking. For her own peace of mind, she said, she'd much prefer that Leonard kept a Jap or a Filipino to do his housework.

"Outrageous of you."

"Ah, but all the women fall for Harrison Leonard, my dear man. Queens to cooks."

"But I belong to you, whenever you'll take me." He blew her a kiss across the table, then flung himself back in his chair, glowering. "Evelyn, how long are you going to keep teasing me?"

"The third time we meet," she sent back at him with a lazy smile, "I lunch with you alone at your house."

"What a darling you were to come. Isn't it all mad and delightful?"

"It's very scandalous," corrected Mrs. Corcoran.

"Do we care?"

"Sweetbreads a la Pompadour," trumpeted Mariana, breezing in again. "Named for one of them French hussies."

"You're well up in history, aren't you?" said Mrs. Corcoran, helping herself.

"Ancient and modern. Hussies," said the handmaid, moving round to Leonard, "are with us today, the same's always. Make men fall in love with 'em—if love it can be called—and spreadin' ruination in otherwise useful lives. I'd learn 'em."

"What would you do with these dangerous females?" inquired Leonard. He was much amused. He rejoiced in Mariana. Evelyn was smiling too.

"One thing," she replied quickly, with a queer decision, "I'd fight to keep any man I—loved away from 'em. Some wives simply let their husbands get entangled." Again she considered Leonard's lovely guest. "Look at that case up in town last winter. Did you read it in the papers?"

"I was in Italy last winter," said Leonard.

"Well, you missed something."

"What case do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Corcoran lightly.

"The Armitage case."

"Oh, that!" She looked away, uninterested.

"She and him was as nice a couple as you'd want to see," Mariana went on. "Then along comes the hussy, Armitage, he runs off with her to Paris. His wife gets a divorce. But who wins anything out of it? The hussy, maybe, allowin' Armitage pays her good and plenty."

"Is there a vegetable to go with this?" the host asked abruptly. Really, the girl would talk till doomsday, if he encouraged her too much.

"Peas," the cook reported proudly. "Kind o' domestic. Fixed up with jest a mite o' cream, little onions and lettuce. Sort o' restful after that Pompadour dish. Gentlemen like garden sass after fancy stuff."

"You understand human nature," said Leonard.

"Better'n that," scoffed Mariana. "In my line o' work, I get hold of the inside stories of every prominent man and woman in Massachusetts."

AS SHE withdrew, head in air, the lovers exchanged a look. Leonard thought rapidly, worried for an instant. Would this gossip cook pick up anything today with which to rouse her friends? Evelyn had been so brave; she had so splendidly defied convention by slipping over to Barksdale, that the least he could do was to make sure her little escapade should never be known.

Such a sunny, jolly, reckless little affair as theirs had been. Out for a lark, she had let him scrape acquaintance in the lobby of the Boylston-Plaza, as though he had been a Harvard junior instead of a great figure, and she a minx from the movies instead of what he knew she must be—a lady of quality. His heart, at her first shadowy smile, had turned over like a boy's.

NEXT time they met—it was on a morning ride—he told her she had been sent into his life at precisely the right moment. At which profoundly original remark her smile had turned demure and lightly mocking. How perfect it was, she had answered, that, at the moment, she herself had nothing to do. Then they had laughed together. What harm? Just a lark—an adventure with no tomorrow. No harm in it, since both of them were free. Her past, background, connections, identity? Why ask about them?

"I hope you've not been bored to death by Mariana," he apologized.

"Funny how they pick things up," returned Evelyn. "Of course the stupid papers made all they could out of the Armitage row, but—"

"Never heard of it," he said brusquely.

"You're lucky."

"I live—how shall I put it?—so entirely apart, you see. Quite to myself."

"That must be wonderful."

"It's very lonely, sometimes."

"Impossible. What do you want of stupid people about you?"

"Not the others," he told her quickly.

"But you—you have magic, you see. It isn't just your beauty—it's something else. Magic, I call it. You—you take hold of me. And, Lord, I can make you happy!"

She shivered.

"I adore you."

She glanced over her shoulder at the pantry door. Then audaciously, she held out her hands to him in invitation.

In a flash he was at her side, bending over her. Two soft arms slid round his neck as he sealed a kiss on her fragrant lips.

"Excuse me," pealed from the background.

"All right, Mariana. We—we're engaged," announced Leonard, all of a sudden.

Mariana stopped dead.

Evelyn twitched a sort of smile; her hands were nervous.

"Decided this minute," said Leonard gaily.

Evelyn's eyes had a sudden dark glitter. Then she laughed, a little bleakly.

"Oh, oh," whispered Mariana. Her color was flaming. "You? Engaged? Engaged to—that girl?"

"You heard me."

"I didn't hear you," she cried passionately.

"What the devil's all this, anyhow?" broke gratingly from the lovely Evelyn. She pushed back her chair. "There's a limit—see?"

"Yes. Harrison Leonard, the greatest novelist living, tangled up with you. That's the limit, if you ask me."

"Leave the room," barked Leonard.

"Tickled to death to leave," she answered. There came a little break into her voice. She had brought in a beautiful bowl of raspberries mixed in a cunningly flavored cream—which she set down recklessly on the side-board. "This is no place for a church member," declared Mariana, her head high. "That's the girl Joe Armitage took to Paris."

With a snarling cry, the lovely Mrs. Corcoran jumped to her feet. Her chair crashed over. With a torrent of language entirely horrid in one so frail and warm and soft, she hurled her plate, her glass, and herself

at Mariana—whose grin, if a little scared, was triumphant.

"Evelyn," roared Leonard, interposing. "Stop—it—please."

"Stop nothing." Her pale hand reddened his jaw viciously. "Let me be insulted—your lying dishwasher—talking like that to me—lemme out o' here—I—I—"

"Attagirl!" crowed Mariana.

Two minutes later, from the pantry window, she saw the little roadster charge angrily down the driveway and turn into the road on two wheels. The woman who was driving kept her head bent low.

THE house was very still. Listening, waiting she cleared the table, did the dishes, put everything away—all without sight or sound of her employer. When the afternoon drew along to its close, she knocked at the door of his study. The book she had brought with her was under her arm.

"Come in." Leonard was slumped before his writing table; his pipe was cold. He was staring haggardly through the open window at nothing. "What is it you wanted?"

"What time's dinner?"

He shook his head angrily. "Shan't want any this evening."

"Then you won't need me any longer," she suggested.

"No. You've done quite enough for one day."

"I'm mighty glad I did it," she shot at him promptly.

For the first time, he raised his eyes to her. "What made you?" he asked heavily, dully.

"You did." In her own eyes glowed adoration and loyalty. "You're Harrison Leonard—too good to be wasted."

"But you said something terrible about that lady. Lied about her."

"Lie? Me? Why, that's Evelyn Corcoran."

"Well?" The question crashed like thunder.

"Ask any of the boys—the newspapermen," she said, "or Mrs. Armitage's lawyers. She don't show up so good when she's riled, does she. Well," sighed Mariana, when he made no answer, "I—I suppose I'm fired."

"Just a minute. I want to pay you." He fumbled in a drawer, and found a roll of bills. "Five dollars is right?"

"Thank you." She took the money, folded it into a square little wad. "Say, Mr. Leonard—"

"Well?"

"When they told me I was coming here, I fetched a copy of 'Harvest Moon.' I've read it over'n over. I may be a trouble-maker—but would you be awful kind, and write in it for me? I don't suppose you'll ever see me again."

He wrenched open the book at the fly-leaf. Then, as he dipped his pen in the ink, a queer wry smile dawned.

"Will that do?"

"To Mariana Sedley," she read aloud slowly. "The cook who spoiled the broth for her long-suffering victim—Harrison Leonard."

"That ain't just what you'd call a reference," mused Mariana aloud.

"The dessert," he reminded her gravely, "was a failure."

"I don't suppose," breathed Mariana, clasping her book to her heart, "you'd like me to make another."

"Tomorrow?" he suggested, looking out the window again.

"Early," she promised.

An hour or so later, she was back in the office.

"Get anything out of it?" asked the Sunday editor.

"Nothing for publication," returned Mariana—so absently that her superior looked up at her with a kind of start. Her eyes shone with a grave, bright tenderness. "I—I'm not much good at newspaper work. I can't keep my mind on it."

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Murder Yet to Come

[Continued from page 54]

"Can you quote it?"
"It ran in this fashion: 'Leave her to
me, Sahib. In a little time I will change
her mind—as I have done before.'"
"Did he mention how he expected to
change her mind?"
"No. That seemed to be understood by
Mr. Trent without explanation."

"And how did Mr. Trent take the prop-
osition?"
"It appeared to strike him as an emi-
nently satisfactory solution to the problem.
He said that he would allow forty-eight
hours for this change of mind to be effected,
and that at the end of that period the
interrupted ceremony must be performed."

A faint flush appeared upon Dr. Din-
widdie's countenance. For once he con-
tinued without urging.

"At that point I stated, with what may
I fear, have been ungodly emphasis, that
I would have no part in a resumption of
any such ceremony. Whereupon Mr. Trent
intimated that my usefulness to him was at
an end."

"So I came away from that house," he
finished. "And I rejoice that it does not
fall to my lot to return to it to preach the
funeral sermon for its master. I fear I
could hold out little assurance of his pres-
ent welfare."

Jerningham released his stern control of
his features and frankly grinned.

"That would be perfectly all right with
me," he averred. "Is there anything else,
no matter how trivial, you could tell us
about your visit?"

"I recall nothing further," he asserted.
"About what time were you there?"
"In the neighborhood of two o'clock."
"Did you happen to see David Trent,
either in going or coming?"
"Is he a young man with red hair?" Dr.
Dinwiddie asked.

"Very."
"Then it was probably he whom I saw
in the front hall as I entered."
"What was he doing?"
"He appeared to be bidding farewell to
Miss Marshall."
"Did she seem, at that moment, to be—
preoccupied?"
"I could not say."
"And there is nothing else you can tell
us?"

"No."
Jerningham rose to go.
"We're very much in your debt," he said,
"for the information you've given us, and—
I'm sorry you're not going to conduct Mr.
Trent's funeral. I can imagine no one bet-
ter qualified."

AS WE climbed into the car again, Jern-
ingham chuckled aloud.

"I'd give up an opening night," he said,
"to hear that chap indulging in 'ungodly
emphasis.' But his story was startlingly
enough without it. Whew!"

"But what do you make of it?" I
queried. "To find that the row that started
the whole business was over Linda's re-
fusal to marry Ryker, simply turns things
upside down!"

Jerningham made no answer till he had
pointed the car again in the direction of
Cairnstone House.

"The crux of the whole matter," he said,
"is why she refused. We can't get very
far with deductions or inferences until we
learn that. And the simplest plan is to ask
her."

"Yes, but you have a theory," I insisted.
"I have two theories this time," Jerning-
ham acknowledged. "And neither of 'em
any good!"

"What if they aren't? Trot 'em out—
quick, before we get back."

"Well, the obvious one is that something
happened which suddenly changed her mind
about marrying Ryker—a quarrel, for in-
stance, or even a proposal from David! But
we know by the testimony of three people
that David's errand Saturday was to say
good-by—for five years. And there are
no traces of any quarrel between Linda and
Ryker. Perhaps she refused on conscien-
tious grounds, because she doubted her
sanity."

"But you don't think so," I said. "What's
the other theory?"

HE TURNED off the pike into the walled
grounds of Cairnstone House.

"The other theory," he said, "is that
Ram Singh used his power over her to
prevent the marriage."

"But why? It was no business of his!"
"Wasn't it?" Jerningham argued. "Mar-
riage with Ryker would have meant Linda's
escape from this place—and perhaps from
the vengeance of Kali."

I felt a sudden coldness in the Novem-
ber afternoon. Had Ram Singh been able
to pluck her back from the very threshold
of safety? Was there no limit to what he
could do?

"If Ram Singh didn't want Linda to
marry Ryker," I objected, "why did he
offer a guarantee that she would do so on
a subsequent occasion?"

"He never meant to carry out the guar-
antee. He gave it simply to appease Trent
and keep Linda from being sent off to
that 'hospital,' where she'd have been even
farther out of reach of his vengeance."

"I refuse to believe it," I said. "If
Linda broke off that ceremony because
she'd been hypnotized and ordered to break
it off, surely somebody would have noticed
something."

"Dr. Dinwiddie did. At least he said
she seemed absent-minded, and he says only
about one-fifth of what he means."

"But Ryker would have noticed!"

"He did notice something," Jerningham
returned. "Remember that conversation
you overheard? What was it Ryker said?"
"She asked him to forgive her, and he
said there was nothing to forgive, that she
simply wasn't herself. What do you think
he meant?"

"Temporary insanity, probably. It must
have seemed like that to him. And he
carefully suppressed all mention of the in-
cident in the account he gave to us. I sup-
pose he feared we wouldn't help in her
rescue, if we knew she'd thrown away one
chance of escape!"

There was a distinct tinge of admiration
in Jerningham's voice.

"Single-minded chap, isn't he? There
aren't many men devoted enough to run
the risk of marrying insanity under circum-
stances like these."

He glanced at his watch.

"Almost the hour for the funeral," he
said. "There's just time to ask Linda a
question or two. And if she doesn't re-
member jilting Ryker at the altar, we can
chalk up one more misdeed to Ram Singh's
account."

AS WE entered the hall, we heard voices
from the drawing room on our right.

Linda was there. So was Ryker. They
were standing by the front window, with
their backs toward us, standing very still,
very close together, in the late afternoon
sunshine, facing the minister who had come
to bury Malachi. The voice we had heard
was the minister's, repeating familiar words

"Will you obey him, serve him, love, honor and keep him, in sickness and in health, so long as ye both shall live?"

And Linda's answer, barely audible.

"I will."

A feeling of peace stole over me. For the moment, all was right with the world. I glanced about the room. At its rear stood Malachi's casket, closed. There were some flowers upon it of the undertaker's providing, no others. And the shadows were beginning to gather about it. But where Linda stood, the late sunshine flooded around her. Its slanting gold was a benediction on her slender figure, as she listened with bent head to the minister's words.

The only witnesses to the ceremony were Nilsson and Ram Singh. There was a vigilant look in Nilsson's eye. Ram Singh's dark face was inscrutable. I looked curiously for some indication of defeat, but found none.

The minister's voice was intoning the closing words.

Ryker's arm went round Linda's shoulders and he kissed her with grave gentleness. Then they turned in our direction and a coldness closed about my heart.

Linda's face was blank as death.

The revulsion of feeling which seized me was so strong that I would have cried out in dismay, but the words caught in my throat. No wonder Ram

Singh had watched that ceremony with an unmoved face. He could afford to. He had ordered it, because in some way it now suited his plans.

But why? Why? One grim possibility raised its head above the rest, that he planned to strike at Ryker through the marriage. Or had he struck already, so that now he need only wait and watch the thrust go home? There was no answer to be had from Linda. She was a thousand miles beyond our reach.

I heard Jerningham's murmur in my ear as we stood together in the doorway. It was hardly more than a despairing whisper.

"And I thought nothing would happen in broad daylight. Oh, Mac, what a fool I was! What a fool I was!"

I DO not know how long Linda stood there, motionless, before she stepped from Ryker's side and moved toward Jerningham and me in the doorway. I watched her with a sort of fascination. The expressionless calm of her face, the unseeing stare of her wide eyes, sent shivers up my spine. Not until she was within arm's length could I realize that she didn't know I was there. Then I followed Jerningham's example, stepped back into the hall, and let her pass unhindered to the stairway. Then he followed close behind her.

"You surprised us very much," he re-

marked cheerfully to Linda's unhearing ears, his tone loud enough to carry easily to those in the drawing room below. "We'd have come back earlier if we'd known."

The contrast between the heartiness of his voice and the anxiety in his face was grotesque. But once in the upper hall he laid pretense aside.

"Listen, Mac," he told me in an urgent undertone. "I don't dare leave Linda alone

a minute. You go on down to the funeral and make my excuses. Tell 'em I never go to funerals. Tell 'em whatever you like. And pretend you didn't notice anything wrong. But get word privately to Nilsson not to let Ram Singh out of his sight, even if he has to arrest him formally. And as soon as you're back from the cemetery, come up with Ryker, and find me. I'll stay with Linda. Poor Ryker! He's in for a jolt, unless he's already begun to understand."

I went back to the drawing room and did my best to follow instructions. There was no talk of the wedding beyond my brief congratulations. Presently David appeared from somewhere, and last of all Mrs. Ketchum. Whereupon the minister, a well-fed unimaginative young man with his black hair parted in the middle, proceeded with the second ceremony as calmly as though such combinations of events were his daily lot.



Sing a song of stockings,

Slim and sheer and long;

Eyes ahead! Attention!

And—well, sing a song . . .

BY THE time we returned from the cemetery, the early dark had fallen, and Cairstone House lay as lightless and somber as when I saw it for the first time. Ryker acceded readily to my suggestion that we look for Jerningham, and we went upstairs, turning on the lights as we went. We found Jerningham pacing up and down the long hall on the third floor.

"Where's Linda?" I asked.

He nodded toward her room. There was a light burning within it, which we had not seen as we approached the house, because her room was on the rear corner of the east wing. The open door afforded a view of Linda, lying fully dressed upon her bed, apparently fathoms deep in sleep.

"She's been lying like that ever since she came up to her room," Jerningham explained. "She's so sound asleep she doesn't rouse at all when you speak to her. It worries me a bit."

"I think she's only feeling a reaction," Ryker said, "from the strain of the past days. You can't keep your nerves on the stretch forever. She came up for a nap after lunch, and I guess she slept all afternoon, until Ram Singh woke her just before the minister arrived. She seemed still a bit dazed with sleep when we came down for the ceremony."

"Had you planned ahead to take advantage of the minister's presence?" Jerningham asked with sympathetic interest. "Or

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was it the result of a sudden inspiration?

"Inspiration," Ryker answered. "Ram Singh asked if we were going to be married this afternoon, but it struck me as a good idea. So I proposed it to Linda at the last moment, and she acquiesced."

"I think she was wise," Jerningham assured him, and added experimentally, "A lot wiser than she was last Saturday."

"So you know about Saturday," Ryker commented, with a rueful but impenitent smile. "It wasn't quite fair not to tell you. But I was afraid your enthusiasm for rescue might weaken if you knew how my previous attempt at deliverance had flied."

"I'm not blaming you," Jerningham declared. "But how do you account for Saturday's failure?"

Ryker's face darkened.

"I hate to account for it," he said reluctantly, "but I suppose you ought to know. I told you in the beginning, you remember, that terror was driving Linda over the edge of sanity. I didn't want to admit that she's already subject to states of depression, during which she is not herself. One of those moods came upon her Saturday. There was nothing to do but wait for it to pass. But now—"

His voice warmed with relief.

"Now that I have the right to take care of her, things are going to be different," he finished. "You said this morning that you'd decided she wasn't morally responsible for Malachi's death. Are you sufficiently satisfied of that, so you'll let me take her away to rest?"

"Almost," Jerningham answered with a smile that only half covered the anxiety in his face. "We need a bit more proof, but there's a chap coming tonight, a psychiatrist named Esdaile, who can help us out. And after that I hope you take her where she'll never hear of Cairnstone House again."

There came to us the faint ringing of the telephone far below us in the library, and in a minute or two the sounds of Nilsson's steps ascending the stairs.

"Telegram for you, Jerningham," he said. "Esdaile's taxi had a collision on the way to his train, and he's too battered up to come. Sent you a list of three or four men in Philadelphia who might serve."

Jerningham looked stunned.

"All the breaks against us!" he muttered.

There was a little silence. Nilsson and I knew, as Ryker did not, how indispensable Esdaile was to Jerningham's plans. But it was Ryker who stepped into the breach.

"You think it's important to have a psychiatrist—tonight—for Linda?" he asked, with sudden anxiety.

"I know it is," Jerningham said.

"All right! I'll get you one," Ryker promised grimly. "Give me the list."

FIVE minutes later we heard his roadster start off down the drive. And still Linda slept like one of the dead, heedless of who left her or who stayed.

The moment Ryker was gone, Nilsson turned to Jerningham.

"I told David to keep an eye on Ram Singh till I came down again," he said. "Ready now to have me take him to the lock-up at Media?"

Jerningham shook his head, frowning.

"No. Ready to have you arrest him on suspicion—suspicion only—of stealing the Wrath of Kali, and lock him in his room with a guard outside."

Nilsson looked disappointed.

"That's better than letting him run around loose," he said grudgingly, "but why not jail?"

"We've got to keep him in our own hands," Jerningham said. "He has Linda in such a deep hypnosis that I can't rouse her at all. Ryker believes she's merely sleeping heavily, and I thought it better not to undecieve him, but I'm afraid it may take a psychiatrist's help to bring her to."

"We could make Ram Singh bring her out," Nilsson suggested, with a grim set to his jaw.

"As a last resort, we could, perhaps," Jerningham conceded, slowly. "Though I doubt if Ram Singh is easy to coerce, even by the fear of death. But unless it becomes absolutely necessary, I don't want his influence to touch her again. We don't know what orders he has given her already. But at least he shan't have the chance to give her any more."

"Then the sooner we lock him up, the better," Nilsson declared, and departed with considerable satisfaction upon that errand.

"NOW," Jerningham said as Nilsson rejoined us, "if you will guard Ram Singh, and keep an eye on Linda, Mac and I will go downstairs and see if either David or Mrs. Ketchum can add anything to our knowledge of what happened this afternoon. If Linda stirs, shout down to us and we'll hear."

We found David in the billiard room, moodily practising carom shots. He looked up eagerly as we entered. Then his face fell.

"What's happened to Linda?" he asked.

"A great deal," Jerningham answered gravely. "Did you see her at all just before the wedding?"

David's cue clattered to the floor, but I do not think he heard it. He was staring at us in petrified amazement.

"Wedding?" he repeated haltingly at last. "Who—whose?"

"Linda's and Ryker's," Jerningham answered. "Before the funeral this afternoon."

David's hand clenched on the edge of the billiard table.

"That's a lie," he choked. "She never married him. She wouldn't! She couldn't!"

"She did," Jerningham returned coolly.

David's voice rose uncontrollably.

"I tell you she couldn't!" he cried. "She—she—Damn you man, she's in love with me!"

Jerningham's eyes narrowed.

"Careful," he warned. "She been engaged to Ryker since—let me see—since a week ago Monday morning."

David stared.

"A week ago Monday morning," he muttered. "And I met her that afternoon—for the first time."

"Then you see," Jerningham pointed out reasonably, "she was engaged to Ryker before ever she knew you. Besides, she's not a girl who'd marry one man if she loved another."

"But she couldn't have married him," David insisted desperately. "She promised me nothing should ever come between us, not life or death, or anything that had happened or might happen—"

His voice broke.

"Nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers," I quoted softly.

He looked up, startled.

"How did you know that she said that?" he asked huskily.

"I heard," I said. "Only of course I thought it was Ryker to whom she spoke. Jerningham, he's telling the truth."

"Of course I am!" David blazed.

"I believe you are," Jerningham told him gravely. "But so was I, when I said she married Ryker. There's only one explanation—she married Ryker without knowing what she did."

"You don't mean—she's—insane," David said jerkily.

"Not insane. Hypnotized by Ram Singh. She was under hypnosis at the time of the ceremony, and she is yet, and how much longer she'll be in that state, nobody knows."

"But can't you do anything about it?" David demanded.

Jerningham's face grew somber.

"I had great hopes when I first went upstairs after the wedding. I thought that

since she was already under hypnosis I could ask her the things I needed to know, and get the answers without waiting for Esdaile. But it didn't work. The hypnosis is too deep. Instead of answering any questions, she went off into this trance-like sleep. And now all I want is to get her out of it, answers or no answers. I'm worried."

David's white face grew desperate. "You're afraid she—won't wake up—at all?" he asked hoarsely.

For the moment Jerningham abandoned restraint.

"I'm afraid she won't, and I'm afraid of the whole damned business. It's incalculable. The old rules are off—and we don't know the new ones. If Linda is no longer following her own will and her own judgment—she may do anything!"

He pulled himself up sharply.

"It's not quite that bad, of course," he said, in a more normal tone. "She isn't mad. There'll be a perfectly sound reason for anything she does—only it will be Ram Singh's reason, not hers. That's the basis we must go on. What has Ram Singh told her to do? What would I have told her to do, if I'd been in his place?"

He shook his head in discouragement at the riddle.

"Afraid we'll have to wait and see," he said. "In the meantime we'd better find out whether Mrs. Ketchem knows anything that may help."

"Do whatever you can think of," said David, unhappily. "I—I'm going up to stay with Linda."

WE FOUND Mrs. Ketchem in the kitchen, preparing dinner single-handed, in high dudgeon at the loss of Ram Singh's assistance. She was in no mood to be helpful, but Jerningham disregarded her mood. "When did you last see Linda, Mrs. Ketchem?" he inquired.

"At lunch. And what good does that do you?"

"Very little," Jerningham admitted. "I hoped you might know something about her doings in the last half hour before the funeral."

I caught a malicious gleam in the old woman's eye.

"Why didn't you say that in the first place?" she inquired acidly.

"I amend the question," Jerningham replied pleasantly. "What do you know about her doings?"

"More than she thinks—the hussy! I know she had a man in her room."

Jerningham's eyebrows went up in polite astonishment.

"Indeed! And how did you know? Was the door open?"

"I heard him! They didn't know I was in my room. But I was! Oh, yes, I was!"

"And what did you hear?"

"The same thing over and over," she said. "Forgive me, Linda! Forgive me, Linda! Forgive me, Linda! Now what," she inquired with malice, "do you suppose there could have been for her to forgive?"

"I can't imagine," Jerningham replied blandly. "Did she make any answer?"

She shook her gray untidy head, and turned back to her pots and pans.

"Did you recognize the man's voice? Or see him when he left her room?"

"No. He sneaked away, and I didn't hear him go."

"And about what time was this?"

"Half an hour before the funeral, perhaps."

She emptied the contents of a saucepan into a serving dish with unnecessary vigor.

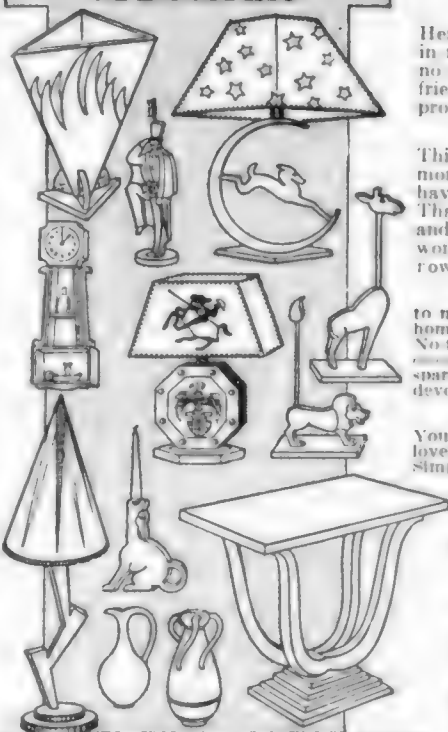
"Now I'll ask a question," she said tartly. "Where's Ram Singh?"

"We've confined him to his room," Jerningham informed her.

She filled a plate with great care, and placed it on the kitchen table for herself. Then she pointed a skinny finger at the dishes of food in the warming oven.

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down on the edge of her own little bed. She sat where he had put her, in complete passivity. Ignoring the rest of us, he pulled up a small straight chair and sat before her, taking her hands in his.

"You're in a kind of sleep," he told her, slowly and carefully. "It's what we call a hypnotic sleep. It's a sleep in which you do what you're told. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she said dreamily. "I understand. I do what I'm told."

"And now you're to answer some questions for me."

"Yes," she agreed docilely. "I'm to answer questions."

"Who put you to sleep?" Jerningham asked softly.

"Ram Singh."

"Has he done it before?"

"Yes."

"Who told you to go through the wedding ceremony with Ryker?"

"Ram Singh."

"Did you want to?"

"No."

"Why did you do it?"

"I had promised Mr. Ryker and Ram Singh said a promise had to be kept."

"And did Ram Singh tell you that you must walk on the roof ledge all the way round the house?"

She answered, but we did not hear the answer. For in the same second the door of Linda's room slammed shut.

Nilsson jerked it open again.

"The hall's empty," he said, after one look. "I suppose it was the draft. But I'm going to take a look in Ram Singh's room just the same."

HE STARTED off down the hall, and we turned again to Linda. The blankness was gone from her face. She was staring at us, wide-eyed, looking from one to another of our intent faces with astonishment and keen anxiety.

"What have I been doing?" she asked, urgently. "Tell me—quickly. What have I done—this time?"

"What can you remember?" Jerningham asked.

"Nothing," she said. "Nothing since I came up here after lunch."

Jerningham drew a long sigh that was half regret and half relief.

"I'm glad you are yourself again," he said, "gladder than you'll ever know. But if that door had waited for another five minutes before it slammed, we'd have had the whole solution of Malachi's murder in our hands."

"I don't understand," she said, pleadingly, "but before you talk about anything else, won't you please tell me what I've done?"

"Forgive me," Jerningham said contritely. "I didn't mean to keep you in suspense. The first thing you did was to write a note saying you were going to commit suicide."

Her eyes widened and darkened, but she made no comment.

"After that you came downstairs and went through a wedding ceremony. And then you came up again and insisted on walking around the house on that roof ledge—including the stretch across the front of the house where there isn't any ledge at all. Which last proceeding—" he added with assumed lightness, "was highly unreasonable of you."

Linda had ceased to listen.

"Whom—did I marry?" she asked with her hand at her throat.

"Ryker," Jerningham said.

The color drained from her face, and her eyes sought David's.

"Oh—no!" she cried, on a note of anguish.

David was at her side in an instant, with a protective arm around her.

"It'll be all right, honey," he assured her. "We'll make it all right. We'll get you unmarried in a jiffy, and if Ryker puts

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any obstacles in the way," his voice grew savage. "I'll knock his blamed head off."

"Oh, but you mustn't blame it on him," she protested miserably. "I—I'd been engaged to him—"

"So they told me," David said, with a hint of grimness. "I didn't believe it."

"It was before I knew you," she said, in wistful defense. "I was a coward. I know. But he was so kind and it was my only way of escape. I wish you could understand."

SHE drew a quick, pitiful breath, her eyes on David's face.

"I accepted his proposal, you see. Then I fell in love with you and I knew I couldn't marry him. But I was a coward still. I didn't tell him, nor you. I waited and waited, because I was afraid of Mr. Trent."

"With reason," Jerningham muttered under his breath.

"I thought—" she faltered, "that if you showed you loved me, I'd pluck up courage to tell you everything, and you might find a way to help me. But you stayed away for three days, and Saturday came. I was to have married him on Saturday. Did they tell you that?"

"No," said David huskily.

"Saturday!" she said. "I watched the clock. The time came for the ceremony, and still I hadn't told him. I was so sure you would come."

She had forgotten our existence.

And then at the last minute you did come. I thought it was an answer to prayer."

David groaned.

"And I failed you," he muttered bitterly. "Blurted out my good-by and went away again—and never knew."

She nodded, speechless.

"I was too stunned to think," she said after a moment. "They took my acquiescence for granted, and went ahead with the ceremony. I couldn't think of anything to say to stop them. Until the minister said 'Do you take this man to be your husband?' I said 'No'—and waited for the storm to break."

She drew a shaky breath.

"I couldn't explain. I couldn't say I was in love with a man who didn't love me. I didn't say anything. Mr. Ryker was very kind and defended me. He said it was a passing mood and I'd get over it. If I married him—this afternoon, he must have thought, of course, that I was over it. I can understand his part of it but mine!"

She turned pitifully to Jerningham.

"Unless I am insane after all. You said I wasn't. And I took your word. But I don't see how I can believe you now."

"You can believe me now more certainly than ever," Jerningham said gently. "For now we have the proof. Do you know anything about hypnotism?"

"I've only come across it in books," she said, wondering. "I never knew whether it was something real, or merely superstition."

"It's very real," he said. "It's a queer kind of sleep, in which part of your brain stays awake, and you do whatever you're told. And when you wake up, you can't remember anything about it. But the next time you are hypnotized, you can remember what happened the first time."

She was listening with growing hope and wonder in her eyes.

"It isn't a form of insanity?"

"Not in the least. At the hands of a skillful operator it can happen to any one."

Suddenly he grinned.

"It has even happened to Nilsson since we've been in this house," he said. "So you can see it's no respecter of persons."

She glanced at Nilsson, now back again from his trip to Ram Singh's room, and standing watch in the doorway. There was acute embarrassment in his face. In spite

of herself she smiled.

"And that's what—happened to me?"

"It is. You were hypnotized when you married Ryker this afternoon, and when you wrote your suicide note, and when you went walking on the ledge of the roof. You did all those things because you had been told to, and you couldn't help yourself. Those things and more. There's not a doubt in the world but that the other gaps in your memory, which have made you doubt your sanity, have been due to the same cause. So you see—you're quite as sane as Nilsson."

Her eyes filled suddenly.

"If Saint Peter ever raises a question about your passport into heaven," she said, with a shaky little laugh, "just tell him what you've done for me!"

"It was Nilsson who proved your sanity," Jerningham said in quick disclaimer. "He's the one to thank. The thing I want to do for you hasn't been accomplished yet. I'm worrying about your life and liberty, as well as about your happiness."

H HE HESITATED for a moment, then went on frankly.

"You see, since you were hypnotized, you weren't responsible for these various acts—but somebody else was. Somebody else wanted you to die. And that person, we believe, was the real murderer of Malachi Trent."

She looked up in startled interest.

"I've thought all along," he confided, "that your story of the murder was partly imagination—that is, partly your guess as to what you must have done, rather than your memory of what you did. Is that the case?"

"The very first story I told you was the truth," she said. "I didn't know Mr. Trent had been murdered. I didn't remember a thing between the time that I hid on the window seat and fell asleep, and the moment after the crash when I found Mr. Trent's body lying on the floor."

"Then I was right after all," David gasped. "You didn't know you'd killed him. But then—why on earth did you confess to doing it?"

"It's not so strange, is it?" she said. "I knew from what I overheard that you believed I had killed him, and I thought it must be true. I'd been afraid for some time that I was insane. I knew Mr. Jerningham had discovered the contents of the will. I knew if I said I couldn't remember what I'd done, you'd all be sure I was insane, and send me to an institution. I couldn't stand the thought of that. I'd rather have paid the penalty for murder three times over. So I confessed. I didn't tell you any lies. I only told you my guesses at the truth!"

"You weren't guessing at the contents of the will," Jerningham observed. "You had that straight. How did you know?"

"Mr. Trent told me what he was going to do," she answered simply. "It was part of the last threat he made."

There was a little silence. No one offered a comment on this explanation which she considered so natural. But for my own part, I was paying amazed homage in my mind. Homage to the spirit that could make the choice which she had made. Homage to the resolution that could hold its chosen course so steadily that, except for Jerningham, we had all accepted her "guesses at the truth" as literal and indisputable fact.

"You said a while back," she reminded Jerningham, "that if some door hadn't slammed, you'd have had the whole solution of Mr. Trent's death. How would you have got it?"

"From you," he answered, ruefully. "You were still under hypnosis, and answering questions as fast as I could ask them. You told us who hypnotized you, and how he made you marry Ryker. But before we

reached the murder, or the attempt on your life, the door slammed and waked you up."

She was intent upon the problem.

"Who hypnotized me?"

"Ram Singh."

"Strange!" she commented, with a shudder. "Then it was Ram Singh who made me marry Mr. Ryker, and kill Mr. Trent, and try to kill myself?"

"So we believe."

"And I know all about it, you say, only we haven't access to my knowledge. Can't we tap it somehow?"

"Yes, by hypnotizing you again. Ryker is in Philadelphia now, enlisting the services of an expert psychiatrist for that purpose. He's going to bring one out tonight. Then we can proceed against Ram Singh!"

F AINT and far below us in the library, shrilled the telephone bell. I hurried down to answer it. Ryker's voice came over the wire.

"I've had the most atrocious luck," he said. "One man is reading a paper tonight before some society, and another is attending his daughter's wedding, and the third is ill. The fourth man is out of town, over in Merchantville, and I'm going to drive over there and see if I can't kidnap him by main force. But it's quite likely to be a wild-goose chase. If I have to come back empty-handed, it'll be late and I'll sneak in quietly and not disturb you people."

I went back upstairs and reported to Jerningham. He heard the message through without comment. For a long moment he was silent; then his jaw set.

"If it's fate," he said at last, "I'll accept the omen. I shan't wait any longer," he said. "I'm going to have it out with Ram Singh—now!"

"Good!" boomed Nilsson. "I'm with you!"

"So am I," I said. "I'm a casualty already, and I'll be more use as an observer than as reinforcements."

"What you mean," Jerningham declared shrewdly, "is that you don't want to miss anything. However, come along, you two, if you must. But this is my duel. Leave the choice of weapons and technique to me."

He cast a somewhat anxious glance at the girl who stood listening.

"I wanted to detail David to guard you," he said. "I don't think you ought to be alone again till this is over. There's such a thing as post-hypnotic suggestion, you know—orders to be carried out after you wake. It's not nearly so strong, of course—"

"If you don't want me left alone," she said, "give me a gun and detail me to the rescue party. I—I'm not exactly neutral, you know."

Jerningham gave her a moment's approving scrutiny.

"Great!" he said. "I never did have any use for the heroine who stands around and wrings her hands during the big fight scene."

"Nor I!" she smiled. "If it comes to fighting, it's as much my fight as yours."

We left it at that. Linda and David, armed with our shotguns, stationed themselves outside Ram Singh's door. Jerningham, Nilsson and I went in together, unarmed, by Jerningham's desire, except for the automatic that Nilsson always carried.

There was nothing of the enemy in Ram Singh's bearing, however, as we came in. He suffered our intrusion impassively, watching us with inscrutable eyes as we took possession of his room. It was a large room, nearly empty of furniture, bare to the point of austerity, scrupulously neat. Apart from its size, it might have been a monastery cell—except for one thing.

Between two windows, on a small table, stood the black marble statuette of Kali, which Ram Singh had begged from David. And her custodian had done her a curious honor. He had placed beneath her what looked like a golden mat. Something about

its texture attracted my attention, and I moved closer to look. It was not a mat, but a mosaic of gold pieces, row after row. I remembered that Linda had said Ram Singh was always paid in gold. Evidently the untouched earnings of two years of servitude were spread to make a golden carpet for Kali's feet.

I DOUBT, however, whether Jerningham even saw that golden tribute. He had eyes for nothing but the tall white-robed figure that stood confronting us with folded arms.

"Ram Singh," he said, crisply, "we've come for an accounting."

"There must in the end be an accounting," Ram Singh assented. "for all deeds, the greatest and the least."

"I'm glad you agree," Jerningham said dryly. "The deed I want accounted for, to begin with, is the theft of the Wrath of Kali."

"It would content the Sahib, would it not," Ram Singh observed calmly, "if the thief were punished and the Wrath of Kali restored whither it belongs?"

"It should," Jerningham admitted.

"Then the Sahib may rest content," Ram Singh returned serenely. "He witnessed with his own eyes the death that overtook the thief. And the Wrath of Kali goes even now with great speed to its own place."

There was unwilling appreciation in Jerningham's face.

"I referred," he explained concisely, "to your theft of the ruby from the safe in the library. You are not dead, nor has the ruby been restored."

"There has been no theft but one," Ram Singh said austere. "The Wrath of Kali was stolen from the Temple of Kali by Trent Sahib. Not by his hand, but by the hands of two whom he bought with gold to commit the sacrilege. The gold—in coins of this nation—was found upon the two."

He paused for a significant moment.

"It was through my fault—the fault of permitting myself to meditate when vigilance was needed—that the sacrilege was successful. It was permitted that I should expiate my fault by repairing the sacrilege. I put myself in Trent Sahib's way when he was in urgent need of guidance. I became his servant. I remained his servant until the vengeance of Kali was accomplished. I restored to Kali the treasure that was hers. The account is cleared."

I gasped at the effrontery of his reference to vengeance. But Jerningham passed it by and went off at an apparent tangent.

"The account is overpaid, I think," he said with cool censure. "You've trespassed on the lives of people who never wronged your goddess. You've forced Miss Marshall into a marriage it was not her will to make."

Ram Singh was loftily undisturbed.

"I have acquired merit," he answered, "by saving her from a great sin—a sin that she would have expiated through many lives. A word of betrothal once given may not be broken. She owes me a debt of thanks that that sin is not upon her soul."

"I suppose," Jerningham was saving, ironically, "she also owes you gratitude for the other occasions on which you have hypnotized her?"

Ram Singh could give irony for irony.

"Assuredly," he answered. "As the Sahib may have observed in his wisdom she is not a free soul. She is a slave to illusion. She believes that it is of importance whether she lives out her life in one place or another. The enlightened are not subject to that illusion."

"She lived in fear," he went on, "of being sent away. She endeavored in all things to obey Trent Sahib. At times, being wearied of her, he demanded from her that which was impossible to body or spirit. By my aid she has more than once

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achieved the impossible, and strife has been avoided. Thus have I acquired merit."

"I stand enlightened," Jerningham said dryly. "And what merit did you acquire by sending Miss Marshall to her death on the ledge of the roof?"

I HELD my breath. Would the Hindu admit this charge as complacently as he had the rest? Not a muscle moved in the dark face.

"I gave no such order," Ram Singh declared at length. "Nor did she tell you that I gave such an order."

I remembered the slam of the door that had prevented her from telling us. Did Ram Singh know of that? Or had he merely read our faces?

Jerningham ignored the challenge.

"It was a very cleverly planned crime, Ram Singh," he said. "It was almost as clever an idea to make Linda kill herself, as it was to make her kill Malachi Trent."

The Sahib has taken counsel with folly, and has lost his understanding," Ram Singh replied disdainfully. "Of what use to lay the jewel of truth before such a one?"

The line of Jerningham's mouth hardened.

"You might try it!" he suggested.

"For what purpose does the Sahib imagine I took service with the desecrator of Kali's shrine? By what necessity did I follow him to his own land and endure two years of servitude in his house? Had my hand been free to strike, to reach out and recover the Wrath of Kali, there was no need to have set foot outside the gorge of the Brahmaputra. A knife is swift and silent, and the waters of the Brahmaputra tell no tales."

"You pique my curiosity," Jerningham remarked. "Why didn't you use the knife, and make an end?"

"For the only reason that would have held my hand," Ram Singh answered, with more than a touch of scorn. "It was forbidden. Kali is a jealous goddess. No servant of hers may presume to rob her of her vengeance. Twice before in a hundred years, the Wrath of Kali has been stolen. Twice before, a servant of Kali has followed the thief, wherever his fate might lead him, till Kali herself saw fit to strike him down. Twice before, the Wrath of Kali has been restored to its ordained place when her vengeance was accomplished."

Jerningham's brows slanted in his characteristic frown.

"So you attribute the murder to Kali herself," he said, deliberately. "That's ingenious but not very convincing to my Occidental mind. In fact, my feeble intelligence persists in laying the guilt of the murder upon your head!"

RAM SINGH'S eyes were contemptuous. "To enlighten the ignorant is to acquire merit," he said stiffly. "If the Sahib's ignorance is not so stubborn as to resist all proof, I can establish the truth before his eyes."

"Great!" said Jerningham. "Suppose you do!"

"The Sahib knows that questions concerning me were asked of her who slept," Ram Singh declared slowly. "He did not ask enough or there could now be no doubt as to the truth."

Again that uncanny knowledge of what we had and had not asked of Linda! Jerningham made no answer. He waited intently for Ram Singh to proceed.

"She shall sleep again," the slow significant voice went on, "and the Sahib may ask whatever he will."

"I would not trust her to your hands," Jerningham said.

"She shall go to sleep in the Sahib's presence," Ram Singh offered, "where no harm can befall her."

I could see, mirrored in Jerningham's face,

his struggle to fathom the intent behind that proposal. I remembered that a few hours before, Linda had been in a state of hypnosis so deep that she could not answer questions, so deep that we feared she would never wake. Did Ram Singh plan to trick us in some such fashion? Or was there a deadlier project lurking in his mind?

"To enlighten the ignorant is to acquire merit," Jerningham quoted at last. "Tell me, Ram Singh, might it be that while Miss Marshall falls asleep at your command, another—a bystander, perhaps—would also sleep, in obedience to the command that was not meant for him?"

"It might be," he admitted slowly.

So that was it. I listened for Jerningham's scathing rejection of the treacherous proposal. But it was Nilsson who cried:

"That's what his game is, Jerningham. Don't fall for it."

Jerningham laughed reassuringly.

"Don't worry," he said. "There's no danger of any such wholesale hypnotism. Ram Singh overrates himself. I've no doubt he thinks he can do it—but it's one thing to hypnotize a young girl who has been terrorized for years, or a man who is asleep and defenseless, and it's quite another proposition to enforce your will on a bunch of men who are wide awake and in their right minds. I think we're quite safe"—he bowed ironically to Ram Singh—"in accepting the opportunity for enlightenment which Ram Singh offers us."

I was watching the Hindu's face, and I felt a sharp regret that Jerningham had been so reckless in his scepticism. Added to whatever intention Ram Singh might already have nursed, there was now evident in his smoldering eyes a determination to make good his words at any cost.

"Is it in the Sahib's mind," he inquired pointedly, "to warn those who will stand by? Or is the Sahib's disbelief truly as great as he has said?"

"I shan't warn 'em," Jerningham said.

There was a distinct gleam of satisfaction in the dark face.

"And when does the Sahib desire to receive his enlightenment?"

"In the morning," Jerningham decided with the faintest suggestion of a yawn. "Mr. Ryker has a right to be present, and he won't return till very late tonight. In the meantime—" his voice hardened, "I strongly recommend that you suspend your activities till daylight. There will be a guard all night in the hall outside your door."

Ram Singh made no answer. But as we left the room, I carried with me an uneasy recollection of the satisfied look I had glimpsed upon his face.

We found David and Linda waiting for us in the hall, and looking as though guard duty had not bored them in the least.

"Did you get what you wanted?" David asked hopefully.

"We got a lot of admissions," Jerningham answered. "But not the ones we need most. We have a good chance of completing the case in the morning, but that chance"—he turned to Linda—"depends on you."

"What do you want of me?" she asked.

"Something braver than fighting," he said gravely. "I want you to let Ram Singh hypnotize you once more—for the last time."

"She shan't do it," David declared flatly. "Not to catch all the criminals this side of Chicago."

"She'll do it to catch this one criminal," Jerningham explained patiently, "because there isn't any safety for her till he's caught."

"I'll do it if it's necessary," she said steadily. "I don't think you'd ask it if it were not."

"I wouldn't," Jerningham said.

"All right," she said, simply. "When?"

"Not till morning."

"I hope you aren't going to recommend that I go to bed and get a good night's rest!"

"No," he conceded, "I think you'd be much wiser not to sleep."

"I'm certainly not sleepy now. I'm starving," she said, and her eyes met David's. "Let's go down and see what we can find in the kitchen."

"You'll find things in a mess, I'm afraid," I said. "The dinner table isn't even cleared."

She linked her arm in David's. "We'll clear things away," she said. "It'll be a satisfaction to deal with something as prosaic as a dishpan."

We watched them till they passed out of sight on the stairs.

"She takes it lightly," Nilsson said.

"She takes it bravely," Jerningham corrected.

Nilsson turned upon him.

"I kept my mouth shut, but I think you're clean crazy," he said grimly. "You said you were going to give Ram Singh rope enough to hang himself. You've given him rope enough to hang us all."

Jerningham's face was very somber.

"I know," he said. "I did it because I had to."

His brows twisted in a frown of anxiety.

"You and Mac and I," he said, "will have to stand ready to cut the rope—for the sake of all our lives."

TO BE CONCLUDED

All You Need is an Oyster Opener

[Continued from page 62]

way. Seven dollars in a leather factory—then she took up German shorthand. Twelve dollars in an importing concern—then she added Spanish and Italian shorthand.

By the time she was seventeen, her weekly wage was one dollar for each year she had lived, which was excellent in those days. What she considers more important today is that in her eighteenth year she was offered a private secretaryship in a glue concern. It was there that she met her husband, about whom she says, "We've stuck ever since!"

By the time this enterprising girl was twenty-one, she was secretary to one of the biggest men in America, the head of a \$36,000,000 corporation, and she was teaching nights in a secretarial school, in addition.

In 1919 Miss Hauser decided to launch her own business. She wanted the excitement and satisfaction of running an enterprise of her own, "And I knew if I made a go of it there was more money to be had first hand than there would be in remaining a secretary forever," she explained.

With the same shrewdness with which she always had bettered her positions, Miss Hauser started very modestly. She bought a single multigraphing machine, took cheap space in an obscure, dingy building and started to solicit orders for work. Her first plum was so big she hired a girl to help her and got a large-sized machine—only to have her client change his advertising plans and cancel the entire order.

"That rebuff stung me into action as no success could have," Miss Hauser straightened her shoulders remembering it. "I had my office, my machines, and my girl. I put my hat on and went out soliciting orders for work with a ferocity that I hardly knew I had. I got so many that in a month I had several more girls multigraphing and decided to add addressing and mailing to my work."

ABOUT that time an incident occurred that gave her a reputation for doing the impossible. A national convention wanted the summaries and excerpts of its speeches published daily and ready for distribution at nine each morning. Other letter shops said it was impossible. One of Miss Hauser's customers sent the convention committee to see her, saying, "Miss Hauser will do it cheerfully and gladly, if it can be done."

"I guess neither the girls nor I could ever forget that first rush job," Miss Hauser said. "We worked all night with lightning speed. We typed copy, wrote headlines, made drawings, cut stencils, ran off the pages, collated, stitched, counted and packed five hundred copies of that sixteen-page booklet. Our messenger delivered them on the dot at nine the next morning and then we all went home to bed!"

"The cheery efficiency and enthusiastic cooperation of my force has been largely responsible for the growth of the Ace Press," Miss Hauser said.

Cheery indeed they seemed, these hundred or more men and women apparently enjoying their varied tasks in twelve different departments. One of Miss Hauser's first employees is still with her. Several have been there eight or nine years. Her first office boy is now manager of one department and last year married one of the stenographers.

In addition to supervising all the work done in her organization Miss Hauser still personally takes all orders, because her one thousand or more old customers insist on dealing direct with her and new customers like the way she can give them pointers about their work.

HEALTH, Miss Hauser believes, is the most important factor in keeping successful and happy after you have arrived at the top of the ladder.

"You must be healthy all the time to work right," she said. "Out home"—she has a spacious country place out Long Island—"I have a garden in which I do all the work and I give that credit for my health."

"In winter, when I can't garden I shovel snow, skate or go tramping."

"The minute spring breaks I'm out turning over the earth. By mid-summer you should see my zinnias! I raise all kinds of old-fashioned flowers, in a great big old-fashioned garden that has a lily pond and frogs. But there is something sturdy, vital and cheerful about zinnias that other flowers lack. They are my favorites."

Then Miss Hauser told me an amazing thing. She plays baseball—not just catch. She and her husband have a diamond and week-ends their friends come out and they have some mighty thrilling mixed baseball games. Besides baseball Miss Hauser rides and swims.

"If you can't get outdoor exercise one way, you certainly can another," she said. "Personally I like the vigorous, hardy kind that leaves you panting."

"Running this business though is really more exciting than play," Miss Hauser concluded. "Do you know, all my life I've had a fierce determination to make money because my mother was left poor and widowed when I was three. I still consider money necessary to happiness, but the thrill of this work has gotten into my blood. I don't believe I could quit working no matter how much money I had piled up in the bank. The satisfaction of work, the excitement of growth and success, and the human contacts I have made are a necessary part of life now. I really think that it is the game rather than the gain that holds me."

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Save from 50% to 100% dealer's profit by buying direct from wholesale manufacturers. Written guarantee with each ring that stones are genuine cut diamonds, not chips, and ring mountings are solid 18k white gold—Latest style fancy filigree designs.
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IN 3 DAYS OR NO COST
Amazing discovery rids you of freckles, blackheads, pimples, wrinkles, enlarged pores, unsightly blemishes and gives you a new soft, clear, youthful skin. Costs \$2.00 if perfectly satisfied... nothing otherwise. Full treatment on trial.
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A Group of Giggles

SQUIRREL TROUBLE

PI: Florence has the biggest Hispano-Suiza I have ever seen.

PHI: Yes, I know, and she will wear those tight dresses.

—Geo. Washington Ghost.

"How's your new girl?"

"Not so good."

"You always were lucky."

—Boston Beanpot.

SWEET YOUNG THING: Did my father order some coal this morning?

COALMAN: This load of coal is for a Mr. Zell.

S. Y. T.: That's fine, I'm Gladys Zell.

COALMAN: So am I.

—Grinnell Malteaser.

"The modern wife doesn't know where her husband goes to in the evening," says a critic. She should try staying at home one evening; she might find him there.

—London Opinion.

THE WIFE: You say the new secretary is young and willing?

THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN: Well, she's not very young.

—Lafayette Lyre.

FAIR YOUNG THING: I wonder what causes the flight of time?

BRILLIANT YOUNG MAN: It is probably urged on by the spur of the moment.

—Answers.

Premier Mussolini has another baby. It is said to have its father's I's.

—The Sun.

"How did Mabel's breach of promise suit turn out?"

"The poor girl! He decided to marry her after all."

—Texas Ranger.

MISTRESS (to new maid)—It seems to me you want very large wages for one who has had so little experience.

MAID—But, mum, aint it harder for me when I don't know how?

—Pearson's.

"Oh, George, do you realize it's almost a year since our honeymoon, and that glorious day we spent on the sands? I wonder how we'll spend this one?"

"On the rocks."

—Vancouver Province.

"Did you hear the one about the girl who went automobile ridin' with a feller and only got one shoe muddy?"

"Naw."

"Well, she reconsidered."

—Judge.

"Heard the '1917 Ford' song?"

"How does it go?"

"That's what everybody else is wondering, too!"

—Life.

A visitor from Australia says that he is in England to marry a pretty girl and a good cook. But that is bigamy.

—London Opinion.

A girl can always tell when she's in love. And she generally does.

—Everybody's Weekly.

If *you* Summered in Paris



You'd agree with Edna Wallace Hopper

IF YOU had kept one watchful eye on the models of LeLong, Patou, Worth . . . as any normal femme must do . . . and kept the other even more watchful eye on the chemist's science of producing a youth-giving, marvelous cream . . . as I must do . . . you would have decided that my Youth Cream is still the best short-cut to beauty and youth.

Nothing could I find during a whole summer to please me more than my delicate, fragrant Youth Cream. The result of the expert, serious mind of a French chemist, this pale pink balm is a delight to the soiled or weathered skin.

The French do all things well but to them nothing could be more worthy of effort than a "creme." The Frenchwoman does not select her cream haphazardly. That is one reason why her daintiness and charm are known the world over. The ingenuity of my chemist in making my airy-light Youth Cream has been typically French. What more need be said?

Edna Wallace Hopper as she looks today

The charm of a symmetrical figure . . . of a fragile lovely skin, flawless in its fine, firm texture . . . these are joys to the artistic nature of

Edna Wallace Hopper, and worth any sacrifice of comfort. In her sixties this "girl" continues to think of her appearance first. She always will.

Guard Against Flabbiness!

Youth Cream is a cold cream, but there all similarity ends between common creams and my distinctly different Youth Cream. I owe the youthful firmness of my skin to many years' use of this marvelous cream.

It has practically no weight on the tissues and therefore combats sagging muscles. No "rubbing in" is necessary. Try this airy weightless pale pink cream.

Edna Wallace Hopper's French Face Powder

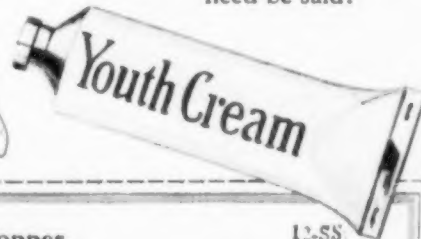
A subtle veil of natural charm . . . that is what my Youth Face Powder becomes when it blends with your complexion.

Only a French powder could have such a complete air of "belonging". It was made by the same chemist, in two types—the regular fluffy French type for skin which retains powder easily, and the heavy type, which adheres unusually long.

In flesh, white, brunette and desert tan.

The more fastidious you are, the more delighted you will be with Youth Cream and this complement to your complexion—Edna Wallace Hopper's Face Powder. Use the two together.

Drug and toilet counters everywhere supply Edna Wallace Hopper's cosmetics.



Edna Wallace Hopper,
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

12-55

D-57

I enclose ten cents (stamps accepted) for a trial tube of your Youth Cream. Also send me your Youth Powder sample.

Name

Street

City

State

Is she ON YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST ?



SHE has a job, and a tiny place of her own... that she pretends to be very debonair about and secretly adores... She gets breakfast with one eye on the clock, but the other eye very firmly on the charm of her service, the prettiness of her table...

IGNORE her pretensions to being an independent woman (there aren't any.) You can win her heart and her eternal gratitude by giving her some trifle of COMMUNITY PLATE — practical but charming, — and as feminine as her lipstick!



OR: if you want to give her the thrill of a life-time as well as a Christmas present — and two presents in one, at that — give her a complete service of Community — knives, forks, spoons, serving things — in the little overnight case called the "Petit Voyage" which is the newest and gayest Community container... She will adore the silverware — she will find the little dressing-case indispensable... The silverware will cost only \$36.50 for a service for six, \$48.00 for eight — and the dressing-case is free.

PERHAPS, this pastry server in the new "Deauville" design... \$4.50

OR, this gravy ladle... in the "Patrician Moderne" design... \$3.00



The PETIT VOYAGE CASE

"Paul Revere" design illustrated



OR, a double vegetable dish that will warm her heart as well as her broccoli... \$17.50 in the new "Deauville" design



OR, a pair of bright candlesticks, in the "Grosvenor" design \$17.50



PERHAPS, some salts and peppers... like these, in the "Grosvenor" design... \$7.50

PERHAPS, a jelly server — like this one — "Bird of Paradise" design... \$1.75

COMMUNITY PLATE

Most Feminine of Gifts